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THE XVIIITH CENTURY IN LONDON

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

Sidney Thomson Fisher

p190

THE
XVIIIᵀᴴ CENTURY
·IN LONDON·

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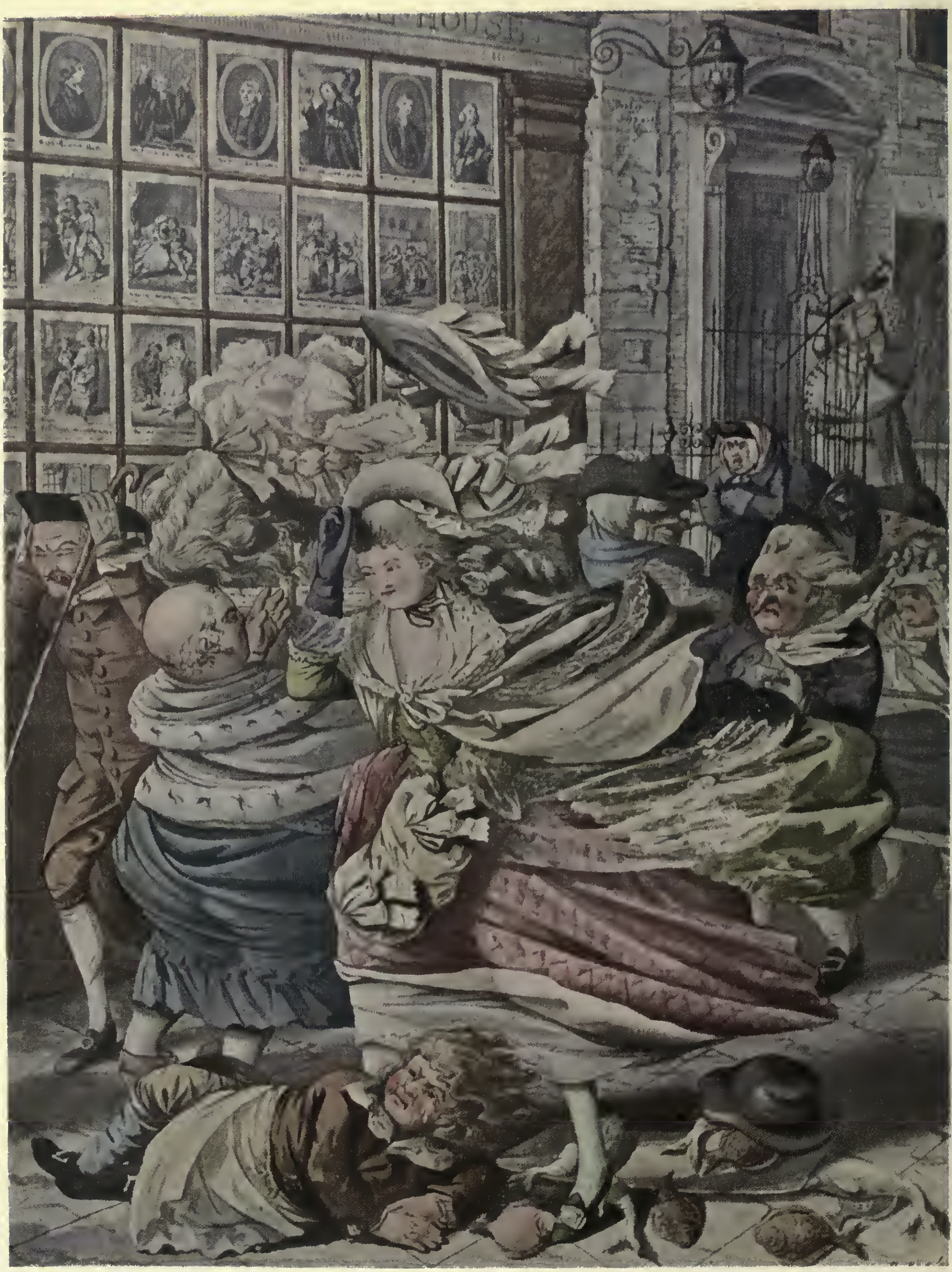

FIG. 1.—"A WINDY DAY." A scene outside the famous shop of Bowles, the printseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

From the original water-colour drawing by Robert Dighton.

THE XVIIIth CENTURY
· IN LONDON ·

An Account of its Social Life and Arts

By

E·BERESFORD CHANCELLOR
M:A; F. R. Hist. Soc.

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TO

THE DEAR MEMORY

OF

R. A. B. C.

PREFACE

THE History of the 18th Century so far even as it concerns London would, if treated exclusively, fill many volumes. The aim of the present book is merely to give a general view of the period as reflected in the buildings, the habits, and the customs as they existed in the London of that day. The City's history during the years which elapsed between 1700 and 1800 is fuller than at almost any other time anterior to our own day, and in order to keep the work within its prescribed limits the most drastic elimination has been necessary. Much, therefore, that is familiar to the students of those days necessarily finds itself omitted. It is hoped, however, that what is recorded, whether it be concerning old buildings, forgotten institutions, or memorable people, will be sufficient to give a more or less complete picture of the London of the period. One of the objects aimed at has been to show what architectural remains of the 18th Century still exist in London; another, to point out how reconstruction and rebuilding have altered the outlines and general appearance of the City.

The book, of course, might have been doubled in size had one attempted to fill it even with a tithe of the anecdotes concerning the great figures who moved and had their being during the full and picturesque years under consideration, but so many of these stories have already been recorded over and over again, that there seemed no point in repeating them.

The selection of the illustrations has been carefully carried out, and except where a building or object remains to-day practically unaltered and is capable of being photographed on the spot, I have in almost every case selected for reproduction drawings or pictures executed by artists who actually lived and worked during the period under consideration. In this way it is hoped that, co-ordinating with the text, they re-create a period which was perhaps the most decorative, as it has generally been allowed to be the most popular, of all the periods of London's history.

I should like to associate myself with the Publishers in expressing my obligations and deep thanks to those who have so kindly permitted me to reproduce pictures and drawings in their possession:—

* To His Most Gracious Majesty THE KING for permission to reproduce from the Royal Collection (Figs. 63 and 153); * The Most Hon. the Marquis of Sligo (Figs. 67 and 68); * The Right Hon. Earl Brownlow (Fig. 79); * The Right Hon. Earl Spencer (Fig. 43); * Mary, Countess of Ilchester (Fig. 88); * The Right Hon. Lord Aldenham (Fig. 46); The Right Hon. Lord Leverhulme (Fig. 69); * Sir Philip Norman, LL.D. (Fig. 75); * Mr. E. C. Grenfell (Fig. 155); * Mr. J. P. Haseltine (Fig. 154); * The Governors of the Bank of England (Fig. 53): * The Governors of the Foundling Hospital (Fig. 158); Mr. Basil Dighton (Fig. 33); Messrs. James Rimell & Son (Figs. 4, 15, 35, 36, 66, and 78); Messrs. Ellis & Smith (Fig. 5); The Corporation of the City of London (Figs. 26, 50, and 157); Mr. Noel Broadbent (Fig. 12); *The Architectural Review* (Figs. 99 and 100); J. Gale (Fig. 103); Messrs. Bedford Lemere (Figs. 112, 113, 122, 123, 133, and 160); Mr. H. N. King (Figs. 114, 115, and 116).

My thanks are also due to the Committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, for the facilities which they gave to my Publishers to photograph *in situ* certain of those pictures, the owners of which are acknowledged above (marked *), shown in February 1919 at the Exhibition of "Early Drawings and Pictures of London" organised by that Club. With regard to the remainder of the Illustrations, with the exception of a certain number from my Publishers' collection, I am indebted to the Authorities of the British Museum, The Victoria and Albert Museum, and the London Museum for permission to reproduce prints and pictures in their custody.

E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

September 1920.

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CHAPTER I

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE PERIOD

THERE is little doubt that the 18th century is the most fascinating and picturesque of those periods into which the history of our country is divided. Then social life first began to take on itself a markedly individual character, and to link itself up, so to speak, with the historic annals and the industrial activity of the time. To it the preceding centuries were introductory; and that, by then, the country had become independent of exoteric influence, is proved by the fact that a family, at first alien but in the course of years gradually assimilating itself with the life of the people, ruled the land and yet exercised very little influence, at least during the first half-century of its power, over the life and habits of the people. Unlike those earlier times when first the power of the monarch, then that of the great nobles, then again that of the Crown, was predominant, the 18th century represents the people standing by themselves, and was the direct heir of the 17th century when the rights and liberties of the nation were, by a great upheaval, finally fixed and consolidated. The power of the Crown, at its *apogée* in the 16th century, gradually became less pronounced during the following hundred years, largely in consequence of the disastrous conceptions of sovereignty held by the Stuarts. But this very circumstance helped more largely and more quickly towards the evolution from personal to popular government, than had James I. been another Elizabeth, or had Charles I. been endowed with the great political qualities of Henry VIII.

As it was, from the time when Anne came to the throne to the day when George III. died, government by the people had gradually become an accomplished fact; Harley was a popular Minister; Walpole was representative of the great middle classes, with ideas and tastes not very dissimilar from their own; Chatham, the people's favourite, soon replaced the attempted dictatorship of Bute, and held even George III. with his Bute-inspired ideas of government in check; and during the later years of George's reign, although there were not wanting phases of retrograde policy, the principle survived, and culminated in the genius of the younger Pitt who represented the popular idea during the latter years of the reign, as his father had done during the earlier. This change in the administration of the country reflected itself both on the classes and the masses, as well as on all kinds of institutions and customs.

During the period which elapsed between 1704 and 1820, the middle classes became more powerful, and more distributed (so to say) along those lines of life from which they had before been rigidly excluded. This was reflected not only in the composition of the Lower House, where men rose to power and position, indifferently with or without the aid of powerful supporters, but in the character of such gatherings as were to be seen at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, at the Pantheon, or in the rooms of Mrs. Cornelys. The germs of our present system of canvassing certainly seem to have been then in existence, for who does not know the story of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire's unconventional method of securing a vote for Charles James Fox, at that famous Westminster election, of which exciting contest Robert Dighton has left a spirited print (Fig. 2).

The South Sea Scheme (Fig. 4), too, which attracted all classes during the middle of the period, mingled all classes, and Change Alley saw the noble and the cit hob-nobbing in the race for wealth; the pauper of yesterday becoming the capitalist of to-morrow, and the opulent sinking as quickly into indigence. As nothing levels like money, the South Sea Scheme and its congeners may, in a way, be said to have put the seal on the work inaugurated by the Great Rebellion.

There is a kind of superficial analogy between the two periods, in this country and in France, so far as certain outward *formulæ* are concerned; but when examined closely, the resemblance ceases, for the dictatorship of Louis XIV.'s later years was carried on by the autocratic Ministers of his profligate successor, and in France the change, which had altered everything in England in 1648, did not take place till 1793. In this respect, then, France was a century behind this country, although in certain habits and customs, in modes of dress, and forms of recreation, there was a distinct similarity, largely because each country borrowed such things from the other. But the resemblance is still more observable through a certain circumstance which has helped to bring the 18th century, in both countries, vividly before us, and has been the means by which we are able to visualise it in an extraordinarily exact and intimate way. I refer to the wealth of Diaries, Memoirs, and Letters whose records of daily events, of changes in politics and changes in dress, of habits of thought, and methods of amusement, of gossip of the boudoir and scandal of the Court, of intrigues in love and in politics, have made the century a living thing for us with all the particularity of a newspaper, and with more than a newspaper's frankness and daring.

Those conversant with the political and social life of France at this time will recall the names of innumerable chroniclers of this description, from St. Simon and Madame de Sevigné to Barbier and Barras. Here, these do not particularly concern us; those in this country do; and in the diaries, memoirs, or letters of Lady Cowper, Bubb-Dodington, Lord and Lady Hervey, Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the poet Gray and the parson Mason, William Cowper and Mrs. Delany, and hosts of others, we have pictures of the time, so full, so telling, and so illuminative that we seem to

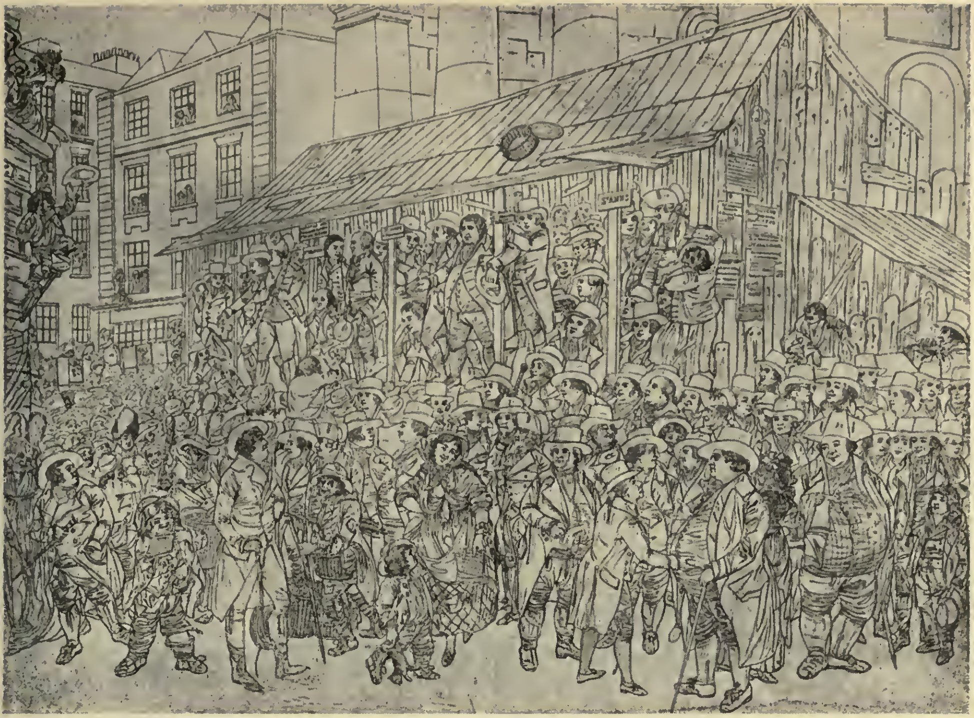

FIG. 2.—ELECTION OF CHARLES JAMES FOX FOR WESTMINSTER, IN 1796.
From print by Robert Dighton, 1796.

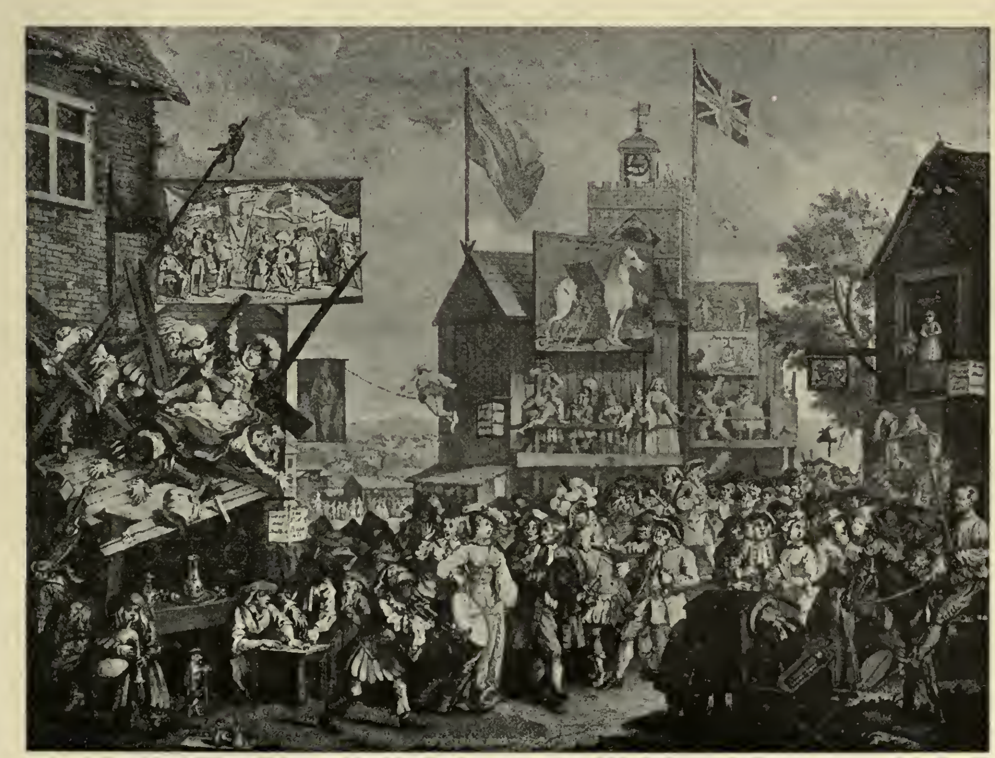

FIG. 3—SOUTHWARK FAIR.

Hogarth.

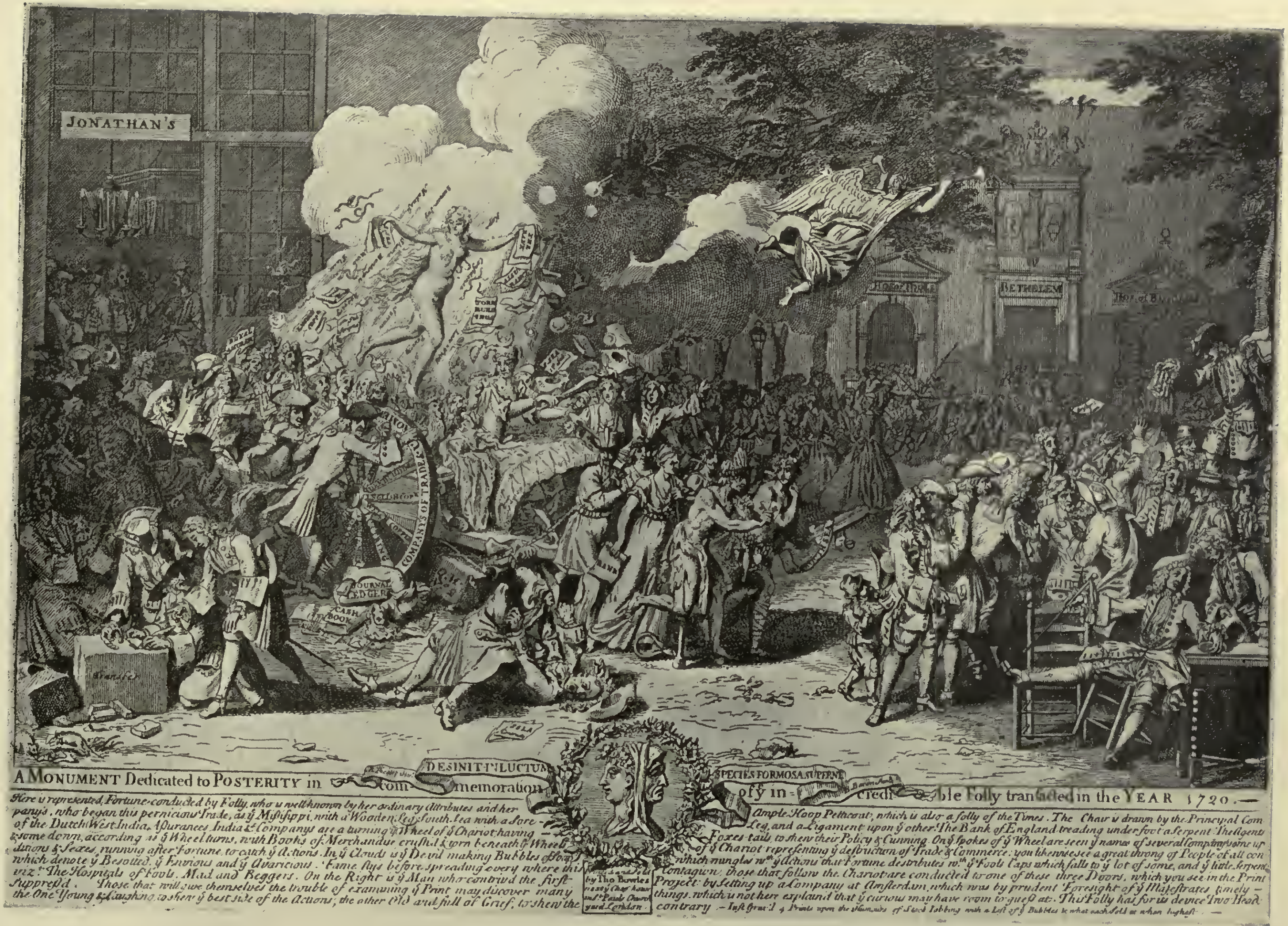
JONATHAN'S
BETHLEHEM
COMPANYS OF TRADE
JOURNAL LEDGER
CASH BOOK
Transfer
DESINIT IN PISCEM
SPECIES FORMOSA SUPERNE
A MONUMENT Dedicated to POSTERITY in Commemoration of ye incredible Folly transacted in the YEAR 1720.

FIG. 4.—THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE, 1720.
One of four prints published by Bowles on the Humours of Stock Jobbing.

know the daily life of this period as well as we know that of our own, and events under the Georges are brought as vividly before us as events under Victoria.

Besides this mass of documentary evidence, we have another source whence we can gauge the characteristics of the 18th century, in the records left us by foreigners who visited England and indiscriminately noted our faults and praised our good qualities, from the aspect of independent judgment. From one point of view such *obiter dicta* are more valuable than the more intimate revelations of our own countrymen. A foreigner, however, unless he makes an alien country his own and lives in it for years, can, after all, gain but a superficial knowledge of the deeper current of things; but as regards amusements and habits of life, as revealed to any intelligent observer, he can often note matters worthy of record which familiarity passes by. Thus in the observation of such men as Misson, Grosley, De Saussure, Voltaire, Moritz, Kilmansegg, and the rest, we obtain a picture of the time which has some of the particularity of the home-made article, freed generally, and certainly in the cases mentioned, from the almost inevitable bias of native record.

During the larger part of the 18th century London was to England something like Paris has always been to France. It is surprising to find how comparatively little provincial centres enter into the scheme of life. One of the obvious reasons was the difficulty of transit from the metropolis to far-thrown cities and towns. People had no idea of the ease with which railway travelling enables us to fly from one end of the kingdom to the other, and it took them longer to get to Bath than it takes us now to get to Banff. Then, too, our 18th-century forebears were far more regular in their methods of doing such things; those who had country houses went to them at stated periods, posting or in their equipages, and the great noble on his way to Longleat or Arundel or Badminton must have been a picturesque sight, with his family coach and postilions and outriders—very different, indeed, from these prosaic days when his man puts him into a first-class railway carriage, and he is wafted to his nearest station before he has finished his papers. When Society required change of air, or an alleviation from London's tedium or the worse tedium of the gout or the megrims, it made an annual expedition to "the Wells" at Tunbridge or Bath. At a later period George III. made Weymouth to some extent fashionable, if, indeed, the Farmer-king could make anything fashionable; and George, Prince of Wales, gave a fresh lease of life to Brightelmstone, where Dr. Johnson had once stayed. Here and there were cases where people broke fresh ground, but the rule was: London as a standing joint with Tunbridge or Bath as side dishes, if one may be permitted this culinary analogy. The ordinary commercial man not often got more than the joint, except in such small *entrées* (to carry on the metaphor) as excursions into what are now his *habitats* in the suburbs. Then he lived in the city over his business premises, and took his holiday at, say, Richmond, where he was sure of seeing plenty of the *ton*, especially on Sundays, or in some equally convenient centre. The masses seldom got away from London at all, save, perhaps, for an occasional jaunt to Bagnigge

Wells or the heights of Hampstead; and the jaded literary man took up his summer quarters in Canonbury Tower, when his generally exiguous funds admitted even such a mild diversion. For although, as I have said, the 18th century saw the power of the people consolidated, it was rather in essentials than in the *agrémens* of life that it was so. As the century progressed, so, of course, did means of transit; until, at its close, stage coaches made long journeys in very fair time, if it did not happen to be in winter and they ran into a snowdrift. Business men began to have their villas in parts that had, before, seemed remote from London, but which are, to-day, an integral portion of it.

Indeed, one of the chief things to remember in surveying the London of that period is its extraordinary smallness as compared with its present gigantic proportions. When, at the beginning of the 19th century, Cobbett called it "The Wen," it had increased by leaps and bounds; but half a century earlier it was so relatively diminutive that Knightsbridge was an outlying village, Hackney, Newington, Marylebone, Islington, Chelsea, and Kensington were rural hamlets, Belgravia open fields; and north of Oxford Street alone exhibited the tentative beginnings of that vast congeries of houses and streets which, to-day, stretches to Hampstead in the west and Hackney in the east. Kensington Palace was only reached by well-nigh impassable roads, and Holland House was, in all essentials, a country residence. It is thus the limited size of the city and the extraordinarily indifferent state of its streets that are, perhaps, the two features which most markedly differentiate it from the city of to-day.

The 20th century may not be a picturesque, but it is at least a sanitary, one; the 18th century teems with the former characteristics, in its buildings (the very narrowness of its streets helped to add a touch of this), its dress, its amusements; but in everything that goes for health and cleanliness it was so far to seek that one can quite understand how Sloane and Sydenham, Baillie and Abernethy, could make vast fortunes; and the marvel is that the human frame could withstand so many assaults with comparative impunity.

In those days London was a red-brick city; here and there were stone buildings, such as Wren's churches, the Abbey and Westminster Hall, and, towards the close of the period, Somerset House; but, with the exception of these and a few others (to be mentioned elsewhere), red brick was the predominant note. Buckingham House, Apsley House, Lanesborough House, the lesser houses known as of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods, many of which remain in Westminster and Mayfair, and within the City boundary, in the streets south of the Strand, in Berkeley Square, in the distant Borough, and the farther distant Hampstead (although every day seems to witness fresh demolitions of these), were all erected in this style. Nash was responsible for many changes, and when a wit remarked that he

"Found us all brick,
And left us all stucco,"

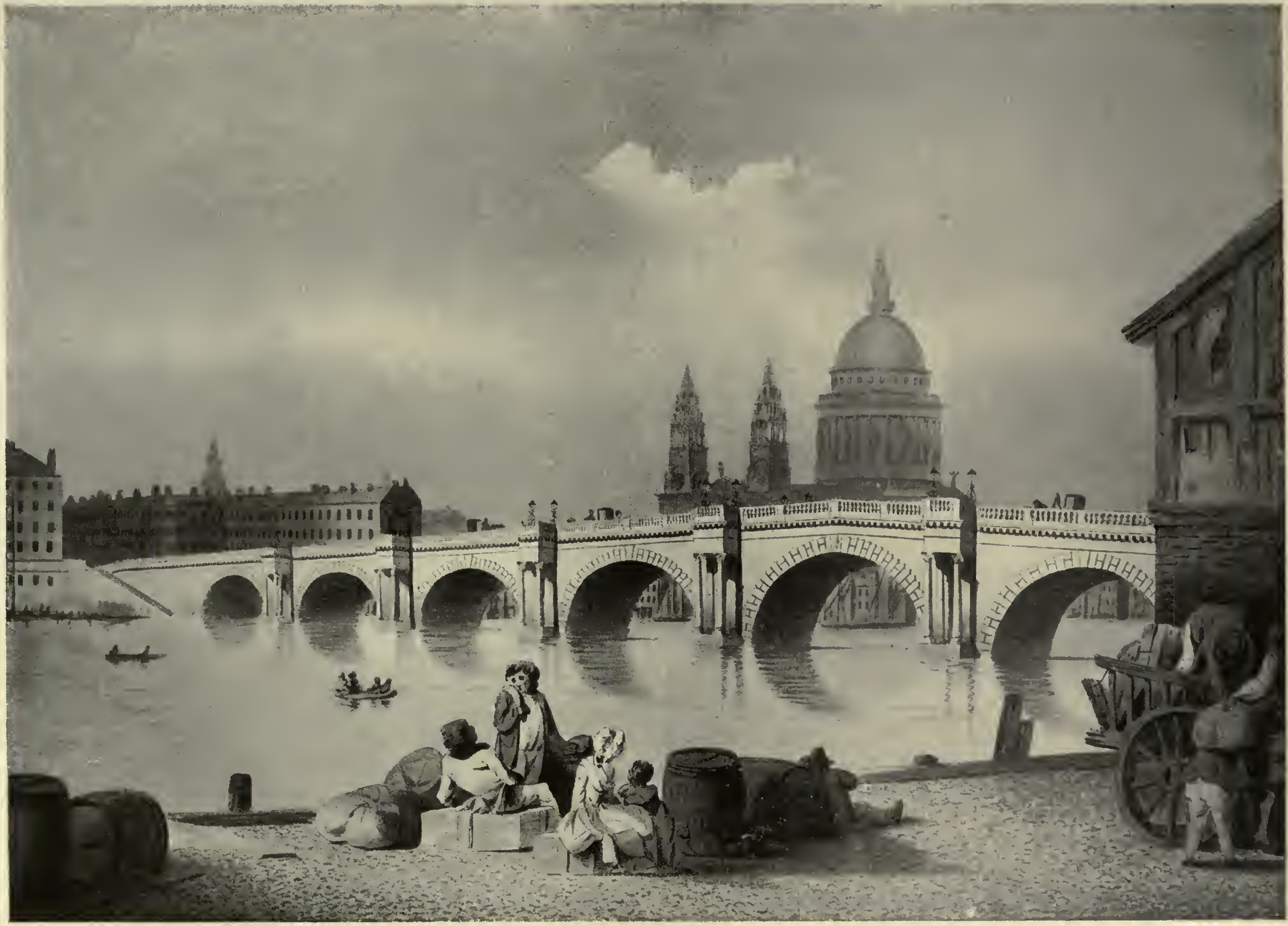

FIG. 5.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

From the original water-colour by F. Nicholson, 1791.

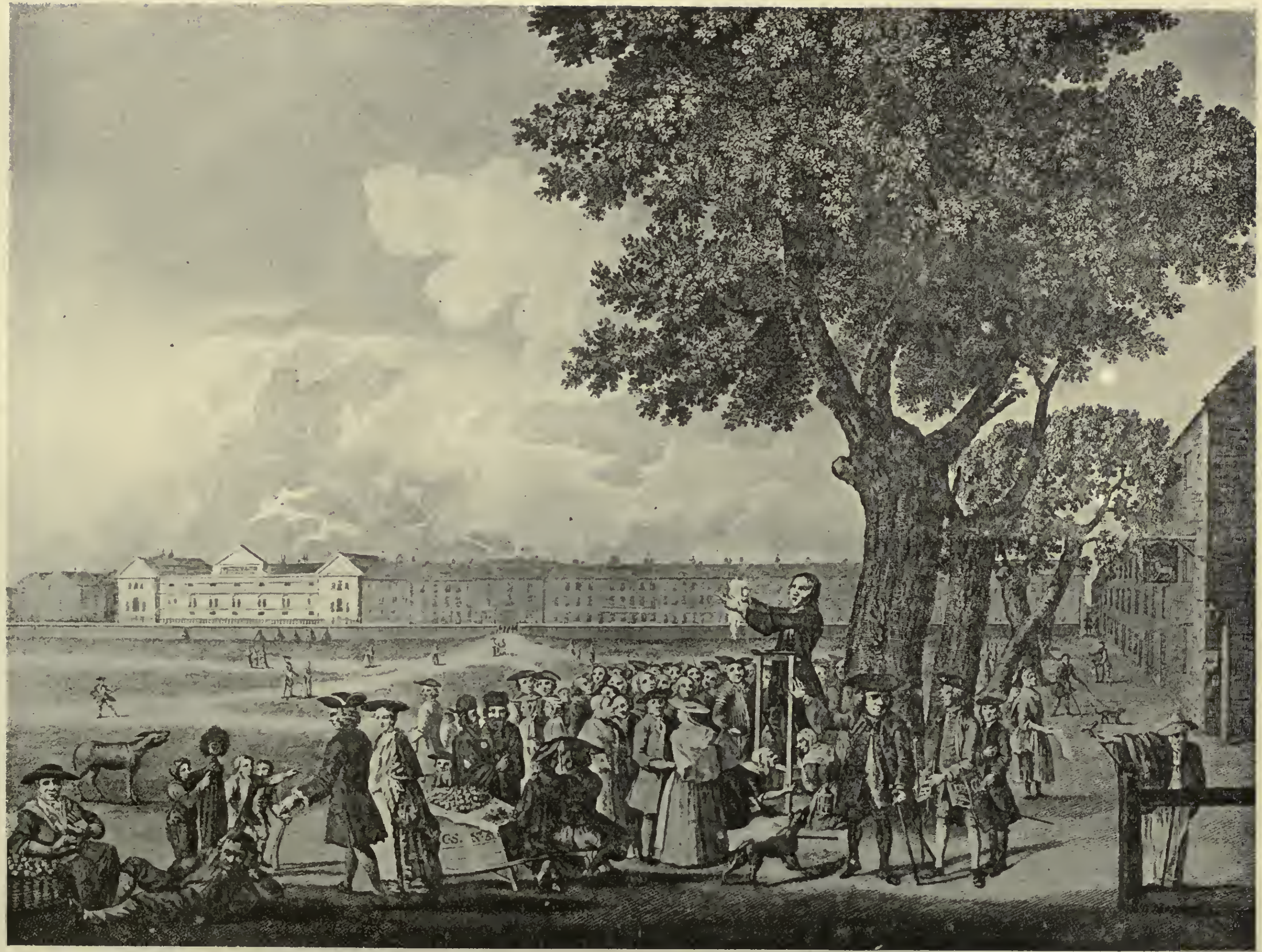

FIG. 6.—WHITFIELD PREACHING AT MOORFIELDS.
In the background is St. Luke's Hospital.

Engr. R. Prancker, 1750.

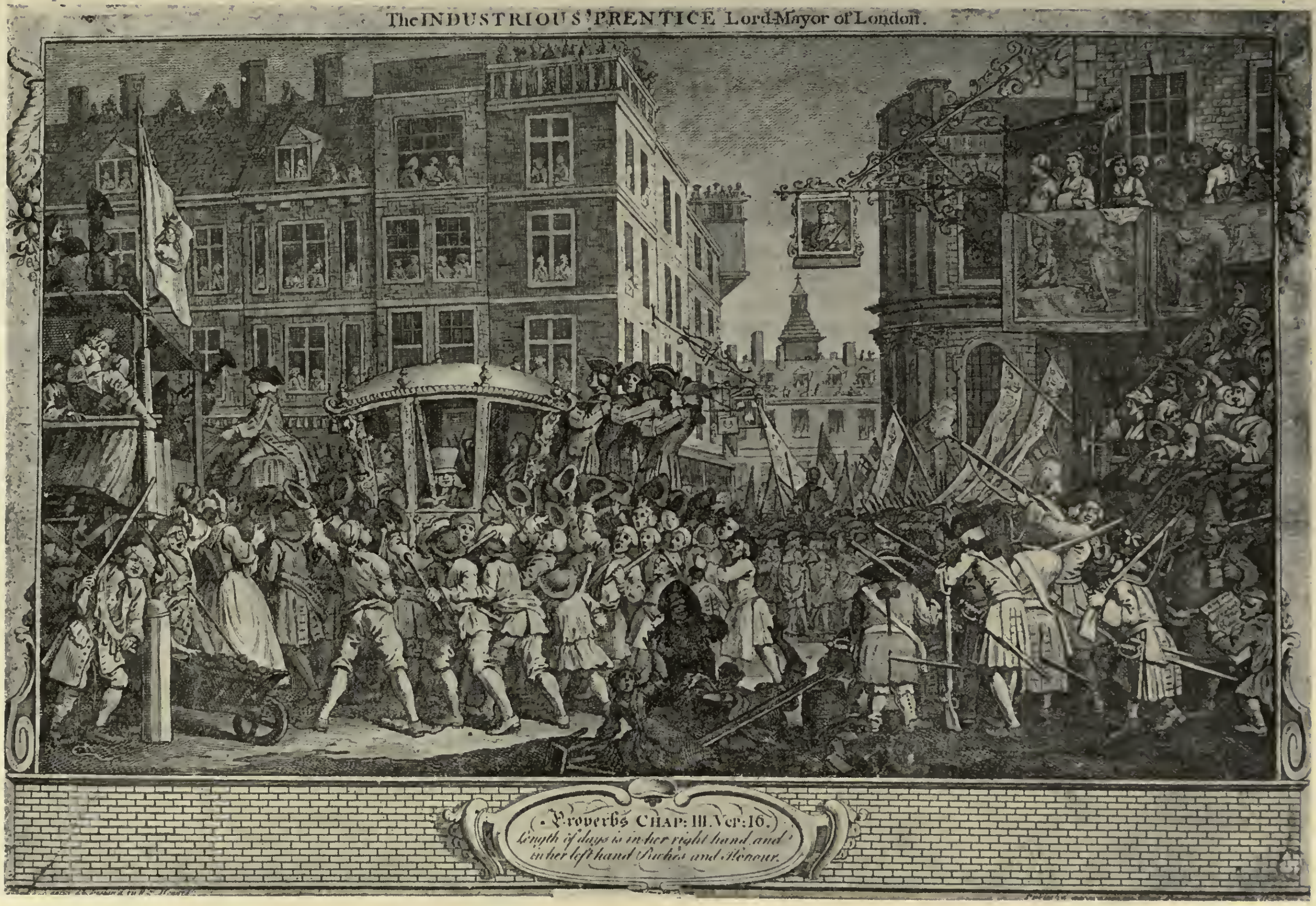
The INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE Lord-Mayor of London.
Proverbs CHAP: III. Ver: 16.
Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand Riches and Honour.

FIG. 7.—“,THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PRENTICE” AS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

By Hogarth.

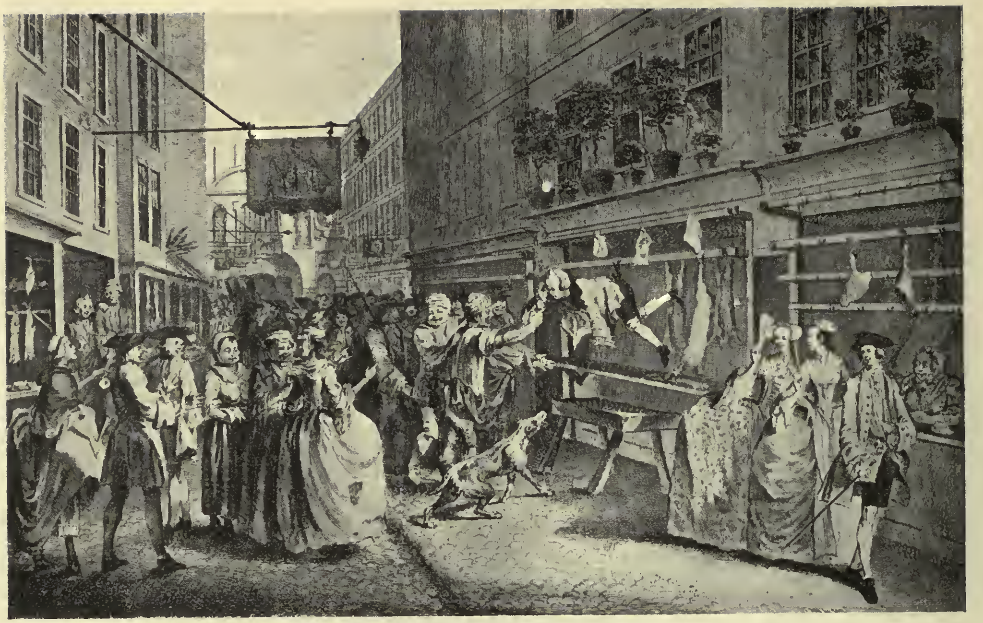

FIG. 8.—"THE BEAUX DISASTER."
A scene in Butcher Row looking towards Temple Bar.

Engr. J. June 1770.

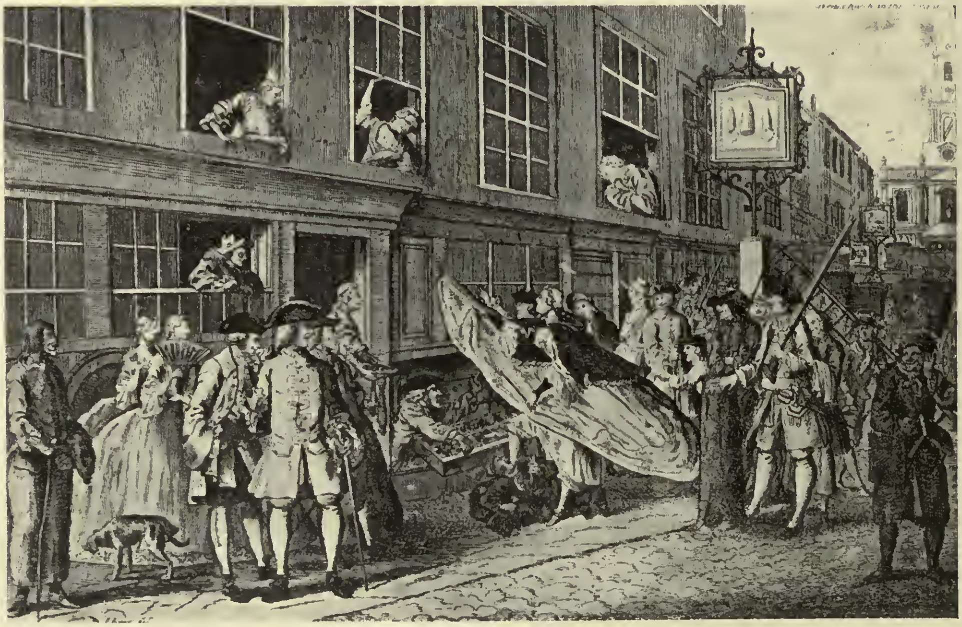

FIG. 9.—"THE LADY'S DISASTER."
A scene in the Strand looking East.

Engr. J. June 1770.

he indicated, in a large gesture, what really was the effect of his innovations, although they were confined to a relatively limited space in the City's immensity.

The area which the London of the 18th century actually embraced is, perhaps, best realised by a study of Rocque's great and important map. That map was issued during the years 1741–45, but was in the making for a considerable time before then. By it we see that, west to east, the city extended some four miles; and, from south to north, not much more than two. Roughly, all the development of the area north of the Marylebone Road, in the west, and the Euston and City Roads, in the east, is subsequent to that day, and much of it later, even, than the close of the 18th century. During the first half of the period the ground between Oxford Street and the Marylebone Road was but sparsely built over. Everything west of Hyde Park Corner—except the hamlet of Knightsbridge, Kensington Palace, and Holland House—is practically of a later date. What is, to-day, Belgravia was then the Five Fields, the resort of the citizens who went there to eat syllabubs and who, if returning late, were in constant fear of the highwaymen and footpads who haunted it and made it hardly less safe than the notorious Turnham Green or Hounslow.[1] The not inappropriately named "Bloody Bridge" spanned the Westbourne, or Ranelagh Stream as it was sometimes called, as it ran by the spot known, now, as Sloane Square, before emptying itself into the river at Chelsea. What is, to-day, a congeries of houses and buildings at Westminster was, in the middle of the 18th century, the open space known as Tothill Fields, whose name is perpetuated by Tothill Street, and nearer the river, the cultivated allotments called Neat House Gardens, which were not developed till about 1831, when a series of streets was projected. To the north, Marylebone was "in the fields" with its gardens as an attraction which lasted for many years; Tottenham Court Road abutted on the open Lamb's Conduit Fields, on to which looked the contiguous gardens of Montague House and Bedford House. As Bedford House formed the north side of Bloomsbury Square, it will be realised what a vast area was covered by buildings during the century which followed on the making of Rocque's map! Where King's Cross is now, was originally a small village called Battle Bridge, so described as late as 1791, and probably thus named from some encounter either between Alfred and the Danes, or, as Stukeley thought, between the Romans and Boadicea. Farther east, Hoxton formed then a projecting part of the Metropolis, bounded on the west by Finsbury Fields and on the east by the open country surrounding Bethnal Green and "Agostine," in which we dimly recognise the Haggerston of our times. Although in the east the city stretched tentatively along the river, there was much open land between it and the village of Stepney, and also north of the

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[1] On 30th August 1742, a Mr. Smith, master of an eating-house at Chelsea, was robbed and murdered here; and, six years later, two highwaymen attacked a coach containing four gentlemen, who, however, proved too much for the would-be depredators. "The World's End," at the north-west corner of what is now Eaton Square, was a resort of the tea-garden type, and, as such, is mentioned by Congreve in his "Love for Love."

Mile End Road, then called Mile End New Town, where dwellings clung desperately to the main thoroughfare or to the so-called Doo Row and Globe Lane, now roughly marked by Cambridge Road and Globe Road.

South of the Thames, the chief collocation of buildings was along the bank of the river. Rotherhithe was practically open fields, here and there interspersed with allotments. Newington was a village separated from the riverside dwellings by St. George's Fields, where the Dog and Duck,[1] at St. George's Spa, had its regular Sunday votaries, and the Fields their innumerable gatherings, and where some attempt at development had been made by the laying-out of the Borough Road intersecting the highway leading to Blackfriars Bridge (Fig. 5) at St. George's Circus. Kennington Common was one of the places where malefactors were hanged—a notorious criminal executed here being Jimmy Dawson, for his complicity in the '45 Rebellion—the gallows standing where St. Mark's Church is now. The Common is also associated with the preaching of Whitfield (Fig. 6) and Wesley, which drew large and eager crowds to this spot.[2]

If we seek for the remains of 18th-century buildings in the London of to-day, we find them scattered all over the central portion of the Metropolis; but hardly any whole district, except perhaps Bloomsbury—and this now in process of great changes—can be said to be representative of even the latest years of that period. The squares were, as such, mostly formed between the years 1700 and 1800, and consequently, as their houses were of a size and distinction generally more marked than those in residential streets, they still contain a *residuum* dating from this time. Berkeley, Cavendish, Hanover, Grosvenor, and Portman Squares; the squares of Bloomsbury; Soho, Golden, and Kensington Squares—all exhibit examples of the easily recognised brick-work, and in some instances stone-work, of that day. In certain streets of Westminster—College Street and Barton Street and others—as well as in much of Mayfair formed by Sir Richard Grosvenor during the earlier half of the period, you will meet with so many examples as to give an idea of the general effect of residential London of the earlier 18th century. Here and there, too, in the City, there exist similar remains, not only in houses (now used as offices), but in the great City Halls and other semi-public and official buildings; but the rebuilding and redevelopment of whole areas in the time of George IV., and still more so in that of Victoria and at the present time, have obliterated much in localities where we might expect best to find survivals. Thus in Piccadilly one comes across but a few, and these, chiefly, structures which have passed from private to semi-public uses, and have therefore escaped the destruction which, judging from other instances, would inevitably

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[1] The Springs at this point were found to be excellent cures for "cutaneous foulnesses and scrofulous diseases." Mrs. Thrale was once recommended to try them, and Johnson wrote her a letter of advice, full of his usual common-sense arguments why she should do so.

[2] "June 17, 1739. At five I preached on Kennington Common to about fifteen thousand people"; and—"June 23, 1739. At Kennington I enforced to about twenty thousand that great truth, 'One thing is needful,'" are entries in John Wesley's Journal.

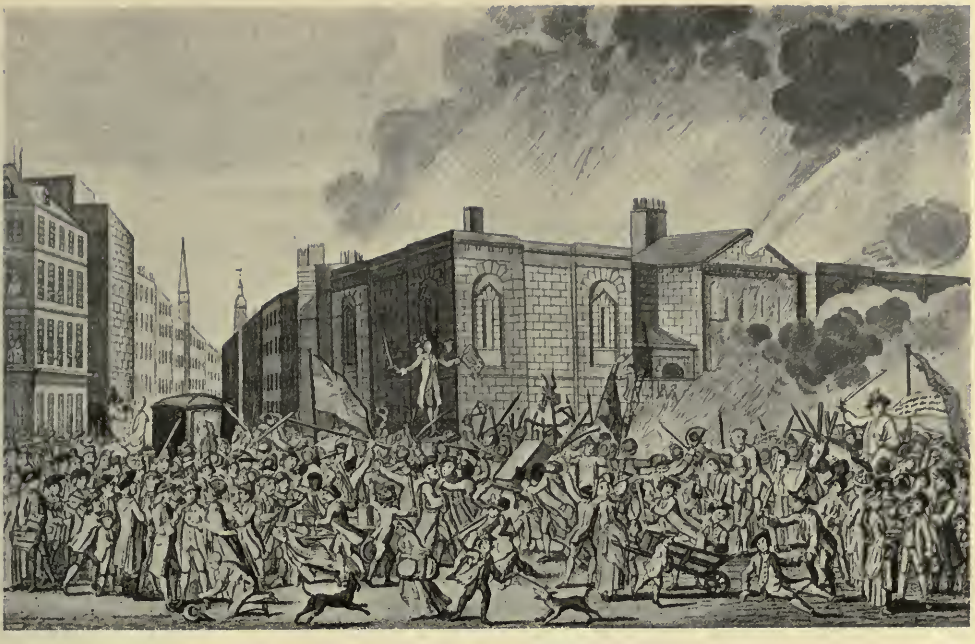

FIG. 10.—THE GORDON RIOTS OF 7TH JUNE 1780.
A print by O'Neil (1781) showing the burning and plundering of Newgate.

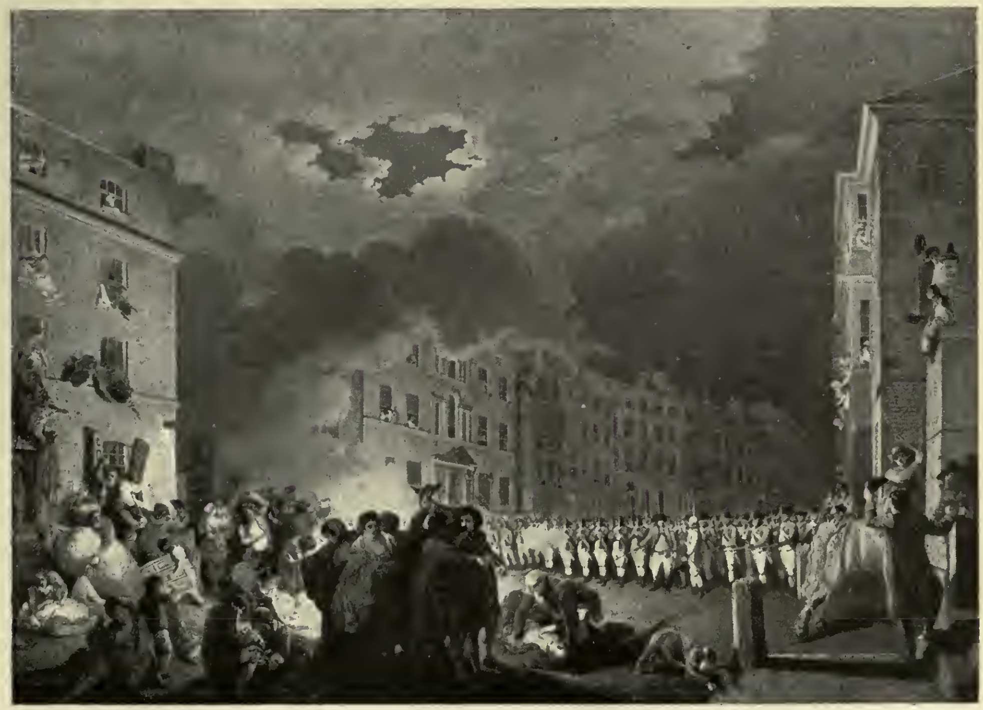

FIG. 11.—THE GORDON RIOTS.
Troops firing on the mob in Bevan Street.

F. Wheatley.

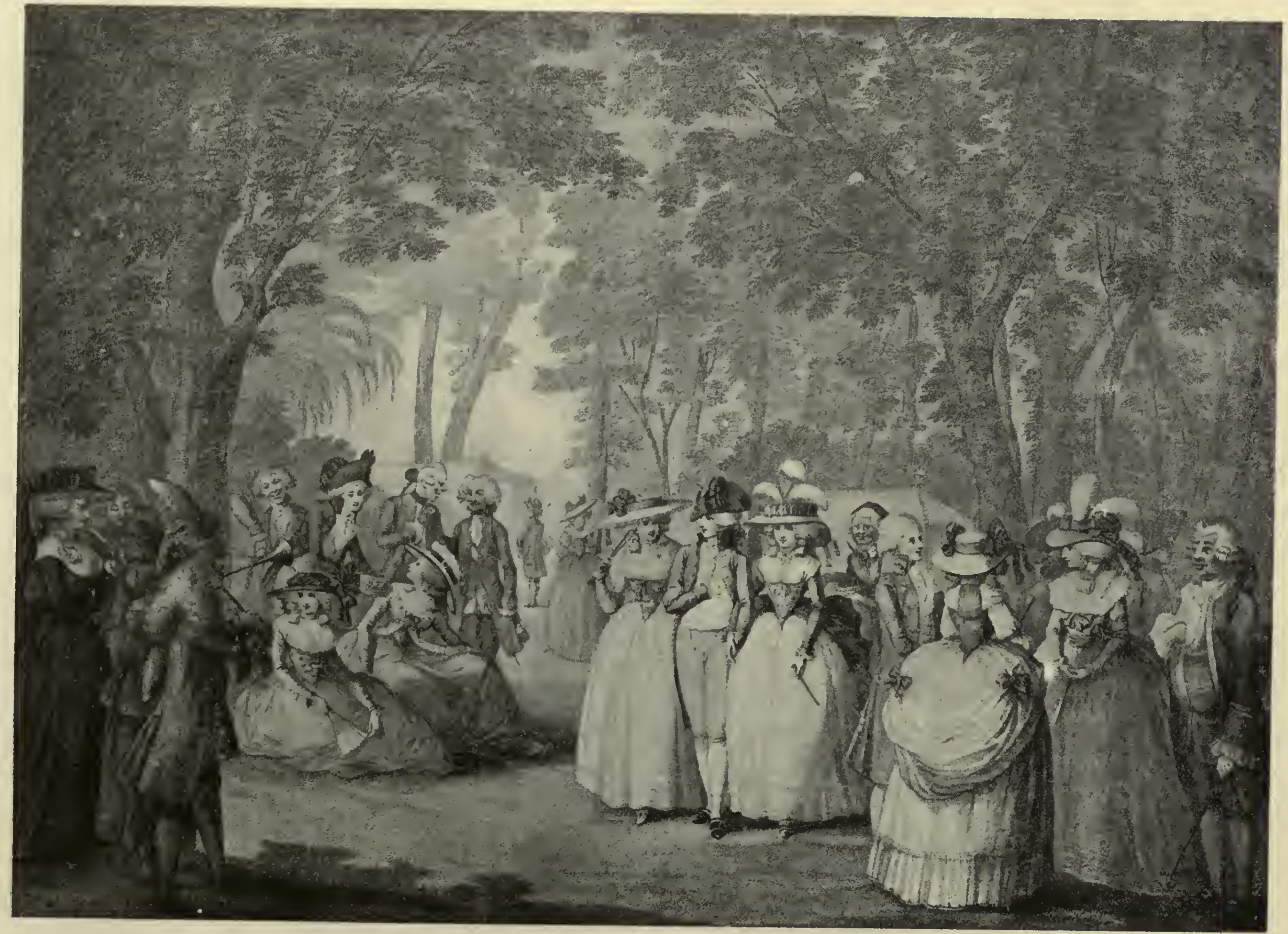

FIG. 12.—NEAPOLITAN BALLAD SINGERS IN THE GARDENS AT CARLTON HOUSE.
On the occasion of the Fête given by the Prince of Wales, 18th May 1784.

H. Bunbury.

have overtaken them. Pall Mall is in worse case, for there nothing remains of the exact date (Schomburg House—or its relic—is earlier), and I suppose No. 51, Dodsley's publishing headquarters, now pulled down and rebuilt, was really the last example existing down to recent days.

The net result is that here and there an area of more or less extent; a relatively few streets; some isolated houses; some churches; and such public buildings as the Bank, the Mansion House, Somerset House, Bethlehem Hospital, The Foundling, and Guy's Hospital, among them, are all we have connecting the London of our own time with a period which is only a little over a hundred years distant.

The appearance which the earlier London presented, however, can be realised from the works of the Italian Canaletto, who lived some years among us, pictorially reproducing its features as he did those of his own Venice, and in those of his follower, Scott, together with a mass of other evidence from the hands of contemporary landscape painters and architectural draughtsmen, as well as in the caricatures of Rowlandson and Gillray, and the painted *moralities* of Hogarth. We know the Rotunda at Ranelagh as we know our own hand, in Canaletto's masterly drawing (Fig. 85); the London Bridge of the period is equally familiar to us in Scott's famous picture (Fig. 156); and not merely the buildings, but the life of London, looks out on us from those masterpieces which the great Hogarth drew with such intimate knowledge and such consummate truth. Indeed, for the social life of the times, in most of its aspects, we must go to this great moralist, as much as we go to the written descriptions in the Spectators or the Tatlers, the Ramblers or the Daily Courants. In his works we have High Life as lived in Chesterfield House, sordid existence as passed in Grub Street or the Fleet, or the lower *strata* still where shame and misery cowered in the Seven Dials, or fought and cheated in Blood Bowl Alley. The peer is there in his room of state; the man of fashion at his ease receives his barber and his fencing-master, his tailor and his pimp, his precious attire and manners coming in for well-merited ridicule (Fig. 8); the merchant sits in his counting-house, or in the apotheosis of the Mayoral chair; the Justice presides in his redoubtable room; the depredator lives in his filthy jail; and madness, in all its awful nakedness, raves exposed to curious eyes, within the walls of Bedlam. My lady at her toilet-table, at tea, or at cards, simpering and ogling in her ridiculous and gorgeous farthingale, which even in those more leisurely days would seem to have been curiously inconvenient (Fig. 9); the rake at his faro-bank or in his worser haunts; clubs and coffee-houses; the ridotto and the play; cock-fighting and bull-baiting; all are depicted, and with them something not only of the outward life, but of the very soul of the time, is revealed by the brush of the satirist of Leicester Fields, who saw life steadily and saw it whole, and stamped its living likeness for ever in his works.

Hogarth is pre-eminently didactic; he is never a mere non-moral observer like Rowlandson or a caricaturing satyr like Gillray. In his work the triumph of virtue is inevitable, indolence and vice never fail to end in the prison or on the gallows; while industry and temperance rise to affluence and honour (Fig. 7).

The life of the town is reflected, too, in another direction, and in the poems of Pope and Churchill, Gay and Goldsmith and Cowper, as well as in the novels of Richardson and the greater Fielding, and in the works of Swift, the mirror is held up to the art of the times, as well as to nature. Gay's "Trivia" is, of course, a document of special importance in this connection, for in that poem the streets of London and the life which surged within them are noted with an almost photographic clearness and accuracy.

If we consider the importance of the years which elapsed between 1700 and 1800, not only in the changes in manners and customs that took place during their progress, but also in the significance of the events and the fame of the protagonists, and then remember that London was the centre of all this activity, it will not be difficult to realise what the city stood for during that momentous period. First, there was the Augustan age—a settling down of things, so to speak, after the two great upheavals of the preceding century. Anne appears surrounded by a crowd of celebrities curiously alien from her own home-like personality. The famous Duchess and her more famous husband, Harley and Bolingbroke and Sunderland, stand for foreign and domestic politics; literature is represented by Addison and Steele, Swift and Prior, Congreve and Defoe, Bentley and Farquhar, and how many more whose names added light to that effulgent age. Next we have the days of the first two Georges, with the dominating figure of Sir Robert, and Pulteney and Carteret, and the rest, circling about the rival Courts of St. James's and Leicester House, with their double dower of wit and beauty, learning and intrigue. Finally there is the long reign of George III., during which we pass from the dictatorship of Bute to that of Chatham, and after a period of political mediocrity, the great genius of the younger Pitt glowed like a beacon and faded in a blaze of glory. That was the age which, during its earlier half, was illuminated by the remarkable circle over which Johnson governed, with such satellites as Burke and Reynolds and Goldsmith, Beauclerk and Langton and Percy; when Horace Walpole still ruled fashionable literature, and Gray was writing letters almost as inimitable as his; and, during its closing years, Selwyn gambled with Fox, and Sheridan outshone Burke, and Brummell dominated London as Nash had at an earlier day dominated Bath.

To estimate the significance of the full and flowing tide of life during these last sixty years of the 18th century, and to realise the changes that occurred during George III.'s long reign, one has to remember that in politics, where Bute began, Addington ended; while "the Doctor," as the latter was called, reminds us that in medicine, Baillie and Holford and Heberden, Jenner and Hunter, applied the accumulated skill and science of half a century, and made triumphant the uncertain gropings of the few earnest inquirers distinguishable among the crowd of quacks and empirics of the earlier half of the period. In literature Richardson died at the commencement, and Wordsworth wrote his epoch-making preface to the Lyrical Ballads at the

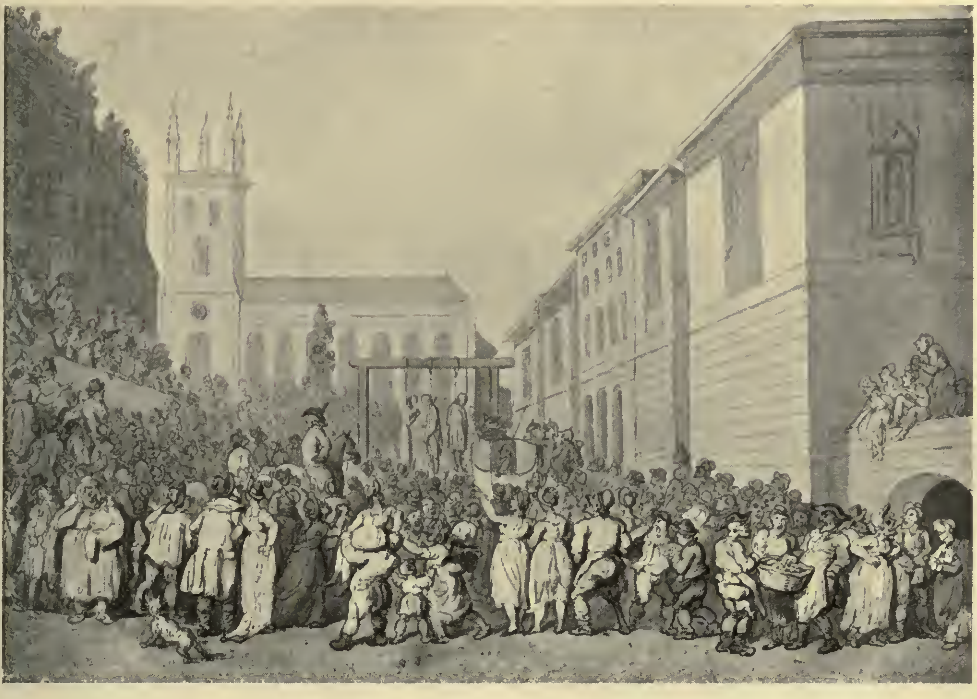

FIG 13.—AN EXECUTION SCENE OUTSIDE NEWGATE.

From an original drawing by Rowlandson.

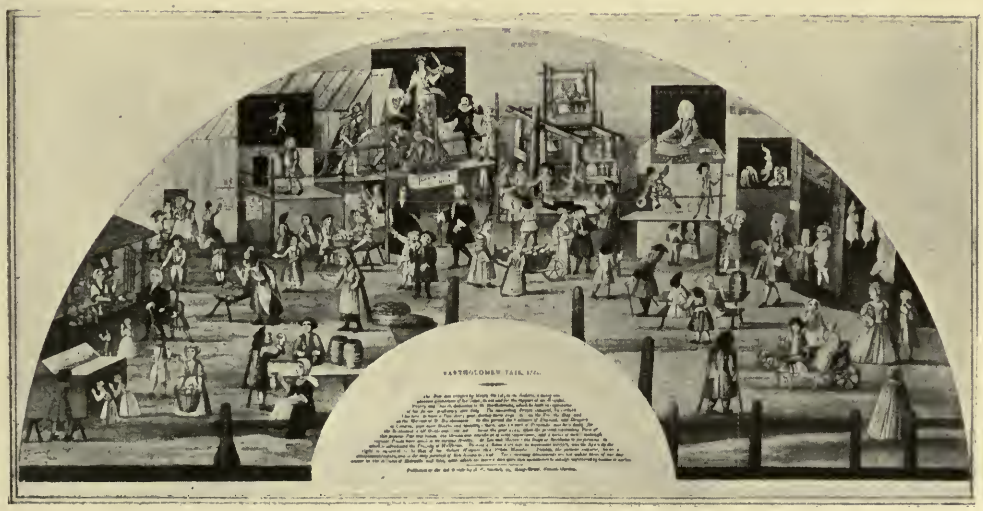
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, 1721.

FIG. 14.—BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, SMITHFIELD, 1721.

From a print designed to decorate a fan.

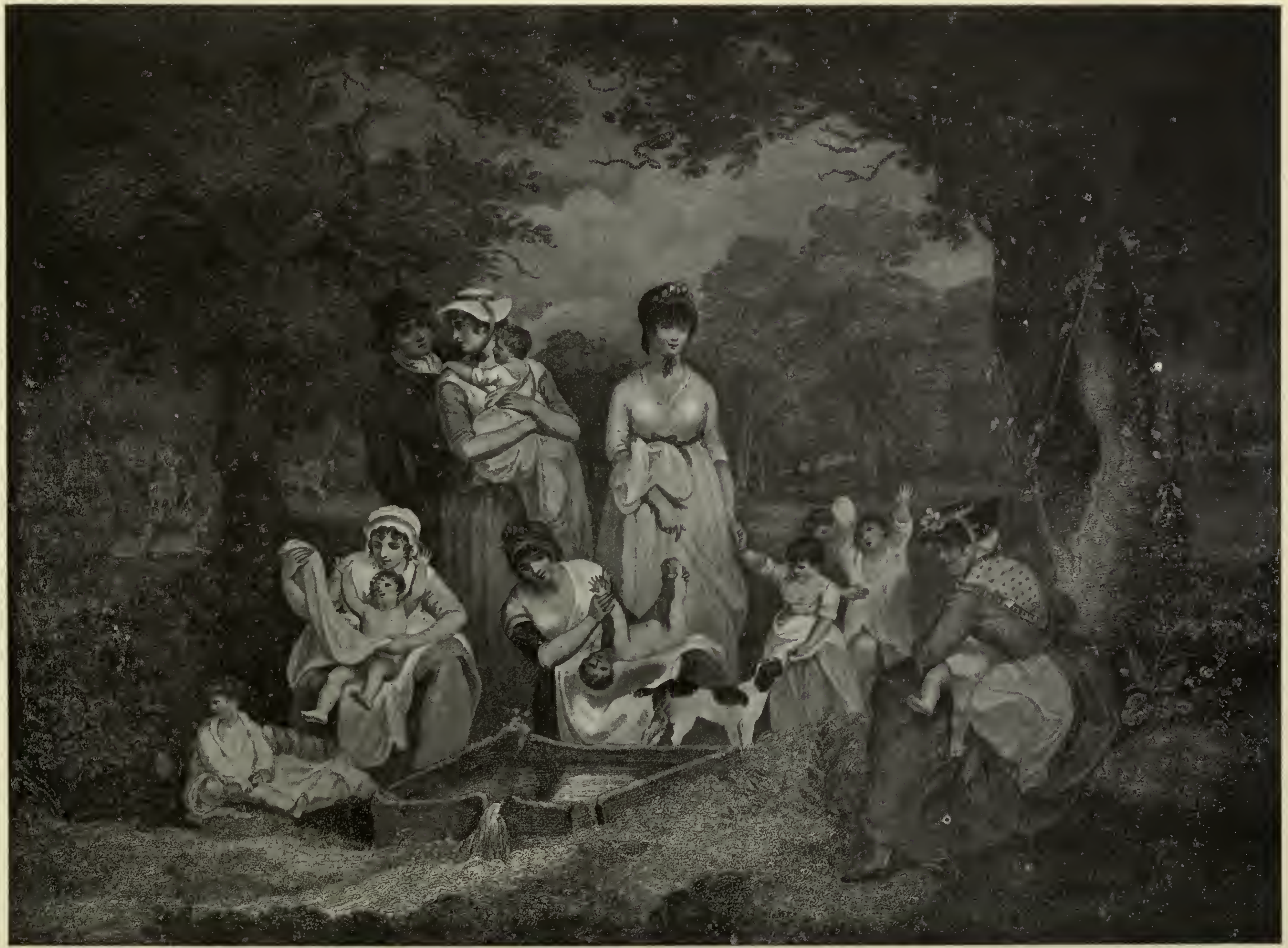

FIG. 15.—THE DIPPING-WELL IN HYDE PARK.

F. Wheatley.

close, of this era. In art the jejune and feeble strivings of Hudson and Hayman and Ramsay culminated in the glorious apotheosis of Reynolds and Gainsborough, of Romney and Raeburn; and the dazzling genius of Turner cast into the shade the more classic charms of Wilson.

One can easily understand how London reflected all the facets of this curiously rich and complex age. In a hundred ways this was so, but hardly in any more markedly than in the outward appearance of the city in which the Lord George Gordon Riots, of 1780, were responsible for the disappearance or defacement of many features which were at once interesting and characteristic (Figs. 10 and 11). The London of Anne was either the London of the Stuarts, where such depredation and destruction had not touched it, or the London which Wren had created out of the ruins of the Great Fire. The houses erected during the Augustan age were built, largely, on the plans of an earlier day, chastened and beautified by the art of which Wren was so admirable an exponent. That great architect did not die till 1723, and his influence—an influence which has happily never entirely faded away—then blazed at its fullest power. The Queen Anne architecture, as it is called to-day—that is the red-brick work with or without stone facings, the heavy over-doors, and the frequently elaborate ironwork generally carrying link extinguishers, is really but an amplification, happily inspired in the brain of genius, from the more modest attempts at house architecture in vogue during the latter half of the 17th century. It was to survive, more or less, unchanged till towards the close of George III.'s reign, when the Adams came with their delicate filigree designs, and added a new character to house construction and decoration, and was not wholly extinguished by the pail of stucco which Nash threw over so much of the western portion of the Metropolis.

As in domestic architecture, so in ecclesiastical. Gibbs, Hawkesmoor, Flitcroft, and others carried on more or less ably the Wren tradition; and we have, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, an example of how a lesser man can often rise to the heights not always attained by the greater; and in St. Mary-le-Strand, how difficulties of site and environment could be successfully overcome by Gibbs, as they were overcome again and again by Sir Christopher.

In addition to the 18th-century remains, as exhibited in churches, public buildings, and private houses, there are certain less important, but hardly less interesting, relics surviving. Among these are a few original shop-fronts indicating the picturesque but attenuated character of the "stores" (to use an Americanism) of the period. Striking examples of these are to be found, here and there, in the City and in the West End, and they are the more marked because around them have arisen those vast business premises with which we now associate one facet of the commercial activity of our day, as may be seen by Fig. 187, which shows a particularly characteristic example.

Yet another material reminiscence of the times we are considering exists in the statues which are scattered about London. Some are of the earlier part of the period, such as the William III. in St. James's Square, the Charles II.

at Chelsea, the James II. near The Admiralty. Queen Anne stands in front of St. Paul's,[1] and in a niche (Fig. 181) in what was once Queen's Square, but is now Queen Anne's Gate, whose houses reflect the very spirit of her day; George I. surmounts (*mirabile dictu*) the steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury; George II., "habited like a Roman," is in Golden Square; George III. bestrides his ambling charger in Cockspur Street; and George IV. sits, in the sight of all men, on his horse in Trafalgar Square, where the great naval hero of the age dominates, from his lofty column, the adjacent area. In various parts the memories of such men as Pitt and Fox, Canning and Wellington, are in this way perpetuated, and in the Abbey, the original glories of the architecture are largely obscured by the monumental remains, crowded pell-mell, of the century which delighted beyond any other, in huge cenotaphs.

Taken as a whole, London can still boast innumerable examples of the outward and visible forms of that day, although, when compared with its present vastness, these forms are so scattered as to leave no particular spot very markedly connected with them; but we have come very close, in these latter times, to that period of picturesqueness and charm, because a vogue has arisen for the accumulation of its furniture and its bric-à-brac, the copying of its architecture, in some directions the reproduction of its dress. In the fashion of such things the 18th century holds pre-eminent sway. The rococo art of Kent, the beautiful simplicity of Chippendale, the Frenchified elegance of Heppelwhite, are now seen to resume in themselves the artistry after which we strive *pace* Arts and Crafts and the worship of the unpolished; and as such things are recognised now in a way in which the early and mid-Victorians, with their heavy loads of furniture, their almost immoral delight in massiveness, never dreamed, so the simple undressed brick of the period, with its warmth and colour, is preferred to the coldness of the cement and stucco which our forefathers regarded as the last word in effective house adornment.

There is, however, yet another way of associating our London with the London of Anne and the Georges. It can be done by a study of architectural remains; but it can be done even better by the repeopling, in imagination, of its streets with the prominent figures of that remarkable time. When we pace its thoroughfares, or adventure into its lesser known byways, we shall, if we give rein to our day-dreams, see Mr. Addison passing majestically from Buttons to Holland House; Dick Steele flying to Hampstead or Kensington to bask in the smiles of his "Dearest Prue"; or the redoubtable Dean, on one of his long walks to Chelsea or Kensington Gravel Pits.

The Court life of the period had, during the century, various centres. First, there was Kensington Palace where the "little Dutchman," escaping from the fogs of Westminster, was coughing away the frail remains of his once-devouring activity; and Berkeley House (the predecessor of Devonshire House), where the Princess Anne brooded, with Lady Marlborough, over the

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[1] The statue is a replica of the earlier one—removed because of the damage it had received from the hands of successive iconoclasts.

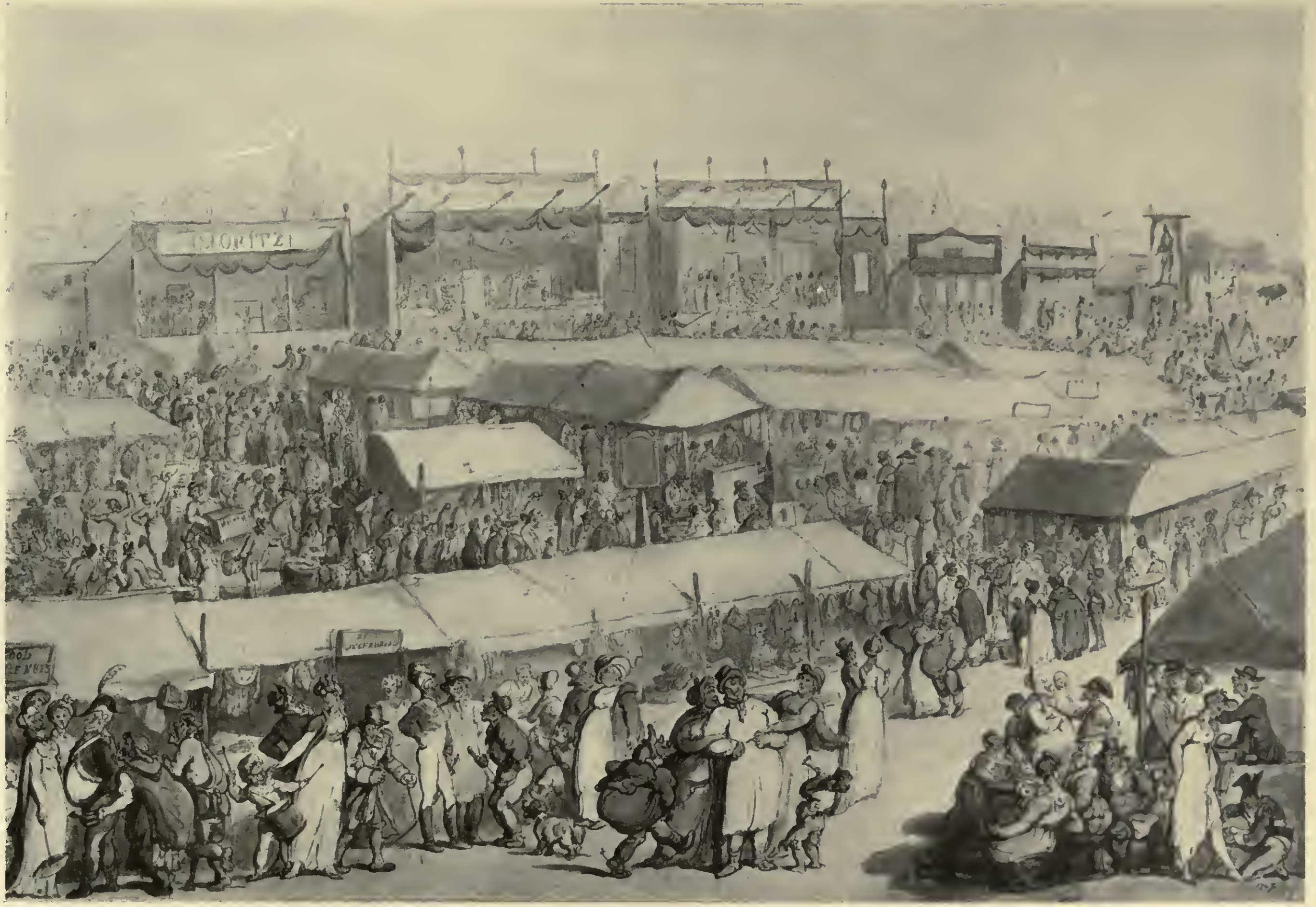

FIG. 16.—BROOK GREEN FAIR.

From original drawing by Rowlandson.

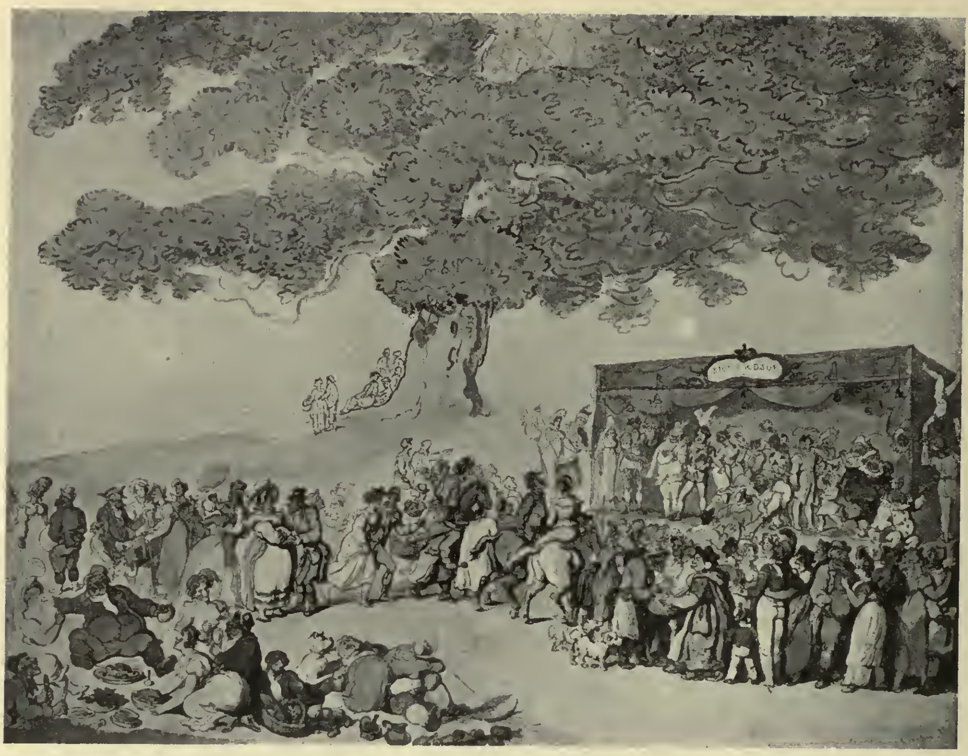

FIG. 17.—GREENWICH FAIR.

From original drawing by Rowlandson.

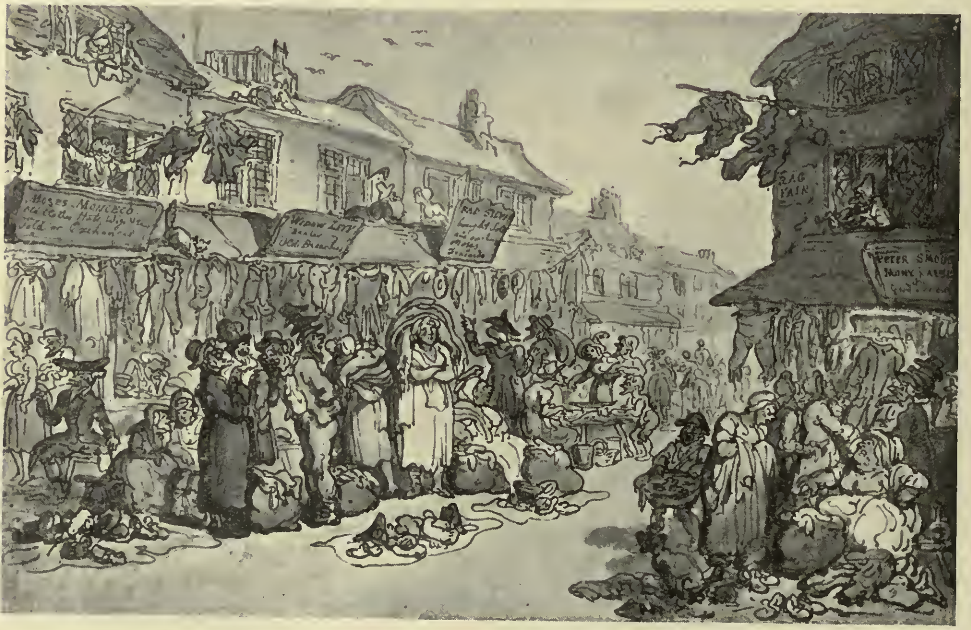
Moses Monseco
Old Clothes Hats Wigs &c
Sold or Exchanged
Widow Levy
Dealer
Old Breeches
Rag Fair

FIG. 18.—RAG FAIR.

From original drawing by Rowlandson.

neglect and hostility of her sister and brother-in-law; or the Cockpit in Whitehall, where she once lived; or The Friary at St. James's, where the redoubtable "Atossa" held sway over her feeble mistress, and "Mrs. Freeman" and "Mrs. Morley" talked scandal over their dish of tea. Later came St. James's and Leicester House, in ever-seething rivalry; later still, Buckingham House and Carlton House, where that rivalry was revived and accentuated in another generation. Kensington Palace is still redolent of the period. Nothing can quite take away from it the aroma of the days of Anne and the first two Georges. There is the original portion—the Nottingham House which William bought; there are the splendid additions made by Wren and the heavy excrescences added by Kent, and there, too, is Wren's dignified Orangery where we can imagine Mary Lepel and Mary Bellenden and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, strolling and chatting with the graceless Jack Spencer or the effeminate Jack Hervey, perhaps even with the great Mr. Congreve or the diminutive Mr. Pope. The rooms of that palace are peopled with the ghosts of that day—George I. and his sombre, queenless Court; George II. with the great Caroline of Anspach and her ally, the brusque and brutal Walpole, who "ran" the country between them so ably by tacitly attributing all their own schemes to the heavy, schemeless brain of their lord and master; the shades of Somers, Halifax, Sydney Godolphin (with his pock-marked face), Pulteney and Lady Suffolk, Lady Hervey come from St. James's Street or distant Ickworth, or Mr. Pope from his lodgings hard by Berkeley House. The earlier Courts of Leicester House, whether under George, or Frederick, Prince of Wales, cannot be conjured up so easily, for where that place stood a music-hall, to-day, flaunts its meretricious splendours. But we can people the reoccupied space with the phantoms of Thomson, come from Richmond, and Gay from Ham, with the poetaster Mallet, and the time-server Bubb-Dodington, and can to some extent realise the Court composed of poets and intriguers, musicians and pimps. When Caroline ruled there, it was a circle of actual political effectiveness and a literary and scientific assemblage of men who really advanced the cause of civilisation; under poor ineffective Fritz, literature was honoured rather because it was abhorrent to St. James's than for its own sake, and political activity was represented by that sort of backstairs intriguing with which the name of Dodington is prominently associated.

St. James's Palace itself, or at least a portion of it, would enable us to reconstruct the royal life of the day, if that life were worth reconstructing, and had anything better to reveal than the dull routine of a "contemplative Court," as Pope in a, for him, more or less civil periphrasis, once termed it—where the dreary monotony of George I.'s existence with the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington (terrible middle-aged Germans disguised under high-sounding titles) was passed in eager anticipation of visits to Herrenhausen, or the delights of high fish dinners.

In the Buckingham Palace of to-day there is nothing to recall the red-brick Buckingham House which George III. purchased for Queen Charlotte, and where the "Farmer-king" passed such of his time as he could snatch from the more delectable groves of Kew or battlements of Windsor; where he collected that vast assemblage of books (now in the British Museum); where he had his famous interview with Dr. Johnson; where he intrigued against, and so often got the better of, his successive Ministers from the elder to the younger Pitt. Carlton House, once the home of George III.'s mother, subsequently reconstructed as the gorgeous and expensive home of Florizel, is still more illusive; it is now represented by a row of Nash's immense houses, and by that lofty column whence Frederick, Duke of York (out of the way of his creditors, as a wit once remarked), stares at the regardless sky, with a lightning conductor (an appropriate sort of Minerva) springing from his brain.

If one would people London itself with the celebrities and notorieties of the 18th century, one can do so with more ease than selection. It is difficult to see the wood for the trees. You may obtain some idea of how, at Carlton House, a grand display of fashion might be seen sauntering through the gardens on the occasion of some royal fête (Fig. 12). You can certainly imagine the Mohocks and the Macaronies of the earlier time, with Wharton (say) as a leader; the members of the Hellfire Club, with Wilks and Churchill and Barrymore as protagonists, coming from meetings in Hanover Square to pass to unholy orgies at Medmenham; or can go to Shire Lane to a meeting of the Kit-Kat Club, and see Lord Pierrepoint introduce his little daughter as an acceptable "toast." You can haunt the centres of more general pleasure at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, with Horace Walpole and his set, or at Marylebone and Cuper's Gardens, with Sir Roger de Coverley or Squire Western; can dance at the Pantheon with the amazing Miss Chudleigh, or pass through the rooms of Mrs. Cornelys in Soho Square, with the beauty and fashion which, on another day, you might meet on those well-worn stairs of Mr. Reynolds in Leicester Fields, or in the studio of Mr. Gainsborough in Pall Mall.

The 18th century saw the growth and development of several important adjuncts to daily life. One of the most marked in London was the increase in periodical literature to which Fielding, Lyttelton, and Chesterfield occasionally contributed. The famous *Craftsman* is said to have enjoyed a circulation at one time of ten thousand copies, and this paper, set up by Pulteney and Bolingbroke, had a considerable share in bringing about the downfall of Walpole. The Spectators and Tatlers were followed by the Ramblers and Connoisseurs; the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which appeared first in 1731, under the ægis of Cave at the St. John's Gate (still standing), which figured on its first page, was quickly followed by the *London Magazine*; and by the middle of the century there were no fewer than eight similar publications. Literary reviews first came into their own about this time, and in 1752 at least three: The *Literary*, the *Critical*, and the *Monthly* had been firmly established in London. The coarseness of the age, however, was hardly affected for the better by these emollients to

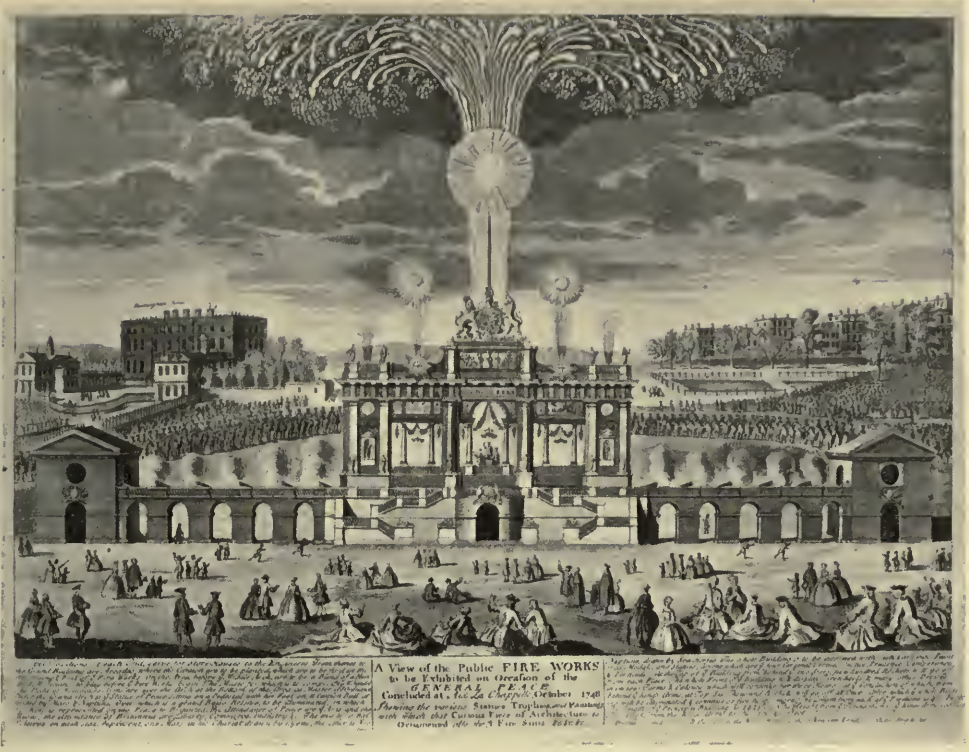
A View of the Public FIRE WORKS
to be Exhibited on Occasion of the
GENERAL PEACE
Concluded at Aix La Chappelle October 1748

FIG. 19.—FIREWORKS CELEBRATION OF THE GENERAL PEACE OF 1748.

From a contemporary print.

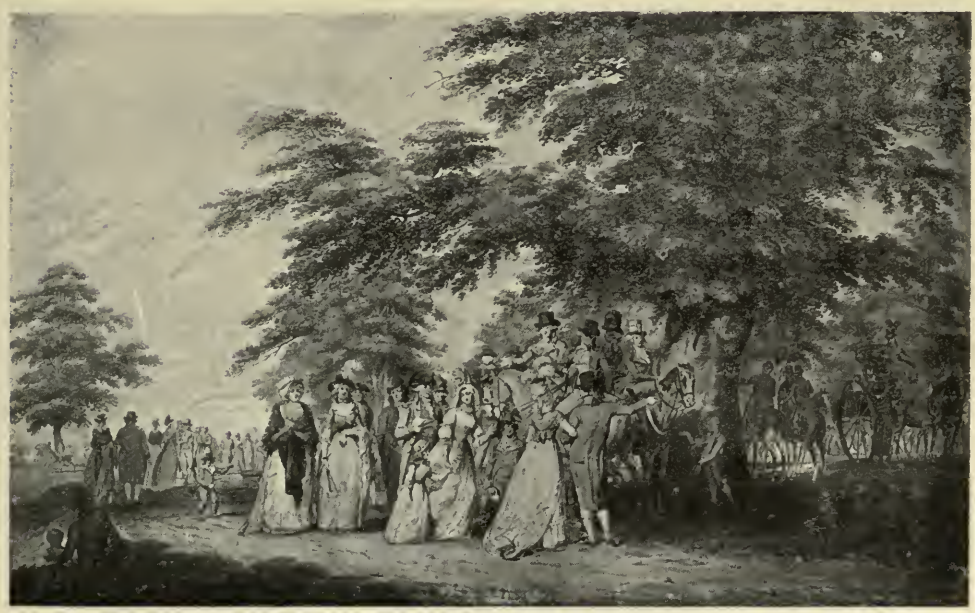

FIG. 20.—"AN AIRING IN HYDE PARK."

E. Dayes, 1793.

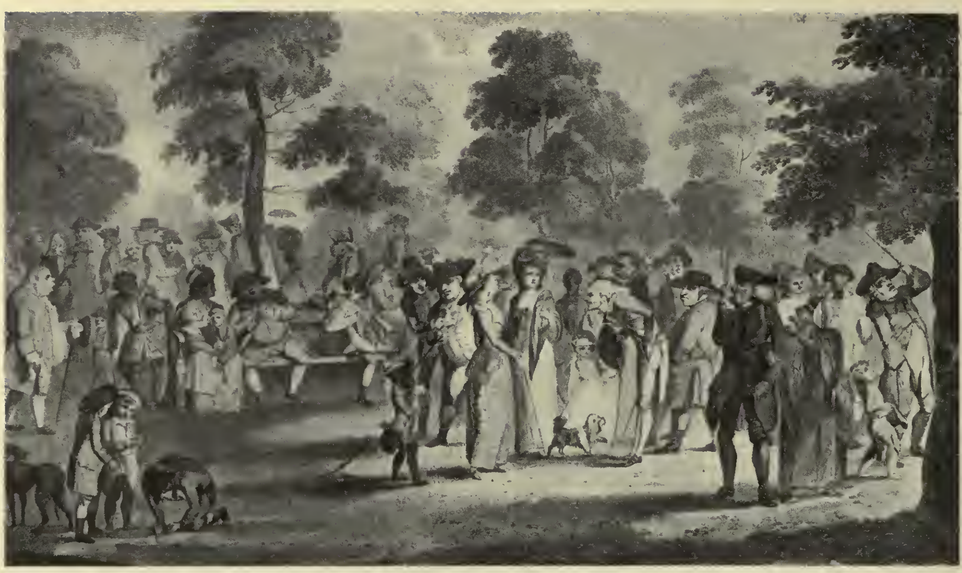

FIG. 21.—ST. JAMES'S PARK.

H. Bunbury.

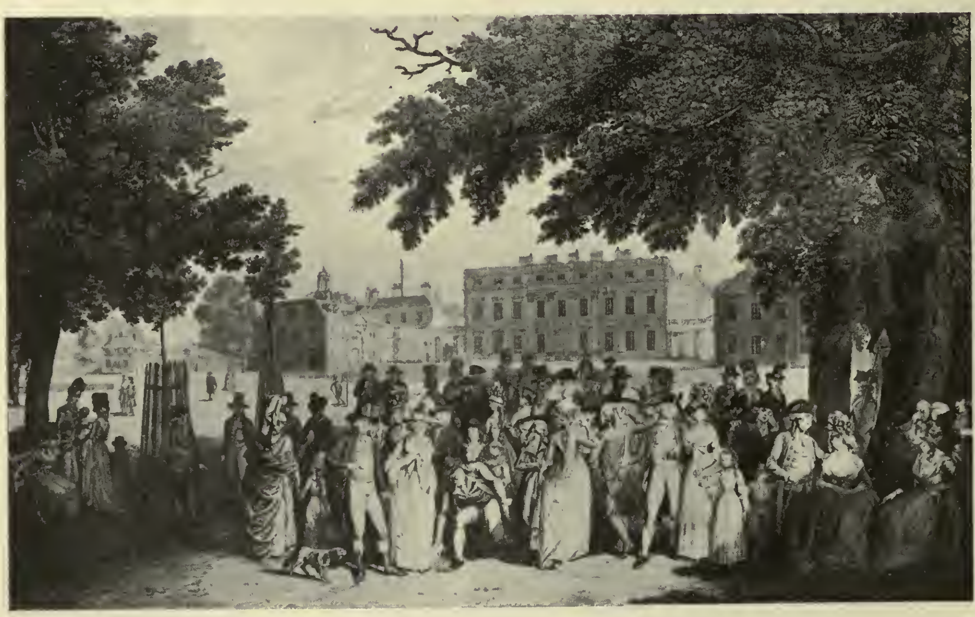

FIG. 22.—VIEW OF BUCKINGHAM HOUSE FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

E. Dayes.

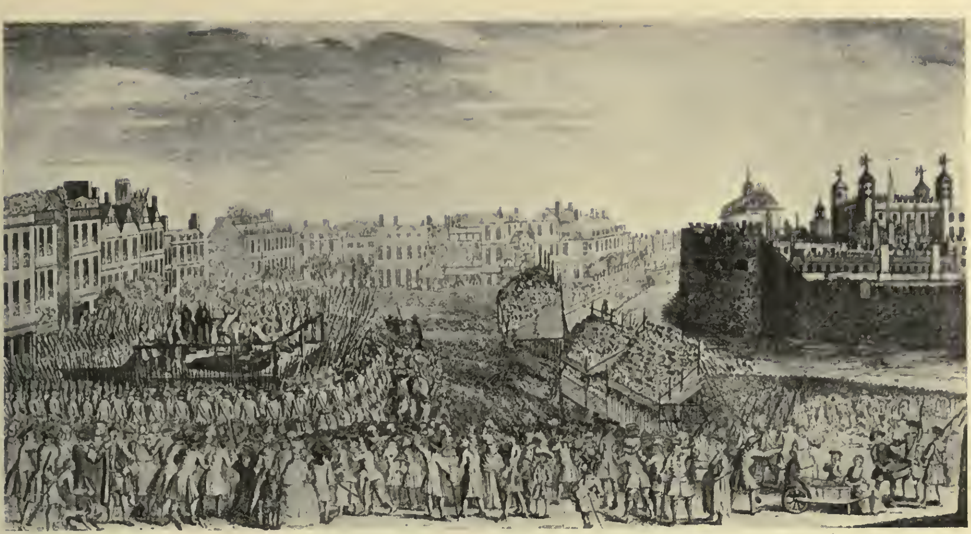

FIG. 23—THE BEHEADING OF THE REBEL LORDS ON GREAT TOWER HILL, 1746.

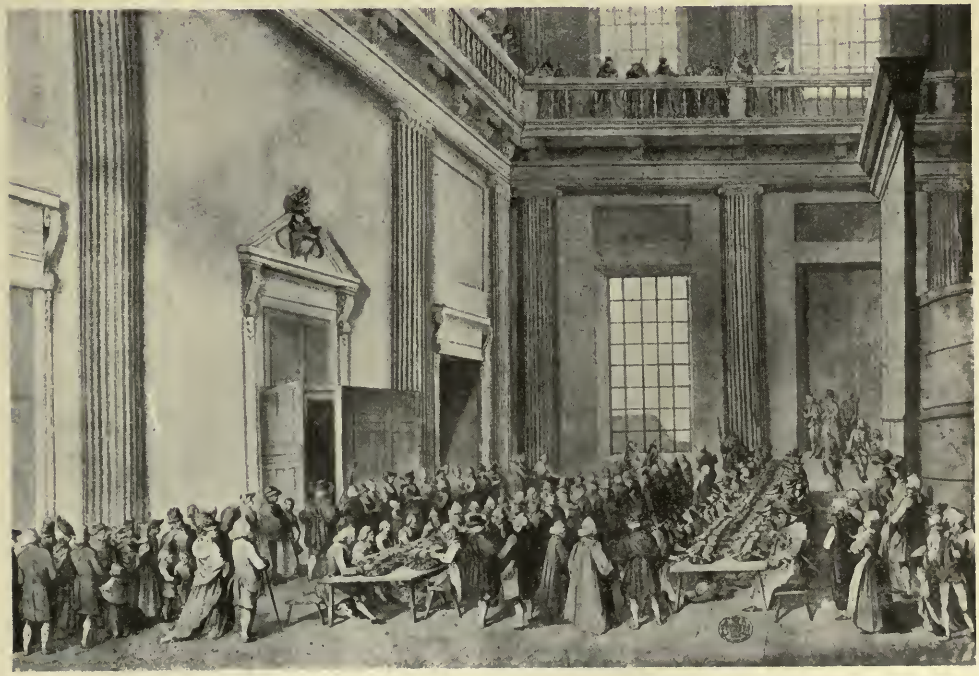

FIG 24.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE KING'S MAUNDY.

From original drawing by S. H. Grimm, 1775.

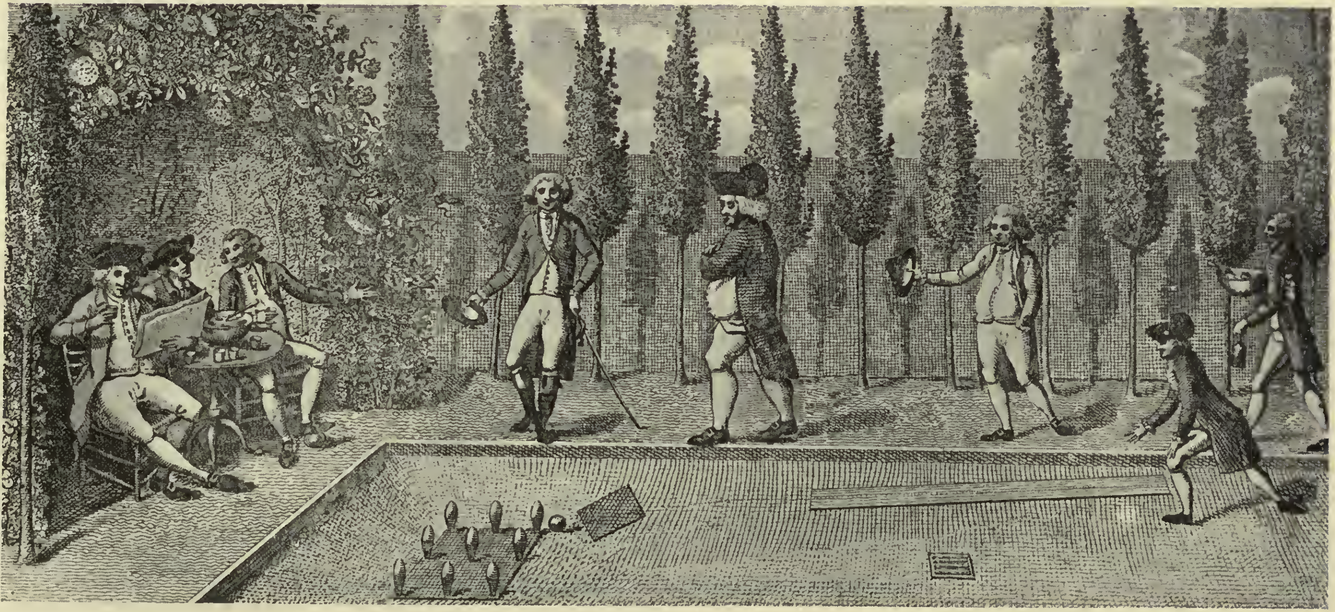

Fig. 25.—A Game of Skittles.

From a print by G. Kearsley, 1786.

manners, and the works of Fielding and Defoe, Swift and Smollett, are a tangible proof of the style in which even the better classes thought and conversed. The advent of Richardson did, perhaps, as much as anything to alter this, and although his works were responsible for much frothy sentiment and as literature can hardly compare with the achievement of the great writers mentioned, at least they deserve our gratitude for softening much in a century which had gradually become steeped in looseness of ideas and diction.[1]

But much remained of evil influence, which was destined only towards the latter part of the period to get itself finally abolished: the disgusting scenes at the public executions at Tyburn, as well as at Newgate (Fig. 13), and elsewhere, which drew thousands of lovers of sensation to the top of what is now one of the fashionable streets in the West End; the almost as revolting baiting of bulls and bears, with which Hockley was for so long identified; the cruel sport of duck-hunting, for which the appropriately named "Dog and Duck" tavern in St. George's Fields was famous; the shows made of the wretched inmates of Bedlam, whither fashion (as may be seen in one of Hogarth's famous prints) flocked to watch the ravings of madness. Public gambling, in the form of lotteries and such-like schemes, was also rampant, from the South Sea Bubble (a storm which the genius of Walpole weathered) downwards, and although we owed to this method of raising money the bridge across the river at Westminster, which helped more than anything to develop that part of South London adjacent to it, in 1736, and the purchase of the great Sloane collections (forming the nucleus, then deposited in Montague House, of the British Museum), yet these were but salutary drops in an ocean of evil influence over the minds and character of the people. Private gambling rather grew than decreased as the century wore on, and reached its climax in the latter years of George III.'s reign, when titled ladies held faro-banks in private houses; when White's and Crockford's were its more public hotbeds, and the great genius of Fox was diverted to the losing and winning of sums that even in these days, when we are accustomed to think in millions, appal us by their immensity. Even the less obviously harmful pleasures with which the Londoner of the day recreated himself often degenerated into centres of vice and depravity, and the Fairs of Southwark (Fig. 3) and St. Bartholomew (Fig. 14), and Greenwich (Fig. 17) and Mayfair, gradually took on a character which was responsible for their final suppression. The first supplied Hogarth and Gay with data for their work, and *The Beggar's Opera* contains a famous picture of the place—a place which, publicly cried down by order of the Justices in 1743, was prohibited in 1762, and finally closed in the following year. Hogarth has[2] left a celebrated representation of the Fair, with its shows and signs, its acrobats and its mummers, its noise and turmoil; while Rowlandson has perpetuated the humours of St. Bartholomew

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[1] The Print Sellers' Shops became at this period a feature of London. An unconventional scene outside the then well-known print shop in St. Paul's Churchyard is shown in Fig. 1.

[2] See for an exhaustive account Morley's *Annals of Bartholomew Fair*.

Fair, which was so popular in 1740 that it was even visited by the Prince of Wales, in a sort of semi-state, Rich, the Manager, doing the honours; the theatres being closed during its continuance, as the actors found it more remunerative to display their talents there than in Covent Garden or the Haymarket. Mayfair, from which one of the most fashionable quarters takes its name, was held during the first fortnight in May, and dated from the days of James II. Its attractions comprised "musick, showes, drinking, gaming, raffling, lotteries, stage-plays, and drolls," and had nothing to do with sale and barter, with which we are accustomed to associate these fast disappearing institutions. The *ton* patronised it equally with the *profanum vulgus*, but, in 1708, it was found necessary to suppress it owing to the disturbance and noise caused, as well as on account of the questionable company that attended its equally questionable exhibitions. Lesser shows of the same kind were Greenwich Fair (Fig. 17) and Brook Green Fair (Fig. 16) where Richardson, of famous memory, was much in evidence; but Rag Fair (Fig. 18), which Rowlandson's pencil has also recorded, was merely a place where the oldest of old clothes were vended to the squalid inhabitants of Cable Street, and Wellclose Square, and where waved those tattered ensigns commemorated in "The Dunciad."

The 18th century delighted in shows of every imaginable kind. It flocked in its thousands to see the frequent displays of fireworks which were exhibited on special occasions, such as the Peace of 1748 (Fig. 19), or the recovery of King George III., or some royal birthday or what not, and with which Hyde Park (Fig. 20), where children were taken to the Dipping Well (Fig. 15), and St. James's Park (Figs. 21 and 22), where they drank milk straight from the cow, were identified; or, lacking such legitimate pastimes, it crowded to see the rebel Lords executed on Tower Hill (Fig. 23), or Lord Ferrers hanged in his wedding clothes at Tyburn, or Jonathan Wild carrying into the next world the corkscrew which he had picked from the pocket of the attendant parson, or Jack Sheppard paying the penalty for innumerable burglaries, or the Perreaus for the forgery in which Mrs. Rudd, "a lady universally celebrated for astounding address and insinuation," as Boswell, who once visited her, described it, was an accomplice; or Dr. Dodd, for whom Johnson wrote his famous memorial. It is probable that many of those who assembled to hear Wesley or Whitfield on Kennington Common or Moorfields were drawn thither by the overmastering mania for novelty and sensation, and went there as they would have gone to play bowls or skittles at White Conduit House or The Spaniards (Fig 25). The wild beasts at the Tower, and the waxworks of Mrs. Salmon in Fleet Street, or those representing royal and illustrious personages in the Abbey, were among the sights which the less barbaric affected, and Sir Aston Lever's Museum (grandiloquently called the Holophusicon), or the British Museum (in old Montague House), or Miss Linwood's exhibition of needlework, appealed to the more cultivated, some of whom might be seen at The Royal Academy Exhibitions in Somerset House, or at Christies' in search of pictures and *objets d'art*, or at Sotheby's in quest of books or manuscripts.

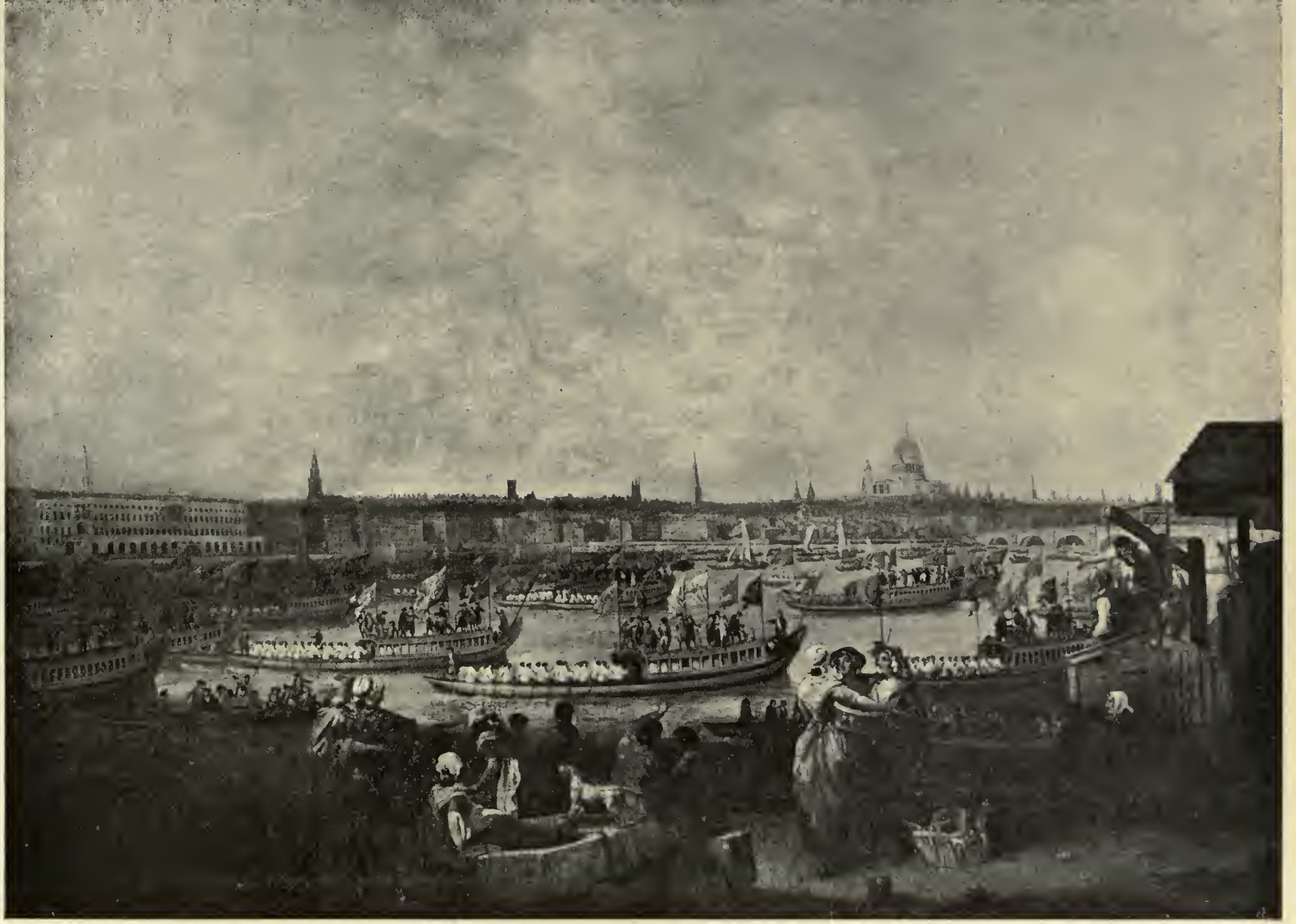

FIG. 26.—THE LORD MAYOR GOING IN PROCESSION BY RIVER TO WESTMINSTER, 1793.

From the original oil painting by Paton, figures by Wheatley.

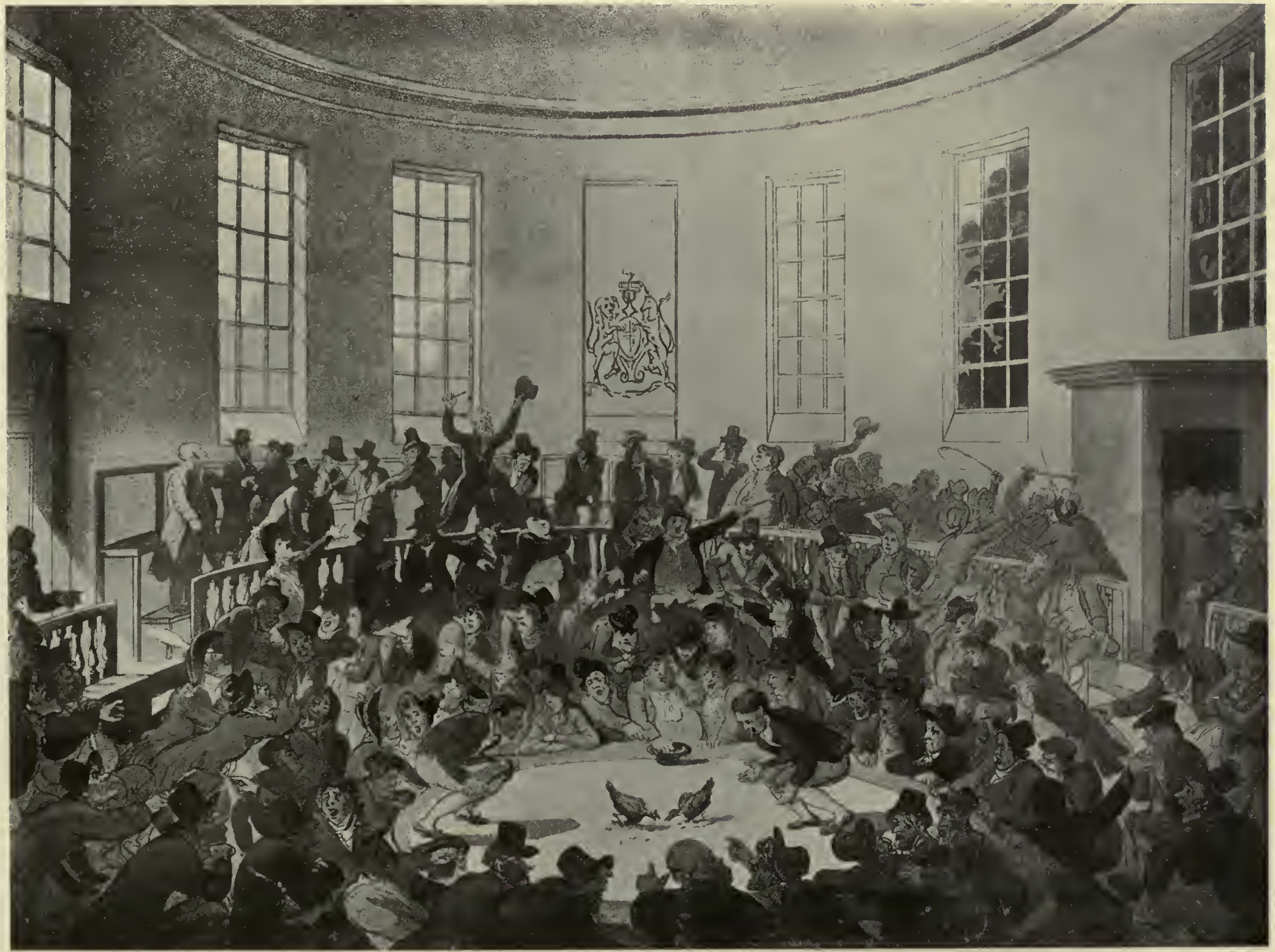

FIG. 27.—THE ROYAL COCKPIT.

Rowlandson.

Such minor sights as the distribution of the King's Maundy, as shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 24), seldom lacked interested observers, or even women running races in Pall Mall, or, as the *London Evening Post* for 31st December 1735 informs us, General Churchill's Racing Footman having a race with Lady Molesworth's "from St. James's Street to Edgworth Gate." Other diversions were the river on which innumerable watermen plied for hire and carried people to The Folly, or Vauxhall or Ranelagh, and on which Royalty might occasionally be seen, or the Lord Mayor in more than regal state (Fig. 26). A more specialised form of amusement was cock-fighting (Fig. 27), various pits being in existence practically all over London, as the survival of the name testifies; while a fire drew thousands to help, watch, or for less praiseworthy reasons, and often the presence of Royalty and other illustrious ones gave an added zest to the proceedings.

The shops of the period were one of the great attractions in the West End, and some of the shopkeepers, like the famous Betty Neale,[1] of St. James's Street, were on the most familiar footing with their patrons; while Dodsley's, in Pall Mall, Payne's, at the Mews Gate, Peter Elmsley's, in the Strand,[2] Newbury's, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and, later, Lackington's, in Finsbury Square (the Temple of the Muses), were haunts of the cultured leisured classes, who met in such places the famous writer or the Grub Street hack on the common ground of literary interest.

The immense signs which dominated the shops of this period, dangerous as they often were, especially during severe windstorms,[3] must have been a picturesque sight.

> "Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
> Like faithful landmarks to the walking train,"

sings Gay in his "Trivia." The recrudescence of them in our own day, in Lombard Street, although in a modified form, gives one some idea of their general effect—an effect which was noticed by foreigners particularly. Speaking of the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill—then the principal thoroughfares in London—De Saussure says: "What help to make them interesting and attractive are the shops and the signs. Every house, or, rather, every shop, has a sign of copper, pewter, or wood, painted and gilt. Some of these signs are really magnificent, and have cost as much as one hundred pounds sterling. They hang on big iron branches, and sometimes on gilt ones. The signs belonging to taverns and pothouses are generally finer than the others." They must have acted almost as weather prophets, for Gay remarks—

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[1] See Walpole's *Letters* for references to her.

[2] "Here," says Beloe, in his *Sexagenarian*, "a wandering scholar might be almost certain of meeting Cracherode, George Stevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, Thomas Grenville, Wakefield, Townley, etc."

[3] One can hardly speak of the London of the 18th century without at least a passing reference to the fearful storm, 26th to 27th November 1703, so graphically described by Defoe, in which such vast damage was done to the city in common with many other parts of the kingdom.

> "When swinging signs your eye offend,
> With creaking noise, then raving floods impend."

The shops themselves are thus described by Grosley in his *Londres*: "The finest shops are scattered up and down the courts and passages. The grand company which they draw together, the elegant arrangements and parade made by the shops, whether in stuffs exposed to sale, fine furniture, and things of taste, or the girls belonging to them, would be motive sufficient to determine those that walk to make that their way in preference to any other, even if they had not motives and security to recommend them. The shops in the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, etc., are all enclosed with great glass doors; all adorned on the outside with pieces of ancient architecture, the more abused, as they are liable to be spoilt by constant use." The interior of a fashionable tailor's is shown in Fig. 30, and an amusing satire on contemporary commercial hustling in Fig. 29.

A more useful adornment was the "lantern or large globe of glass, inside of which is placed a lamp which burns all night," mentioned by another observant traveller, as hanging in front of shops or houses, which made the streets of London, according to the same authority, wonderfully well lighted.[1]

The city shopkeeper[2] lived over his premises, and even the merchant generally had his house contiguous to his business, whence he could easily go on "Change," to Lloyd's, or the East India House, and was in close touch with the coffee-houses, where so much business was transacted. The names of many of these shopkeepers survive in the Directories, incomplete as they are, of the day, and can still be read on the trade cards which they used, and which were often designed by artists of repute.

The special markets were not far distant: Smithfield (Fig. 28), a very different spot from what it is to-day when the Central Meat Market has circumscribed its original vast open area; Leadenhall Market (Fig. 31), then the chief emporium for meat; and farther-flung Billingsgate (Fig. 32), famous for its fish and special vocabulary; and where, on one occasion, Burke was missed from a dinner at the Three Tuns Tavern, and "was found at a fishmonger's, learning the mysteries of pickled salmon."[3]

One circumstance which must have made the streets of London at this

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[1] Misson, at the beginning of the century, says: "Instead of lanterns, they set in the streets of London, lamps, which by means of a very thick convex glass, throw out great rays of light, which illuminate the path for people that go on foot tolerably well. They begin to light up the lamps at Michaelmas and continue them till Lady Day; they burn from six in the evening till midnight, and from every third day after the full moon to the sixth day after the new moon." He adds that these lamps were invented by a Mr. Edward Heming, and were set up at every tenth house.

[2] An interesting and amusing account of the manners of a shopman at the beginning of the century is given in the *Female Tatler* for 1709.

[3] Rogers's *Recollections*.

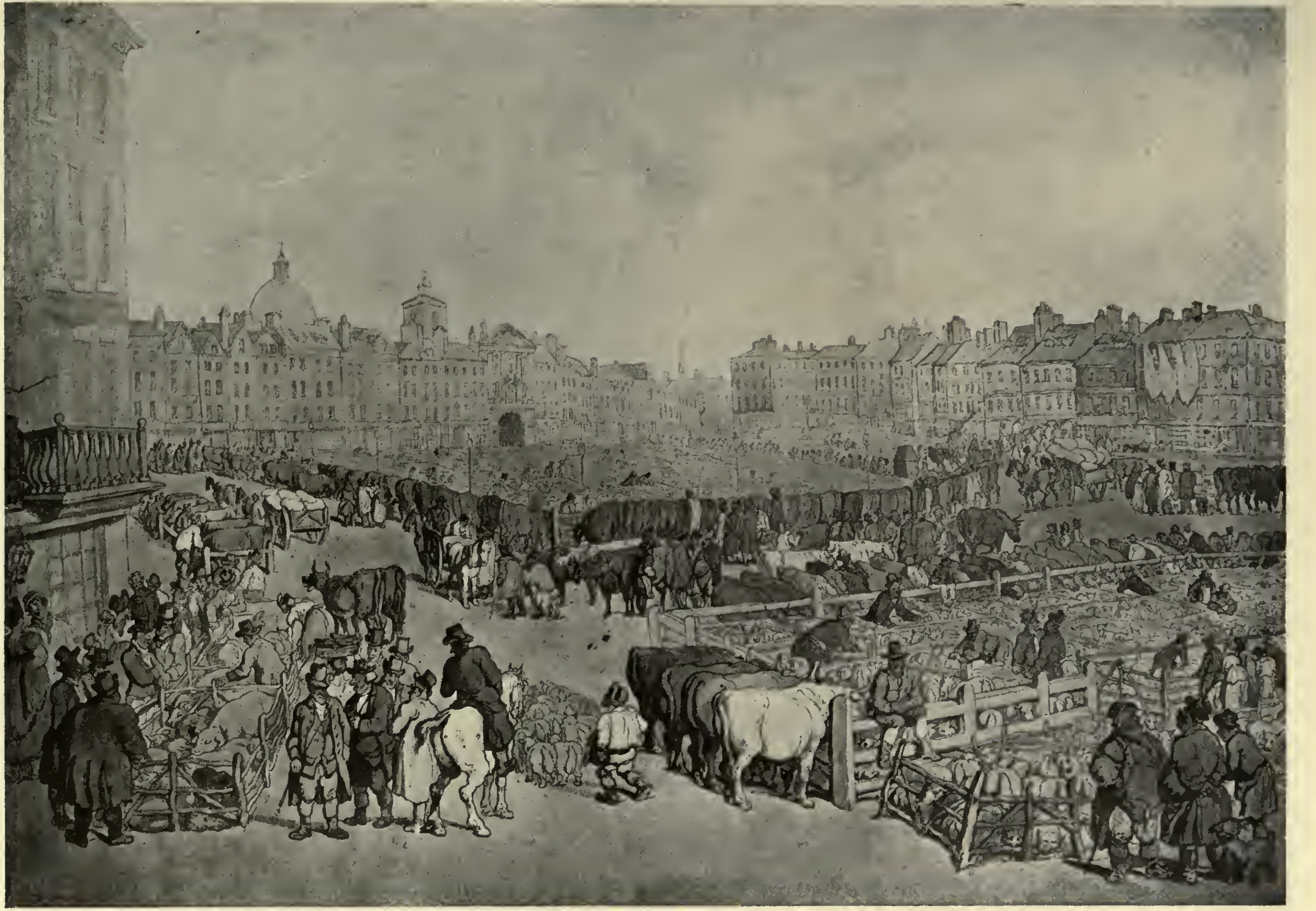

FIG. 28.—BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, SMITHFIELD.

Rowlandson.

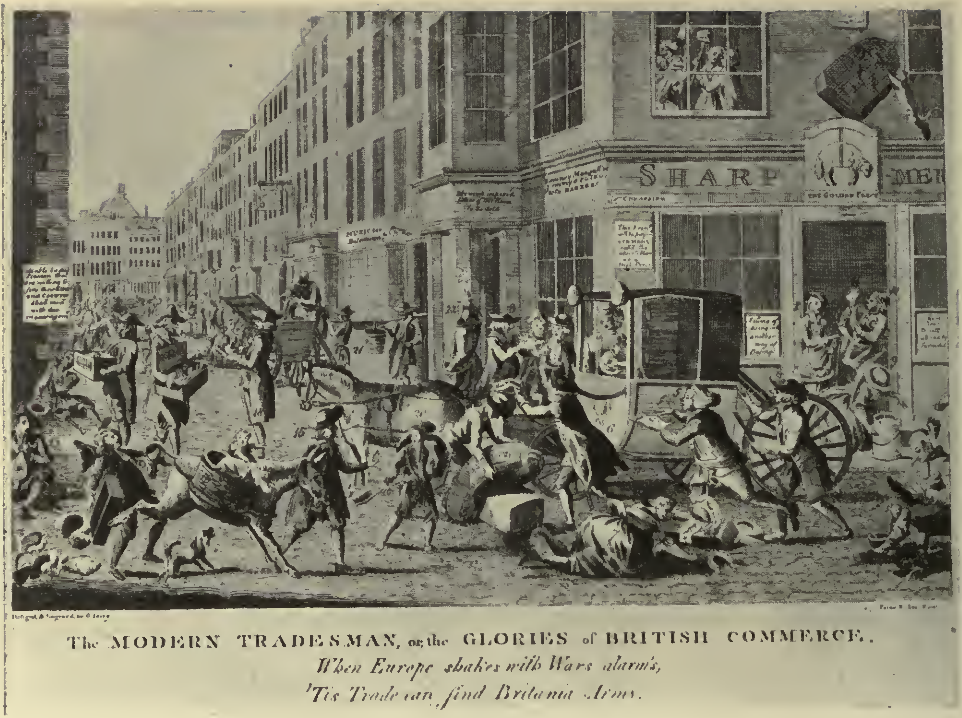
SHARP
The MODERN TRADESMAN, or the GLORIES of BRITISH COMMERCE.
When Europe shakes with Wars alarm's,
'Tis Trade can find Britania Arms.

FIG. 29.

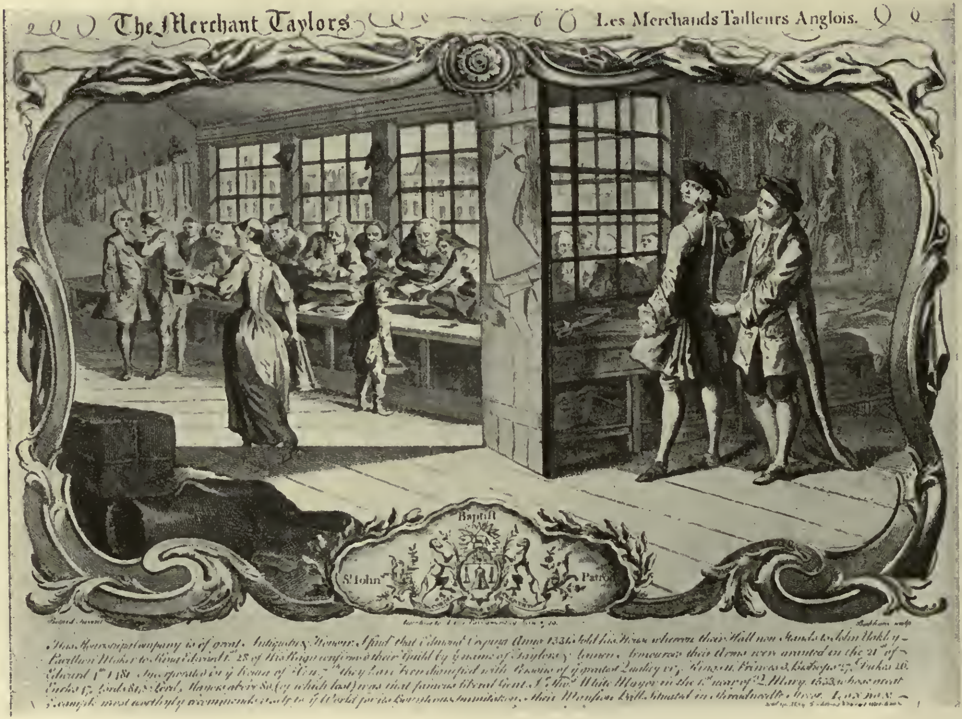
The Merchant Taylors
Les Merchands Tailleurs Anglois.
Baptist
St. John
Patron

FIG. 30.—AN XVIIITH CENTURY TAILOR'S SHOP.

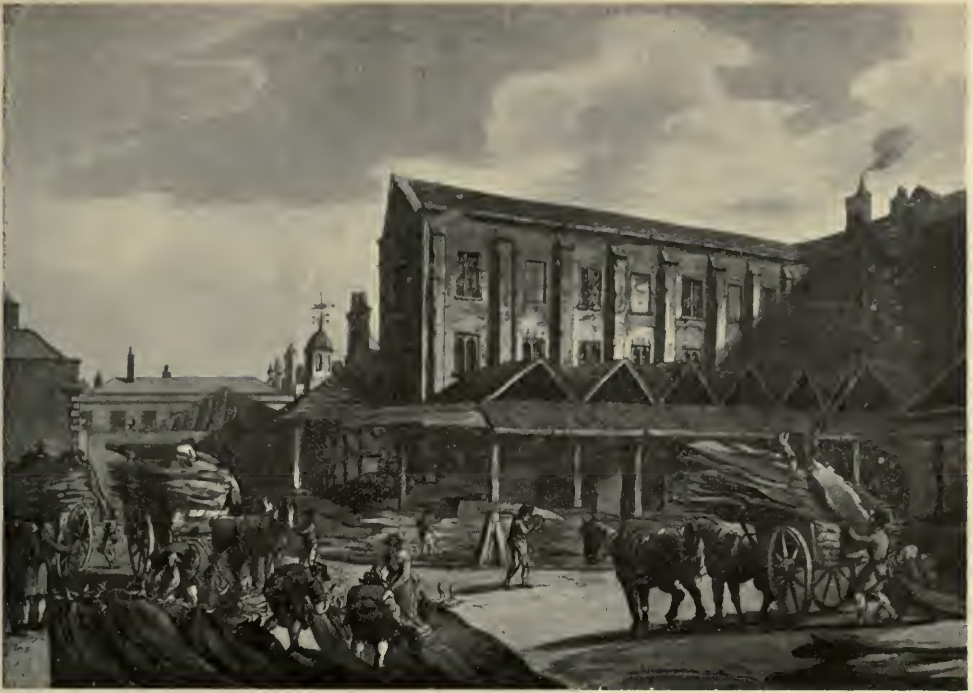

FIG. 31—LEADENHALL MARKET.

Rowlandson.

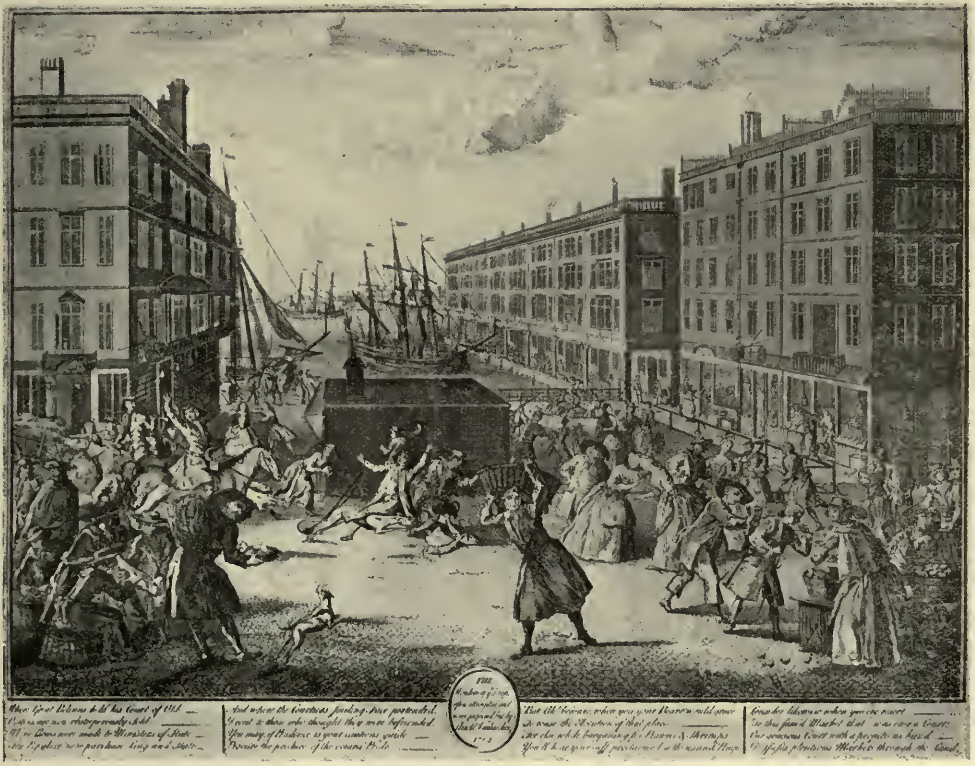

FIG. 32.—BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

From a print by A. Vanhaecken, 1762.

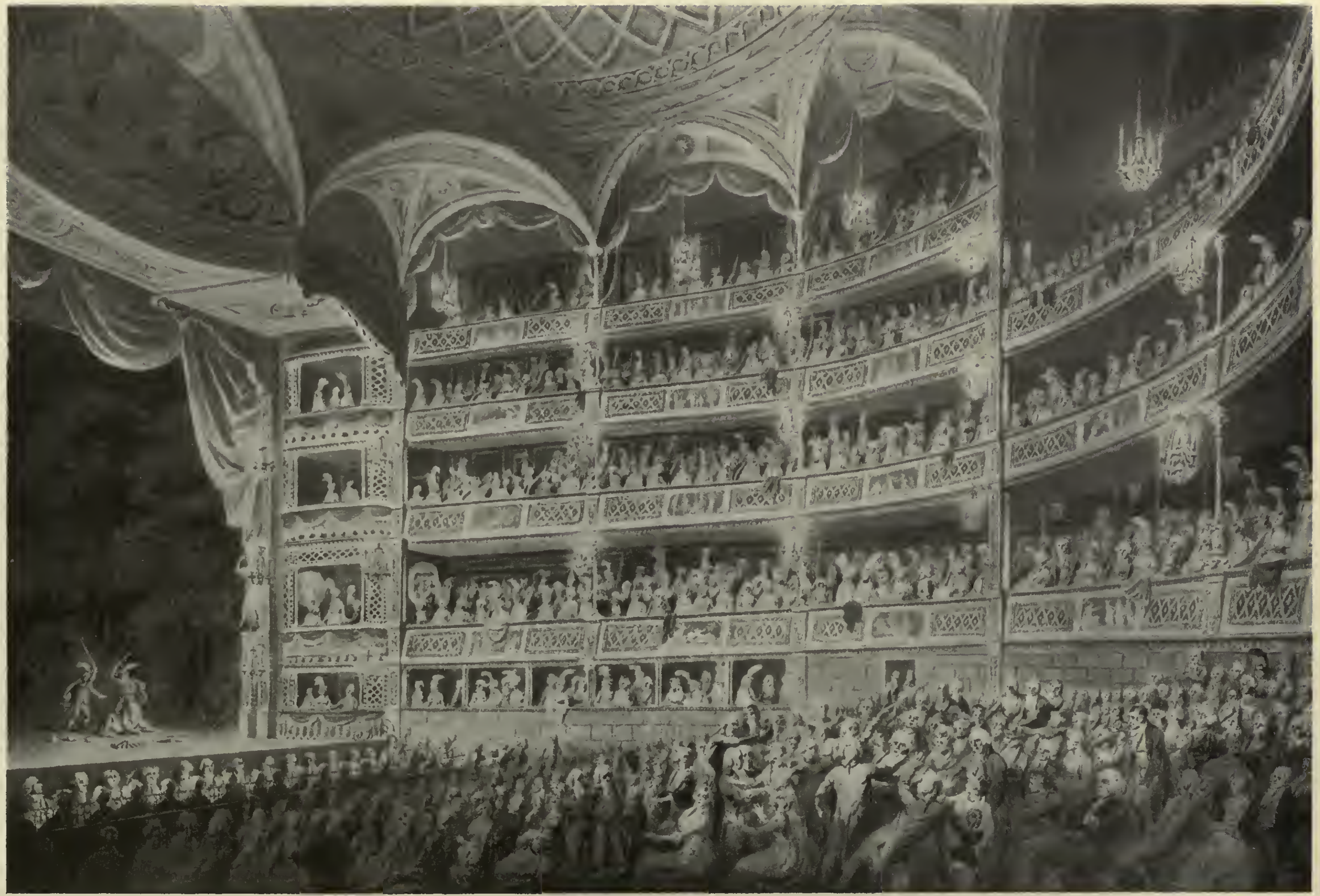

Fig. 33.—Covent Garden Theatre.

From the original water-colour by E. Dayes.

period anything but pleasant, was the presence of noise in all its forms. The heavy lumbering of mightily constructed carts and massive family coaches, and vehicles of all kinds, innocent of tyres and springs, over roads formed of large uneven stones, created a sufficiently appalling clamour; but mixed with it was the iteration of the London street cries (Figs. 35 and 36), which Wheatley and others have shorn of their dire significance by making the vehicle of those charming colour-prints which are to-day fought for in crowded auction rooms, and only secured by a great ransom. The din created by itinerant musicians, the hawkers of street ballads, and the knife grinders, must be added to the Babel—a Babel in which Hogarth's furious musician finds himself, as he tries to stop his outraged ears at his window. Such forms of street music as are exhibited in the satirist's picture were eminently popular at this period; and indeed the taste for music generally was, during the 18th century, largely diffused in London, although its progress during the earlier half of the century was by no means due to native talent. Two influences were at work to bring about this end. One of these was the popularity which the introduction of Italian Opera enjoyed, coupled with the well-known names of the even then highly paid Cuzzoni, Ajugari, Farinelli, Senesino, and La Faustina. The second was the appearance of the great Handel, who came to London in 1710; the closely following in his footsteps of his sometime rival Bononcini (the subjects of Byrom's well-known lines, which have so often been wrongly attributed to Swift), and the foundation in 1720 of the Academy of Music. Handel's earlier opera *Rinaldo* was performed in London in 1711; and for some years society was divided into two camps, owing to the rivalry of Handel and Bononcini, and the diverse claims of Cuzzoni and La Faustina. Indeed, in the case of the Italian Opera, the opposition, largely influenced by Addison in the *Spectator*, was a matter of popular prejudice against foreigners generally and papists in particular; and it was augmented by the personal rivalry of composers and singers, and by the attitude of partiality for one side or the other of the leaders of fashionable life, led by the rival courts of St. James's and Leicester House. Lord Hervey tells us how the King and Queen sat freezing constantly at the empty Haymarket, where Handel's operas were performed; while the Prince of Wales, at the head of the nobility, went as constantly to Lincoln's Inn Fields where, in 1793, the ubiquitous Heidegger, with the principal Italian singers of the day, did their best to beat one of the greatest composers of all time out of the field. Indeed, strange as it may now seem, in spite of royal support, in spite even of that glorious succession of masterpieces from *Rinaldo* to *Saul*, it was not till the *Messiah* was performed in 1742, in Dublin, that the greatness of Handel was recognised. Even then, when three years later the oratorio was given in London, it was received coldly; and it was only with *Judas Maccabeus*, brought out in 1747, and dedicated to the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, which engagement it was intended to commemorate, that the great composer really came to his own by a path strewn with bankruptcy and disappointment.

In another branch of art—theatrical representation—there had always been a strong measure of public support, although to us, accustomed to find theatres cheek by jowl throughout the Metropolis, the small number in those days will cause no little surprise, even when the relatively small population (as compared with that of to-day) is considered. The 18th century opened with the stage in a state of immorality which was a legacy from the free ideas and manners of the Restoration dramatists. The theatre apparently hardly recognised this itself, for in a prologue written by Garth for the opening of the Haymarket, in 1705, the world was congratulated on the fact that the Stage was beginning to take the place of the Church. A counterblast from the two Houses of Convocation, in an address to Queen Anne in 1711, made the immorality of the stage patent in high places, even if it took many years for dramatists and the general public to realise the fact. If we sought for a representative example of the popularity of the drama at this period, we should find it in the phenomenal success of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, which was given in London for sixty-three successive days (a tremendous run in that age), and for a time ruined the Italian Opera, and made its influence felt in all walks of life, from the highest, where its songs were engraved on fans and screens; to the lowest, where its scenes were recognised as familiar representations by the groundlings. The vein of political satire which ran through it was, of course, responsible for much of its success in London; just as it was, in a later time, for that of the *Mariage de Figaro* in Paris.

Besides the legitimate drama, for intimate details of which Colley Cibber's *Apology* is a well-known and valuable authority, there grew up a taste for theatrical display in general society, not wholly unlike what happened in this country a few years ago. Under the ægis of Heidegger and Mrs. Cornelys and others, masquerades and ridottos were organised on a scale of hitherto unsurpassed splendour, and society became, as it were, a performer as well as an eye-witness. Little it recked of the denunciations of Bishop Gibson addressed to the Throne itself;[1] nothing for a time could withstand the craze, although, when Miss Chudleigh appeared almost naked at one of these entertainments, even the imperturbability of Horace Walpole received a slight shock.

But the influence of the theatre was not wholly bad, as such emanations from it might lead one to expect. In 1717 Rich invented the pantomime—that harmless and amusing form of the drama which has rejoiced the hearts of children, old and young, ever since. But a greater benefit was to accrue from the stage. Strange as it may seem, it was the 18th century which saw the revival of Shakespeare. In 1709, the first critical edition, that of Rowe, of the plays was published, to be followed within forty years by those of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton, and later by those of Johnson, and innumerable other commentators. Some years before the great Garrick appeared,

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[1] He had reason, if we are to judge by a pamphlet entitled *The Ranelean Religion, displayed in a Letter from a Hottentot of Distinction, now in London, to his Friend at the Cape of Good Hope*, published in 1750.

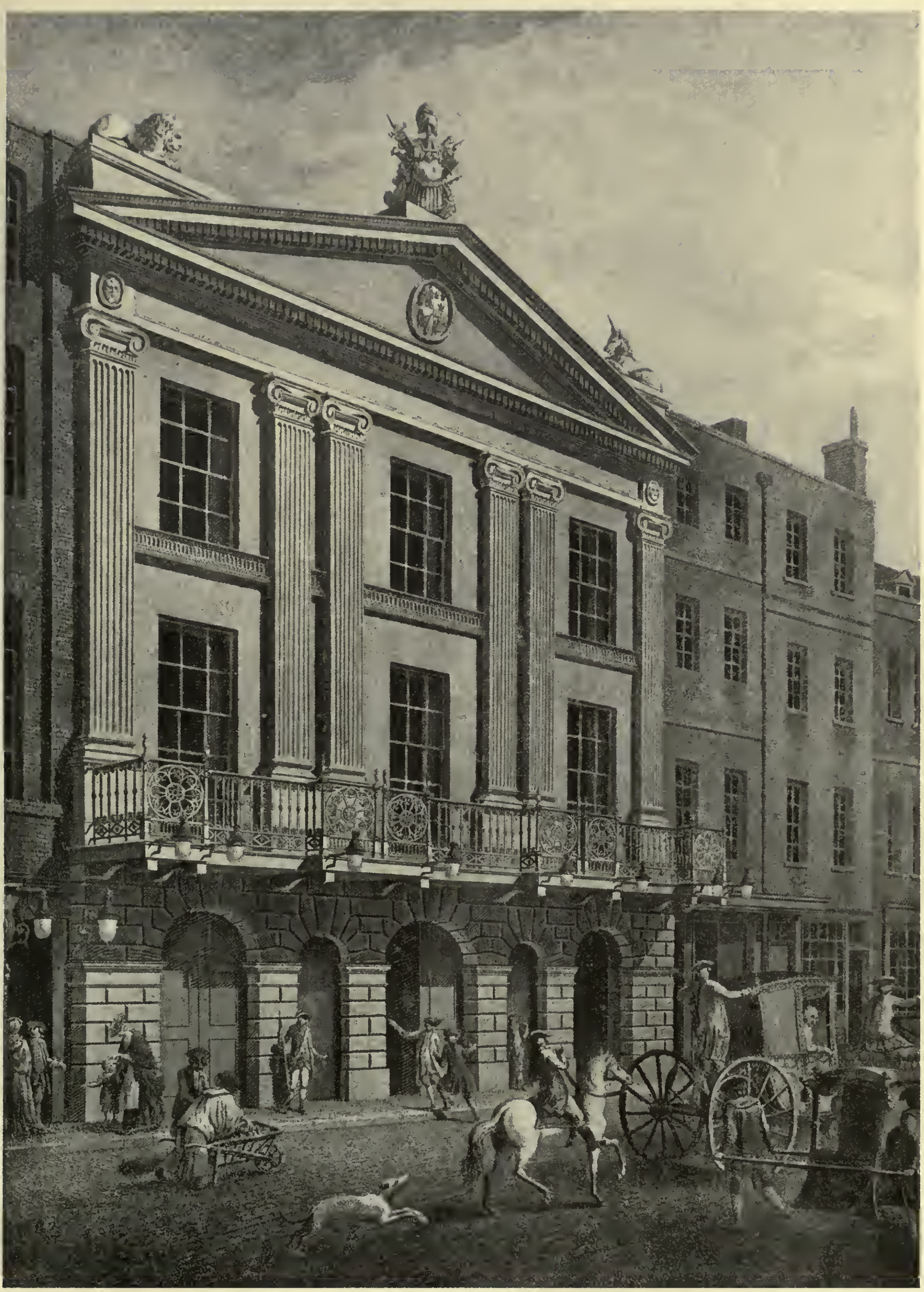
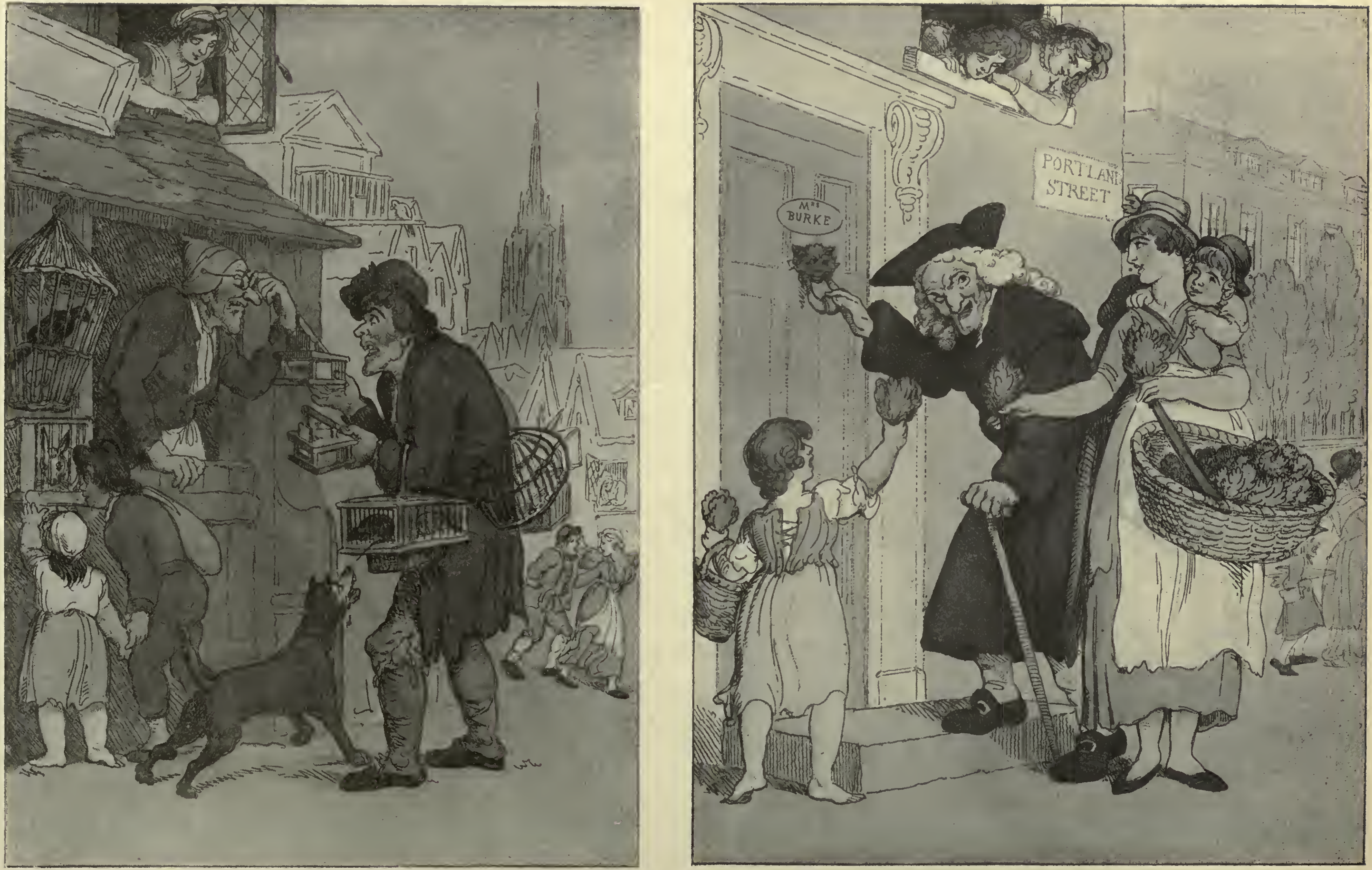


FIG 34—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

R. & J. Adam, 1776.


M^rs BURKE
PORTLAND STREET

"Buy a Rat Trap, a Rat Trap, buy my Trap."

"Water-cresses, come buy my Water-cresses."

FIGS. 35 AND 36.—STREET CRIES OF XVIIITH CENTURY, LONDON.

From original drawings by ***Rowlandson.***

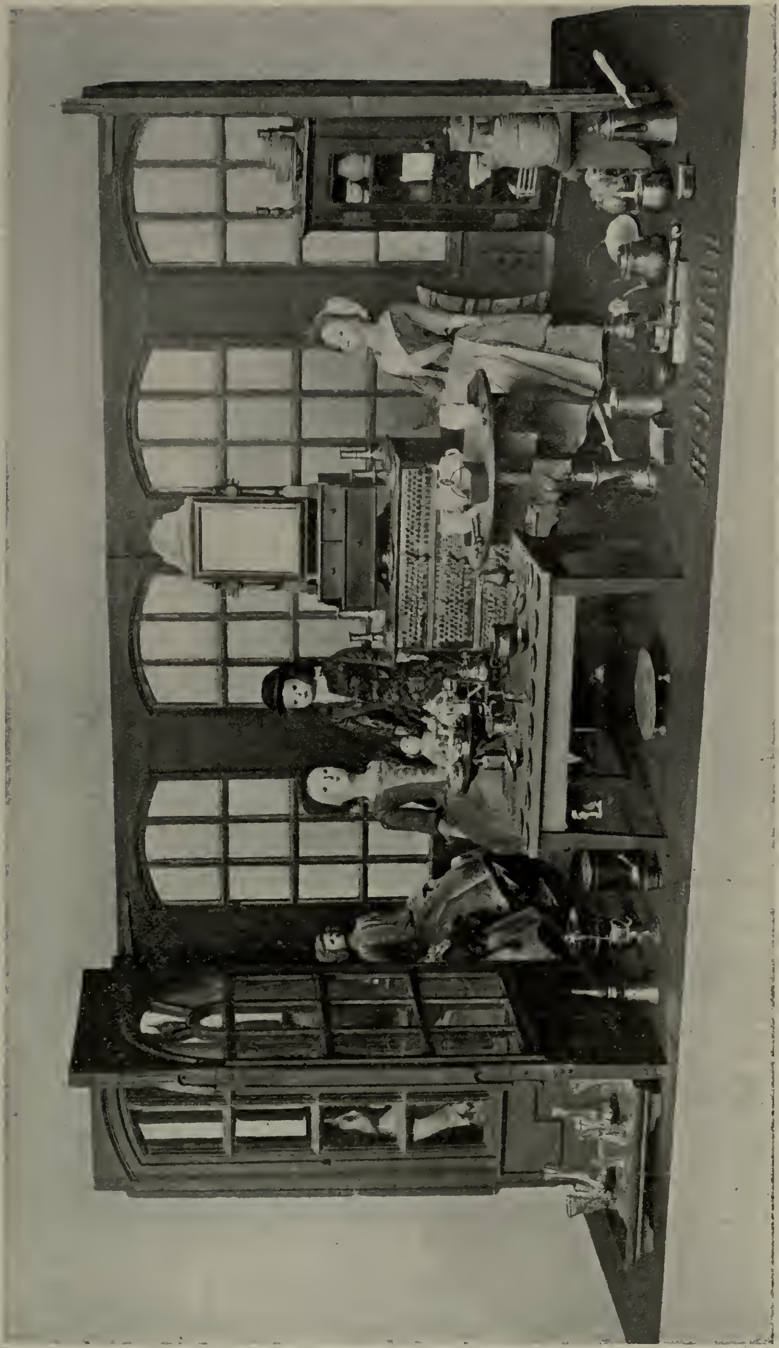


FIG. 37.—ENGLISH DOLL'S HOUSE (18TH CENTURY)
Illustrating types of domestic objects in use in the time of Queen Anne.

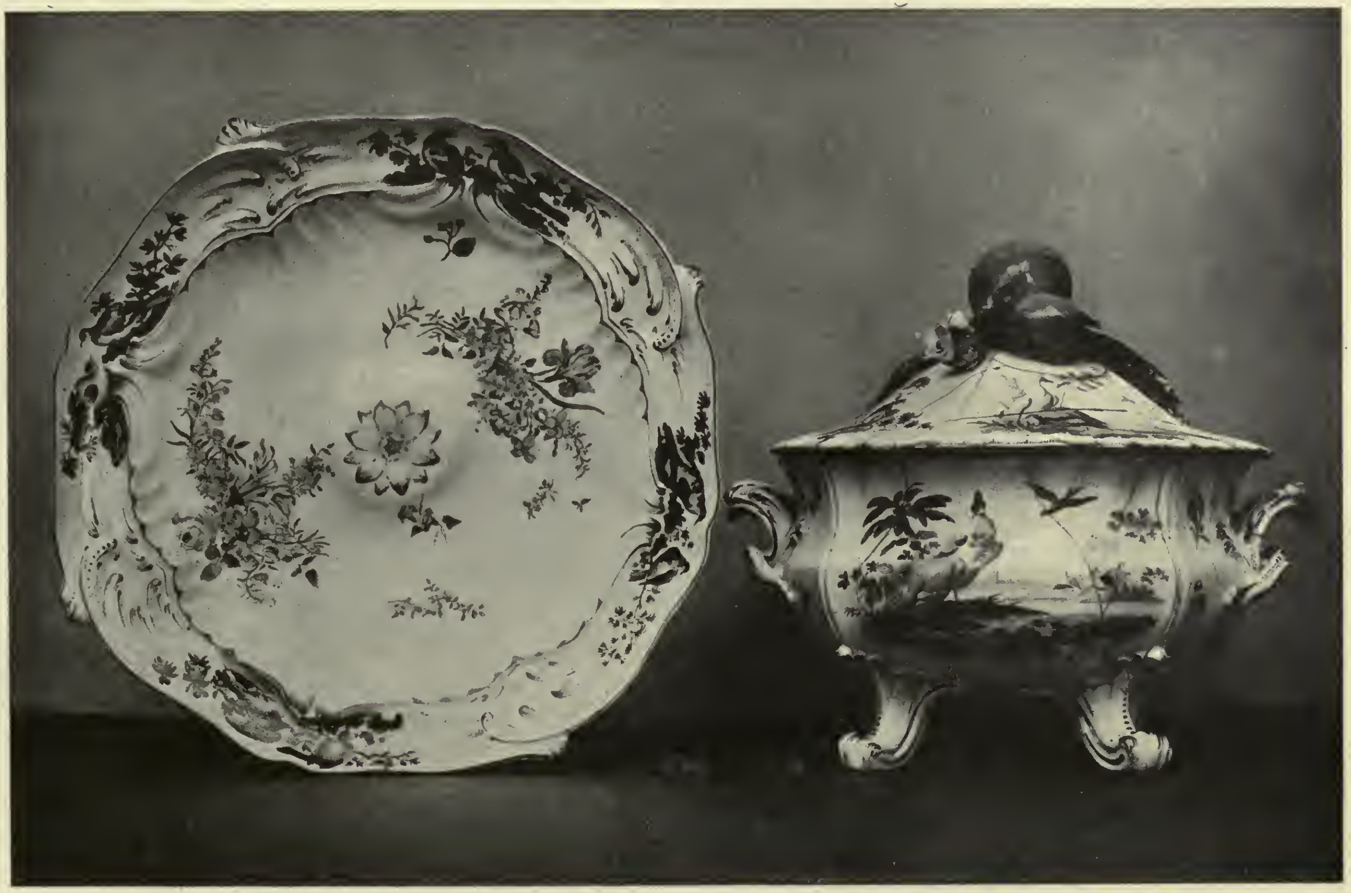


Fig. 38.—Chelsea Porcelain Painted in Colours (Middle 18th Century).

a "Shakespearean Club" had been formed by certain ladies of rank, and revivals of the plays came thick and fast, till 1741, when the *Merchant of Venice* was produced in its original form for the first time for a hundred years, and Macklin electrified London by his rendering of Shylock. It was late in that year that Garrick appeared in *Richard III.* and with Garrick, theatrical art, at least for many years, reached its glorious climax — a climax well perpetuated in that inimitable scene where the great novelist takes Partridge to the play, and in his unsophisticated remarks pays the highest tribute which genius can pay to genius.

What the exterior and interior of an important playhouse of the period looked like, may be seen from the two views which exhibit the outside of Drury Lane, as reconstructed by Adam (Fig. 34), and the inside of Covent Garden, in which latter drawing Dayes not only shows how well patronised was the drama, but also the kind of mixed audience that gathered in what was then known as the pit, where we see a furious quarrel taking place, and close by members of the audience sitting in unconcerned indifference (Fig. 33).

One characteristic of the period which helped to differentiate it from its successor was the custom of duelling in which even the clergy indulged. In Hyde Park, in the Field of Forty Footsteps behind what is now the British Museum, in St. James's Park and Kensington Gardens and Leicester Fields, even in the taverns and the less frequented streets, such encounters took place; but with the exception of certain notorious ones—those between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, and between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, and a few others—they were seldom attended by fatal consequences. People fought on the least provocation, however, and certain famous fire-eaters, like Lord Camelford, created trouble, it would seem, almost for the fun of the thing; even where there was some real reason for anger or annoyance such as would, in these more prosaic days, be thrashed out in the law courts, men of quality thrashed each other, with the inevitable sequel of a meeting in form, when honour was satisfied, or the sudden appearance of the "watch" put an end, at least for the moment, to what was then regarded as the only dignified settlement of a quarrel.

Those who wish for a picture—a series of pictures, rather, of the life of the 18th century in general and of London in particular, can find it more vividly represented in the pages of Addison and Fielding and Smollett, of Richardson, and Fanny Burney and Jane Austen (to come to its later period), than even in the crowded memoirs and diaries of the time. With Sir Roger de Coverley, one can haunt the clubs and coffee-houses, the City and the Temple; can stand at Hyde Park Corner with Squire Western, or enter a sponging-house with Sophia; can, with Partridge, ingenuously decry the art of Garrick, which so well imitated nature as to seem ordinary, or can realise the fear with which the ghost of Hamlet's father filled the little man in the brocaded coat and wig. In the literature of the period you have the whole map of the century's thought, habits, dress, manners and customs, haunts of pleasure and haunts of vice, laid open before you. You can enlarge your knowledge by walking the streets of London and picking out, here and there, those remains of the architecture of the period, which the hands of succeeding vandals have yet spared us; you can visit the museums, and see rooms reconstructed, often removed bodily, from houses which have not otherwise been spared; you can become familiar with the furniture of the time, and can rummage at will amongst its knick-knacks from the lovely porcelain and enamel (Fig. 38) which Chelsea and Battersea gave us—the former designed, as likely as not, by the cunning hand of a Roubiliac or a Bacon, and perhaps representing the powerful if not very attractive personality of John Wilkes, that typical representative of his day, with his coarseness, his self-seeking, his want of scruple, and his hard common sense (Fig. 40)—to the doll's-house (Fig. 37),[1] with which some delighted child amused its budding years. You can examine the dress with which the "ton" clothed itself, the cups from which it took its chocolate in the morning, or its tea at night; the fans with which beauty hid its face, or the screen with which it saved its complexion; the sedans (Fig. 39) with which it was carried on its daily visits, or the coaches,[2] which bore it to Ranelagh or Vauxhall; the beds in which it slept, and the paraphernalia which those used or carried, who guarded its slumbers.

There can be little hidden from us of the daily life of that picturesque day, that day of hoops and patches, of snuff-boxes and clouded canes, and full-bottomed wigs; the day when the gorgeous Chesterfield and the dirty Johnson represented two facets of the period; when Addison could become a minister, and Swift wielded mighty power, and Savage died a miserable pauper; when Grub Street teemed with wretchedness and often with unrecognised genius; when Society could rush in flocks to hear the rappings of the Cock Lane ghost, or to see the heads of rebel lords exhibited on Temple Bar.

Every period has its essential characteristic. That of the 18th century is, I think, contrast. In the daily life of the London of the time, you get it. Show and ostentation in the dress of the great is in marked antithesis to that of the lower classes; just as in its houses, the rooms of state were of regal proportions and splendour, and the more domestic apartments, even those used by the great and wealthy, often of so exiguous a character as would, nowadays, be regarded with astonishment by a generation accustomed to those sanitary conditions which, with all their relative lack of beauty and picturesqueness in outward things, the last century and this have brought in their train.

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[1] See an example from Uppark, Sussex, in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

[2] "The rates which are either paid by the Hour or by the Distance is 18d. for the first hour and a shilling for the rest. The most usual way is to pay by distance. You never give less than a shilling, if you go but an hundred steps." Misson (1719). De Saussure (1725) says that "near the palace and in its vicinity there are more than 300 Sedan chairs for hire; like the cabs, they are found in the principal streets and thoroughfares."

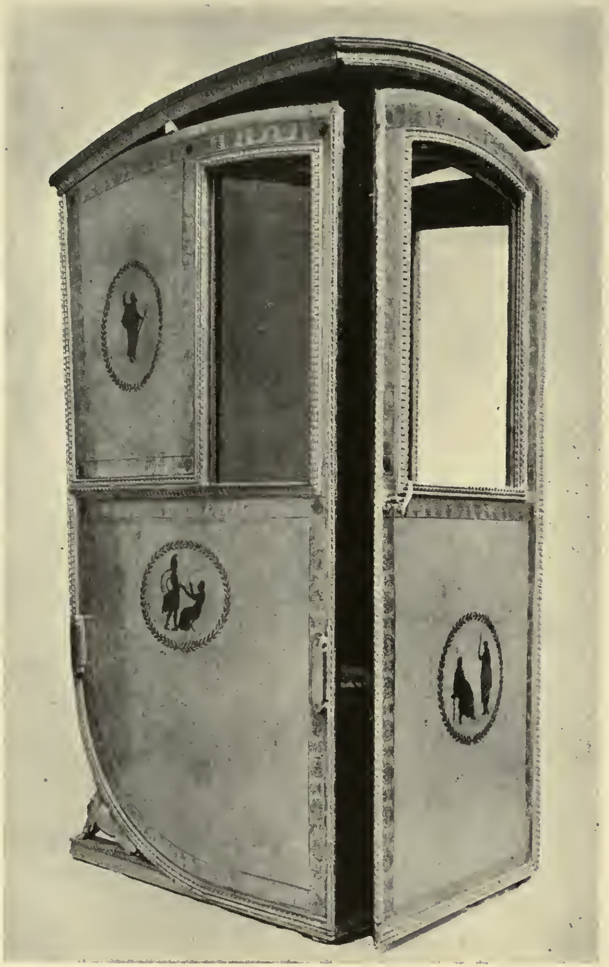

FIG. 39.—A SEDAN CHAIR.
Designed by Robert Adam.

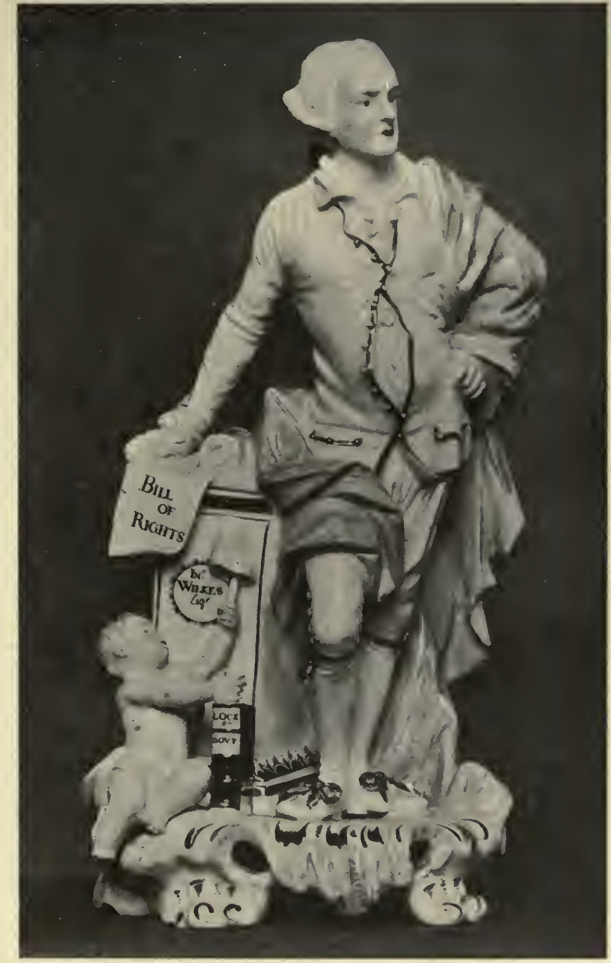
BILL OF RIGHTS

FIG. 40.—JOHN WILKES.
A Statuette in Porcelain.

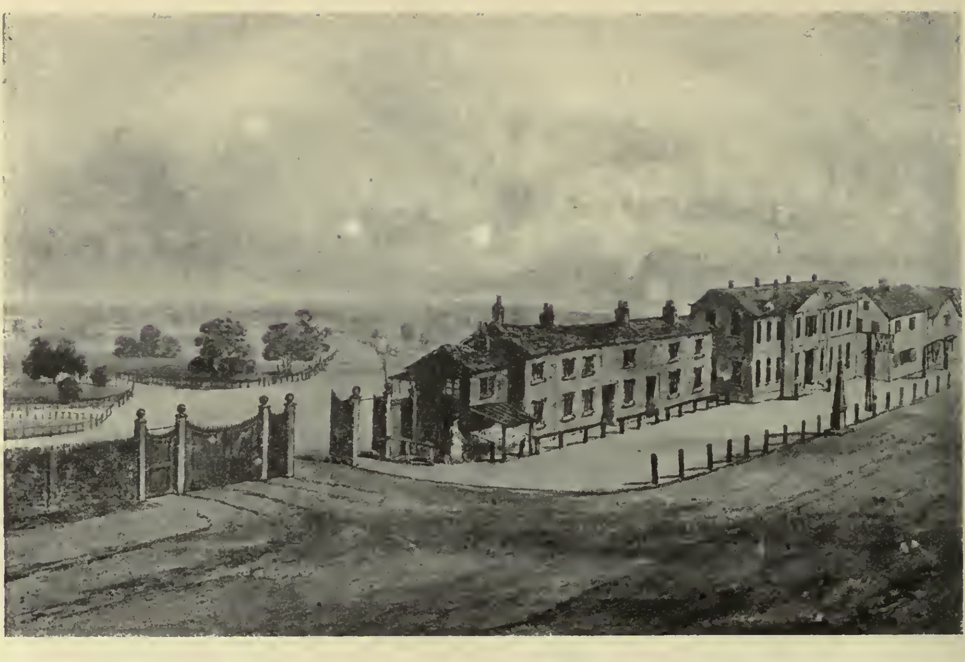

FIG 41.—ENTRANCE TO HYDE PARK.
Showing "Allen's Apple Stall" at the Gate, and the Inn known as the Hercules Pillars.

From drawing by Jones, 1756.

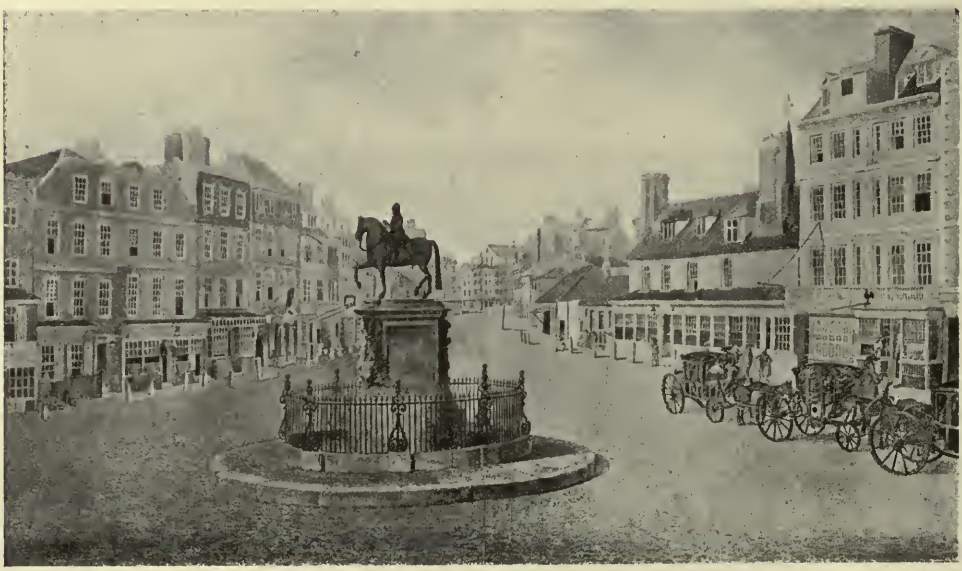

FIG. 42.—VIEW OF CHARING CROSS, LOOKING DOWN WHITEHALL.

From drawing by P. Sandby, R.A.

CHAPTER II

STREET TOPOGRAPHY

ALTHOUGH the direction of the main thoroughfares of London has not changed greatly from what it was during the 18th century, and we have Piccadilly, and the Strand, and Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Cornhill, and the other great City arteries, still pursuing the course they followed two hundred years ago, yet there have been so many alterations on their banks and up their backwaters, so to speak, that to understand the London of those days it is necessary to follow some of the chief streets, and to set down their features as they then were. By doing this we shall best be able to realise what variations have taken place, and incidentally obtain some idea of what our forebears saw when they perambulated the City from West to East.

Starting then from Albert Gate, we should have seen on our left the Westbourne flowing from the Park, and we should have crossed it by the bridge which gave the name of Knightsbridge to this locality;[1] a little further, on the same side, was the old chapel and the row of small tiled buildings, until the wall of the Park, now replaced by railings, brought us to Hyde Park Corner (Fig. 41). On the opposite side of the road was a row of small houses, with the White Horse Inn about half-way to St. George's Hospital. The Hospital which had been formed out of Lanesborough House in 1733, was a very different structure from the present one and, then, fronted on to Knightsbridge, with a small garden on the Grosvenor Place side, next to which a lane led down to the original Tattersall's, founded in 1766. Just beyond the turning to Grosvenor Place which, in 1746, had no buildings except the Lock Hospital, towards its lower end, and was open to the Five Fields where two ponds and a brick-kiln were to be seen, stood the Turnpike, familiar to us from many old prints. The entrance to Hyde Park consisted of very insignificant wooden gates, and before the Lodge (where Apsley House is now), stood a Milestone; immediately opposite, in that part of the Green Park subsequently cut away when Hyde Park Corner was formed, and the screen erected in 1828, stood a keeper's lodge. There were houses of an irregular character on the site of those splendid mansions which stand now between Apsley House and Hamilton Place, which was then called Hamilton

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[1] The stream still flows beneath the roadway, carried by a sewer to the Thames.

Street and did not form, as it does to-day, an integral part of Park Lane, but led into a small street running east and west, by which Park Lane could be reached. More directly was it come at, however, by the next turning, now Park Lane, but then called Tyburn Lane, opposite which, in the Green Park, several lodges clustered. Continuing up Piccadilly, we should have found Down Street, as now, succeeded by a tiny alley called Collin's Court, and further on, by a small street known as Engine Street; while just before reaching White Horse Street was a little opening designated Stable Yard. Opposite Half Moon Street, Clarges Street, Bolton Street, and Stratton Street, in the Park and lying back only a few yards from the roadway, was the reservoir of the Chelsea Water Works, shown in Hogarth's picture here reproduced (Fig. 43). Devonshire House had but recently arisen on the site of Berkeley House, destroyed by fire in 1733; and Lord Burlington had only completed his splendid palace ten years later. The latter was screened from Piccadilly by a long wall, within which was the famous Colonnade; and its gardens stretched back to Vigo Street.

On the opposite side of Piccadilly was White Horse Yard and Villiers Court, just east of St. James's Street, and Church Passage ran immediately east of St. James's Church (which had been erected by Wren in 1684). Several little courts were then connected with Piccadilly on each side: on the north were Maggott's Court between Swallow Street and Air Street; and Castle Yard, Boot Passage, and Blue Bear Lane, between the latter and Shug Lane (later to be swallowed up by the entrance to Regent Street); on the south were Cherry Street, Baker's Passage, and White Bear Inn Lane, all between Eagle Street and the Haymarket; these, as their names denote, being principally yards attached to the taverns which then congregated along the thoroughfare.

The Shug Lane just mentioned, which led into Marylebone Street, is, with the latter thoroughfare, now comprised in Nash's Regent Street which embraced in its famous curve what was then Great Swallow Street (a continuation of the Swallow Street still existing), and so on to Oxford Street. Proceeding due east, and passing through Coventry Street, we should have then found that our only direct way into Leicester Fields was by a small lane known as Sidney Alley, although by going down Whitcomb Street we could have gained access to the south side of the square by Spur Street. Most of the north side of the 'quadrate' was occupied by Leicester House, which stood well back from the roadway, with an ample courtyard before it. To get to Cockspur Street we should have had to go down St. Martin's Street, and hence into Hedge Lane which joined it by the opening to the uneuphoniously named Dunghill Mews. Charing Cross (Fig. 42) had then a very different aspect to what it possesses to-day: the Royal Mews stood on part of the site where the National Gallery is now, and indeed extended down practically to the middle of what is now Trafalgar Square, so that the statue of Charles I. was in the centre of a triangle. The Strand has not greatly altered, except, of course, as to its rebuilt shops, but in its byways great

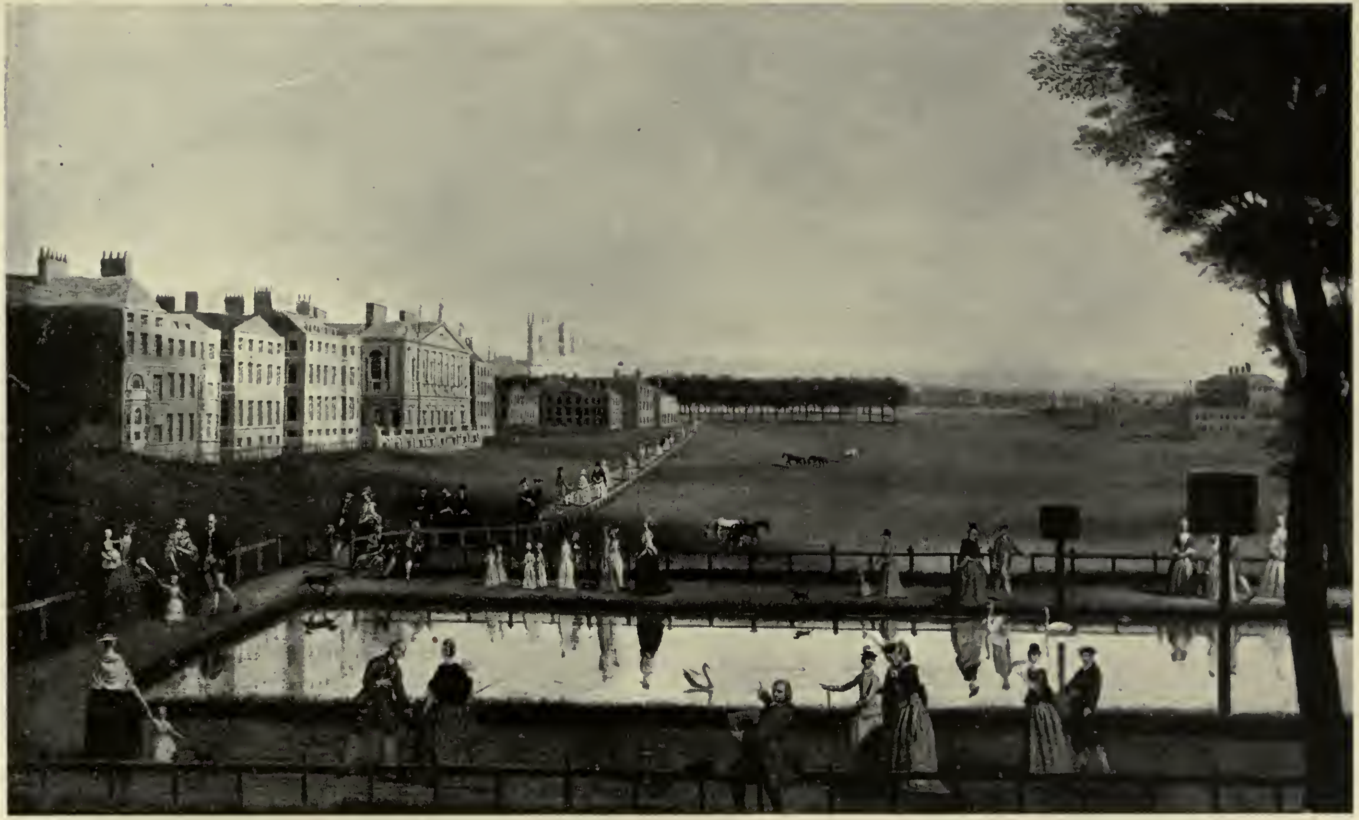

Fig. 43.—The Green Park.

From the original oil painting by Hogarth.

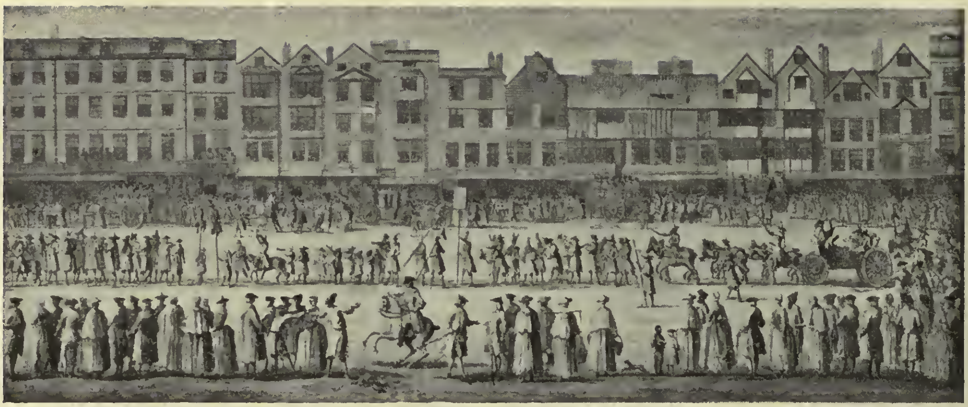

FIG. 44.—THE STRAND IN 1742

From a contemporary print.

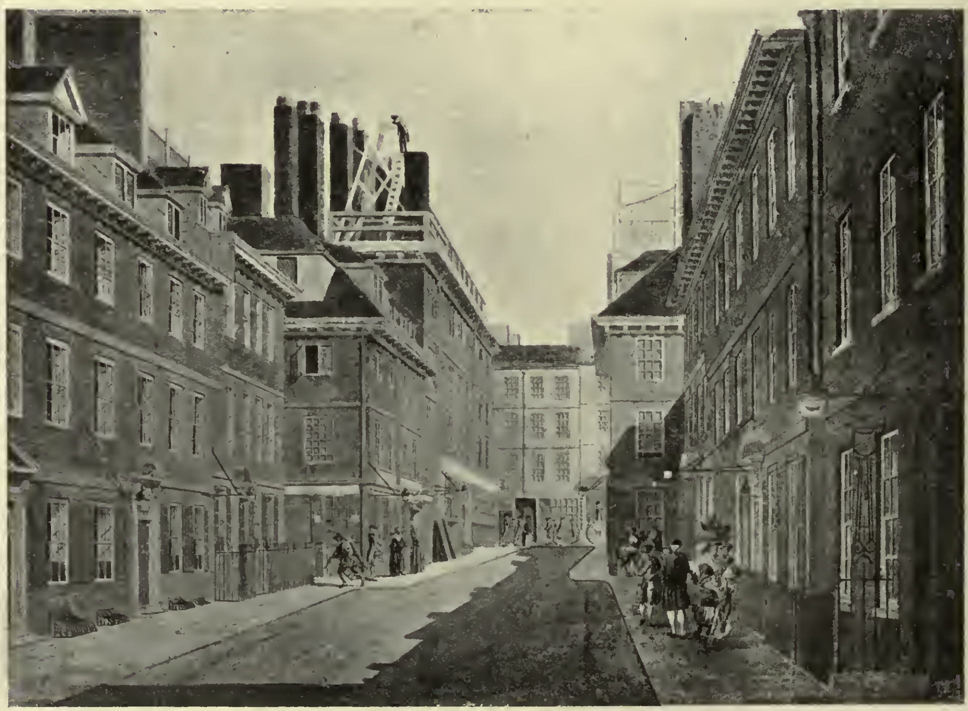

FIG. 45.—BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.

From a water-colour by Paul Sandby, R.A., 1725.

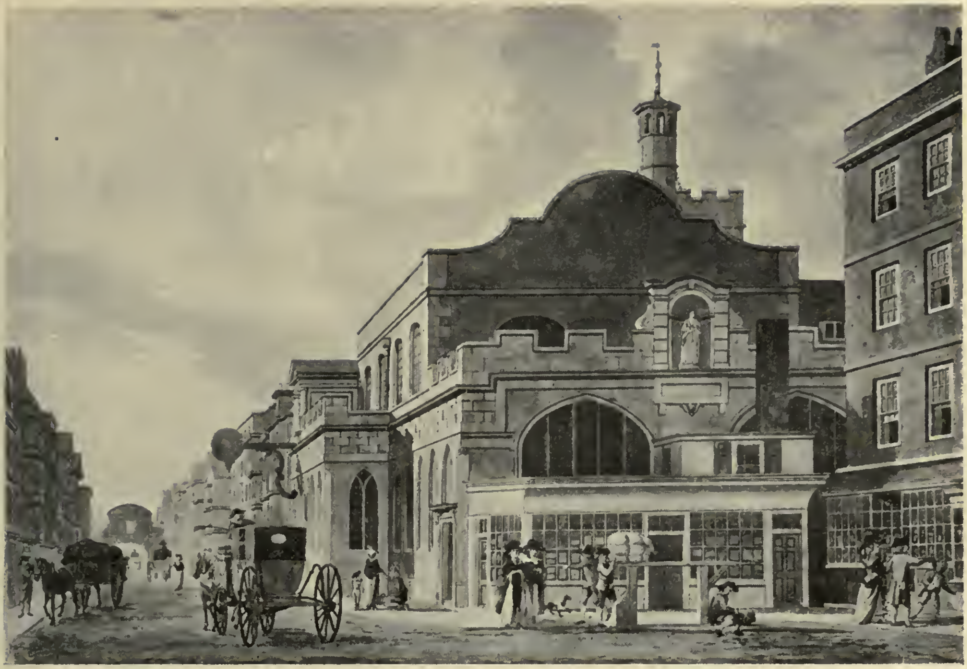

FIG. 46.—ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST, FLEET STREET.

From the original water-colour by T. Malton.

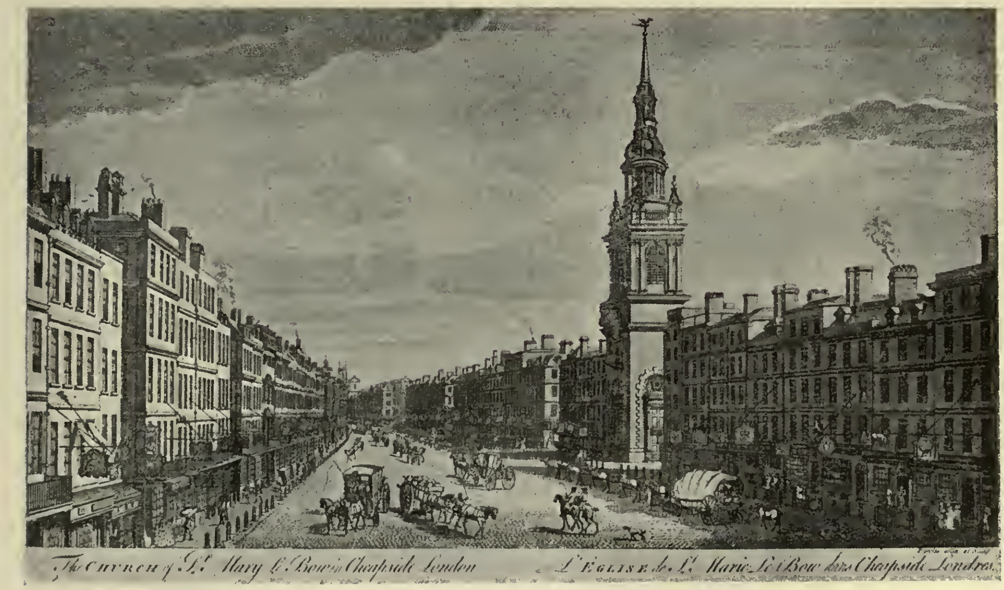
The Church of St. Mary le Bow in Cheapside London
L'Eglise de St. Marie le Bow dans Cheapside Londres

FIG. 47.—VIEW OF CHEAPSIDE.

From a print by Bowles.

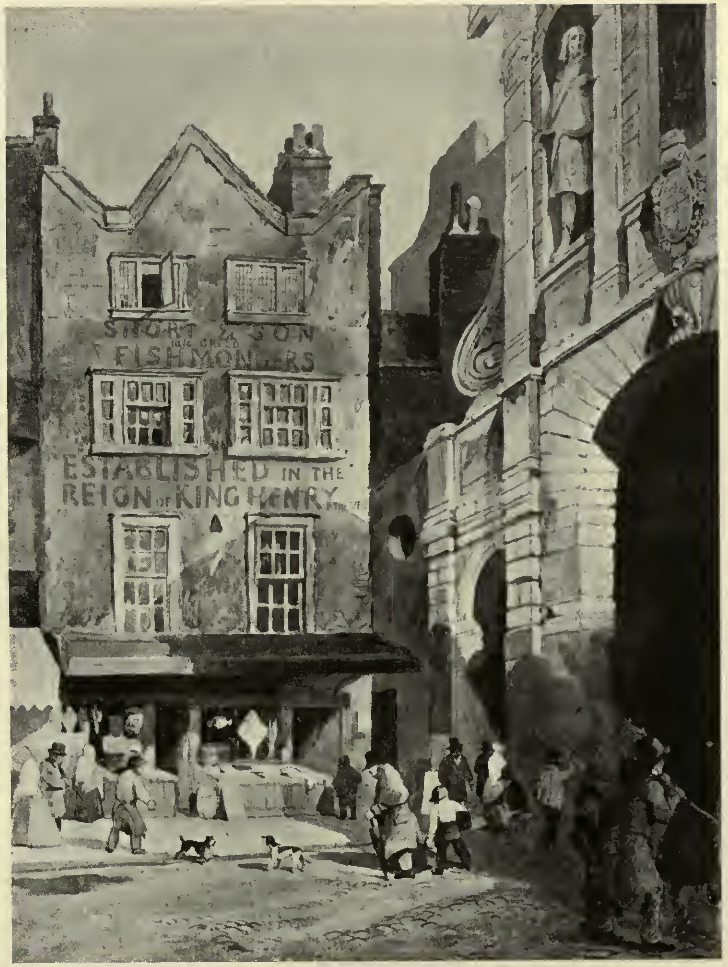
SHORT & SON
FISHMONGERS
ESTABLISHED IN THE
REIGN OF KING HENRY

FIG. 48.—TEMPLE BAR.

From a coloured drawing, John Wykeham Archer.

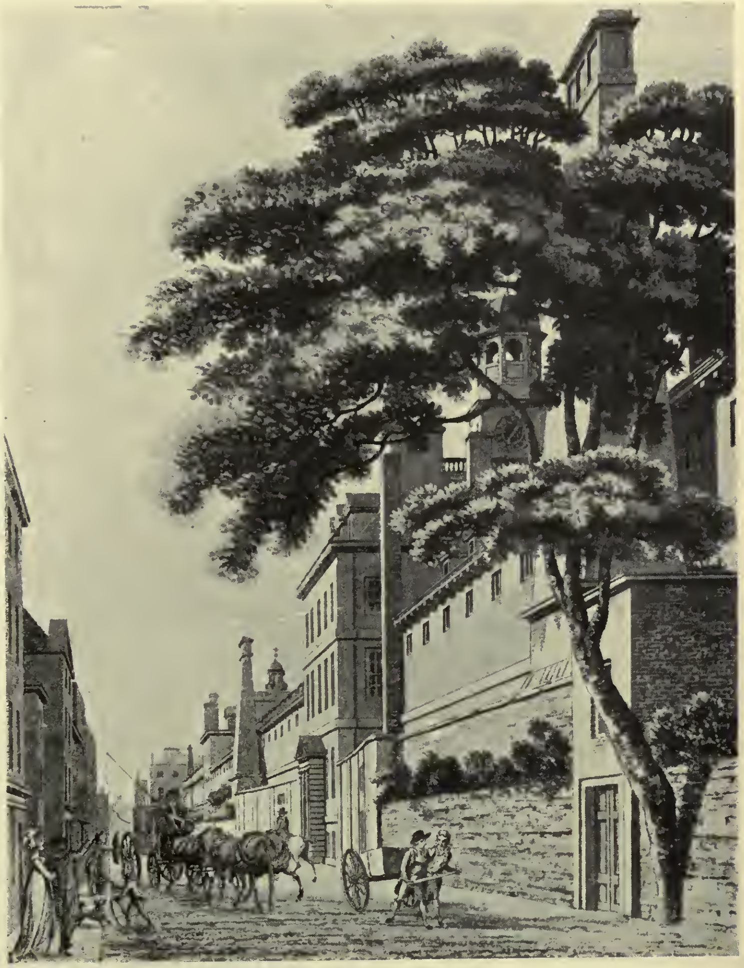

FIG. 49.—VIEW OF LONDON WALL.

Showing South Front of Bedlam.

T. Malton, 1798.

changes are apparent (Fig. 44). Hungerford Market existed where Charing Cross Railway Station is now; Durham Yard, with Milxan's Wharf and Paulin's Wharf, had not yet given place to the Adams' reconstruction now the Adelphi, and all sorts of tiny courts, only some of which remain, ran north and south out of the main thoroughfare. Some idea of these 18th-century byways of the Strand is given by the illustration here reproduced of Beaufort Buildings (Fig. 45). Till we reach Burleigh Street the Strand was very narrow; but beyond that street, where the Exeter Exchange stood, the thoroughfare widened. Old Somerset House had its Renaissance front facing the thoroughfare, and just to its east stood the watch-house in front of the porch of St. Mary's. The block of buildings dividing Holywell Street from the Strand (as most of us remember it) was then, of course, there, and St. Clement's Danes was flanked by this block on the west, as it was by a row of shops and houses dividing it from the north side of the thoroughfare, and by the block between the Strand, and Butcher's Row, roughly where the garden of the Law Courts is to-day. The Strand itself ran almost in a straight line to the south of St. Clement's, the curve which now exists being a relatively modern innovation. Temple Bar (Figs. 48 and 125) was then the most prominent object at this spot, but beyond it the Church of St. Dunstan, which stood out into the street (Fig. 46), and possessed its large overhanging clock (now in Regent's Park), was also a noticeable and picturesque feature; on the other hand, St. Bride's was even more shut away from view than it is now. Where Bridge Street runs, the Fleet River (Fig. 157) pursued its open course, and was crossed by a bridge where Ludgate Circus is. To its north could be seen the Fleet Prison, and looking up Ludgate Hill, the old Ludgate (removed in 1760) hid the little we still see from this point of the façade of Wren's masterpiece.

If we skirt the north side of St. Paul's we can reach Cheapside by what was then called Jackanapes Row, at the end of Paternoster Row, abutting on Blowbladder Street, which ran westward, and which is now replaced by the south end of St. Martin's-le-Grand. There is little in the Cheapside of to-day to remind us of what it looked like in the 18th century (Fig. 47), except the famous old house on its south side, which escaped the Great Fire, and Bow Church with Wren's lovely steeple. But the thoroughfare itself, as well as most of its tributary streets and alleys, remains substantially the same as it was in those times. It is when we reach the Mansion House (Fig. 52), which, when first erected by Dance in 1739–41 on the site of the Stocks Market (Fig. 53), bore on its top the hideous so-called "Mayors' Nest," that we realise how later development has changed the appearance of this part of the City. The Poultry and Bucklersbury run still as they did, but the formation of Queen Victoria Street has altered so much in this neighbourhood, by cutting through a variety of cross streets, that it is necessary to study a comparative map of London in 1746 and London in 1919, to realise the changes made. This, and the extension of Cannon Street which then only ran as far west as Budge Row, was not by any means the only difference to be seen around the Mansion House area. To the north the present Princes Street was formed from the small zig-zag thoroughfare of the same name; while the Bank was then (1746) but a relatively small structure, and was bounded on its east side by the church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks. The Bank, indeed, had only recently been removed hither (1734) to the building designed by George Sampson, and it was not till 1766 and 1786, and later, that the additions were made, bringing it to its present size and architectural importance (Fig. 50). Another variation in the City's outlines was caused by the formation of King William Street, the site of which, in the 18th century, was covered with buildings intersected by small lanes and courts. At the juncture of Threadneedle Street and Cornhill stood the Royal Exchange, a very different edifice from the present one, having its principal entrance in the latter thoroughfare; the triangular piece of ground on its west being built over and intersected by Castle Alley, which ran immediately on the west of the building. Another reconstruction which changed the aspect of this part of London was the formation of Moorgate Street, which runs through what was then a thickly populated area, crossed and re-crossed by the characteristic small lanes and alleys of this and earlier periods. Its continuation, now Finsbury Pavement, was then simply called Finsbury, and was bounded on its east side by Moor Fields, along the south side of which, facing London Wall (Fig. 49), was Bethlem Hospital (Fig. 130), Middle Moorfields, and Upper Moorfields; Finsbury Square being subsequently formed on the site of the last. Opposite this was another open space, known as the Artillery Ground, as it is to-day, and beyond it on the north was Tindal's Burying Ground (as it is called by Rocque), now the Bunhill Burying Ground. Nothing, perhaps, better attests the then exiguous character of London than the fact that beyond Old Street there is little building development shown in this direction, Rocque's plan ending practically where the City Road now runs.

If we retrace our steps westward from Cheapside, we shall reach Newgate Street by what was then known as Blowbladder Street—passing the spot where the Post Office now stands, but which in those days was covered with all sorts of courts between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Foster Lane. Various changes have much altered this thoroughfare from what it was in the days of the Georges, and it is only comparatively recently that the demolition of Christ's Hospital removed one of its most characteristic features; while the ancient gateway, which stood a little east of Giltspur Street, once gave the thoroughfare an added air of picturesqueness. The present King Edward Street was known, in the 18th century, as Butcher Hall Lane, and Bath Street preserved the memory of the Bagnio which existed there from the days of Charles II. On the west of Warwick Lane was the headquarters of the old College of Physicians, erected by Wren, and just opposite this was the Bell Inn where, in 1684, Archbishop Leighton died. We have already passed such interesting byways as Panyer Alley, with its curious piece of sculpture, Queen's Head Passage, where Dolly's Chop House once stood, and Ivy Lane, the site of Dr. Johnson's Ivy Lane Club. In those days Newgate Market occupied the

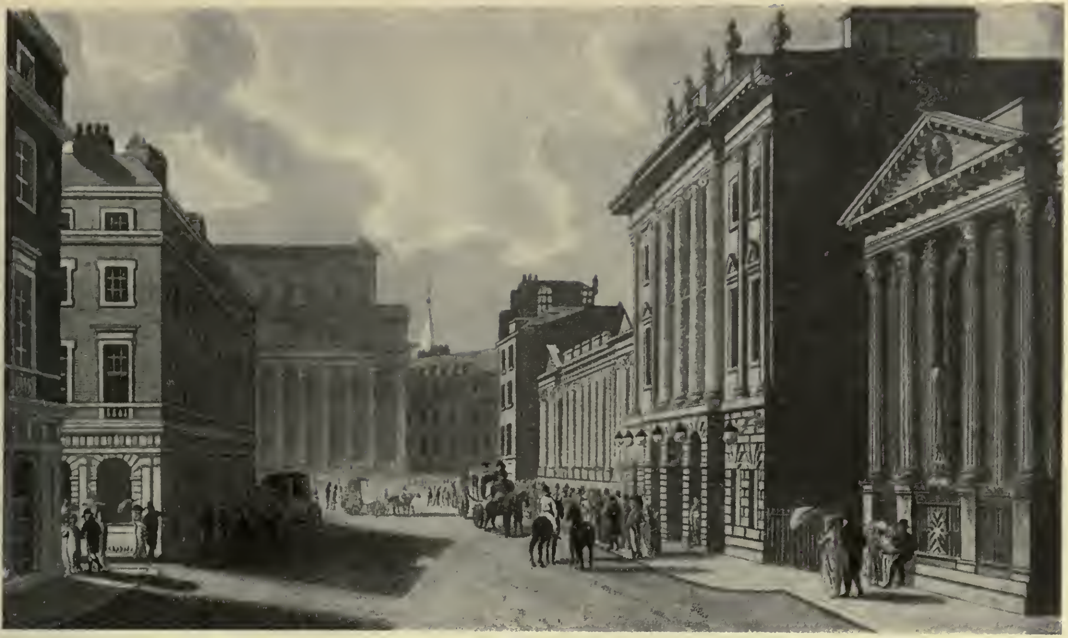

Fig. 50.—South View of the Bank.

Rowlandson & Pugin.

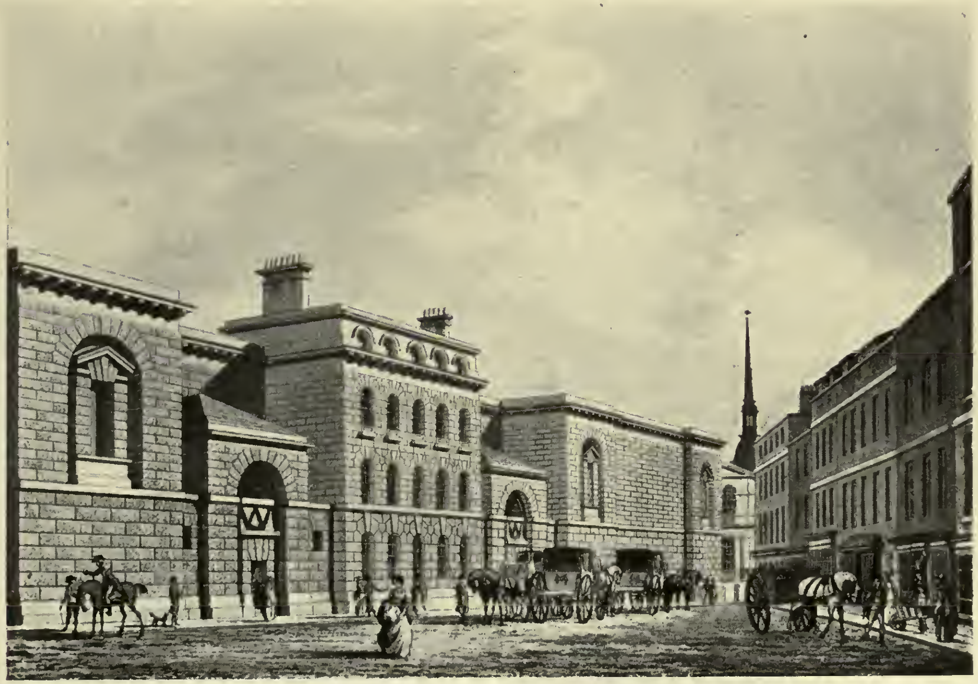

Fig. 51.—Front of Newgate as Rebuilt in 1780 by Dance.

T. Malton, 1799.

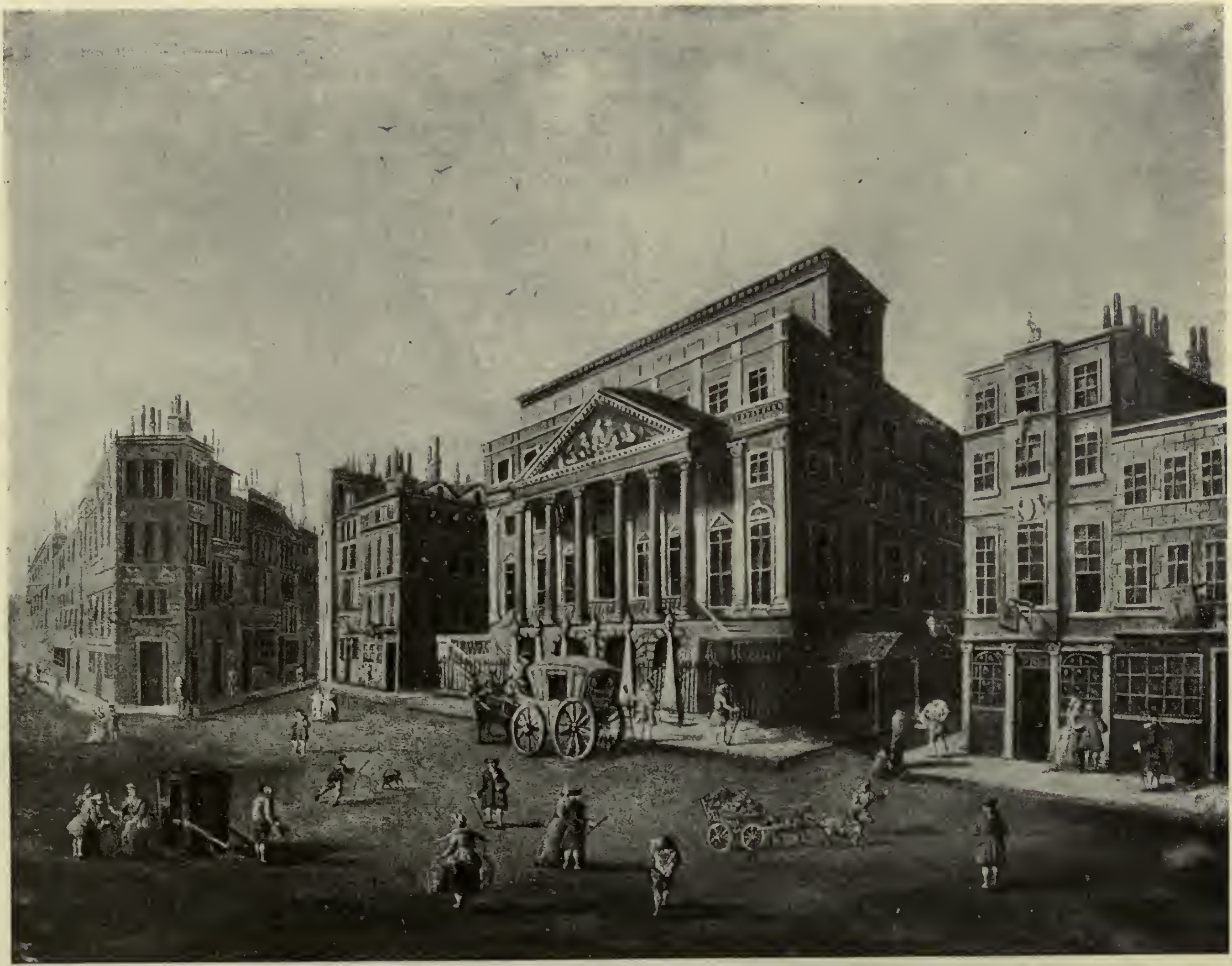

FIG. 52—THE MANSION HOUSE.

From the original oil painting, circa 1750.

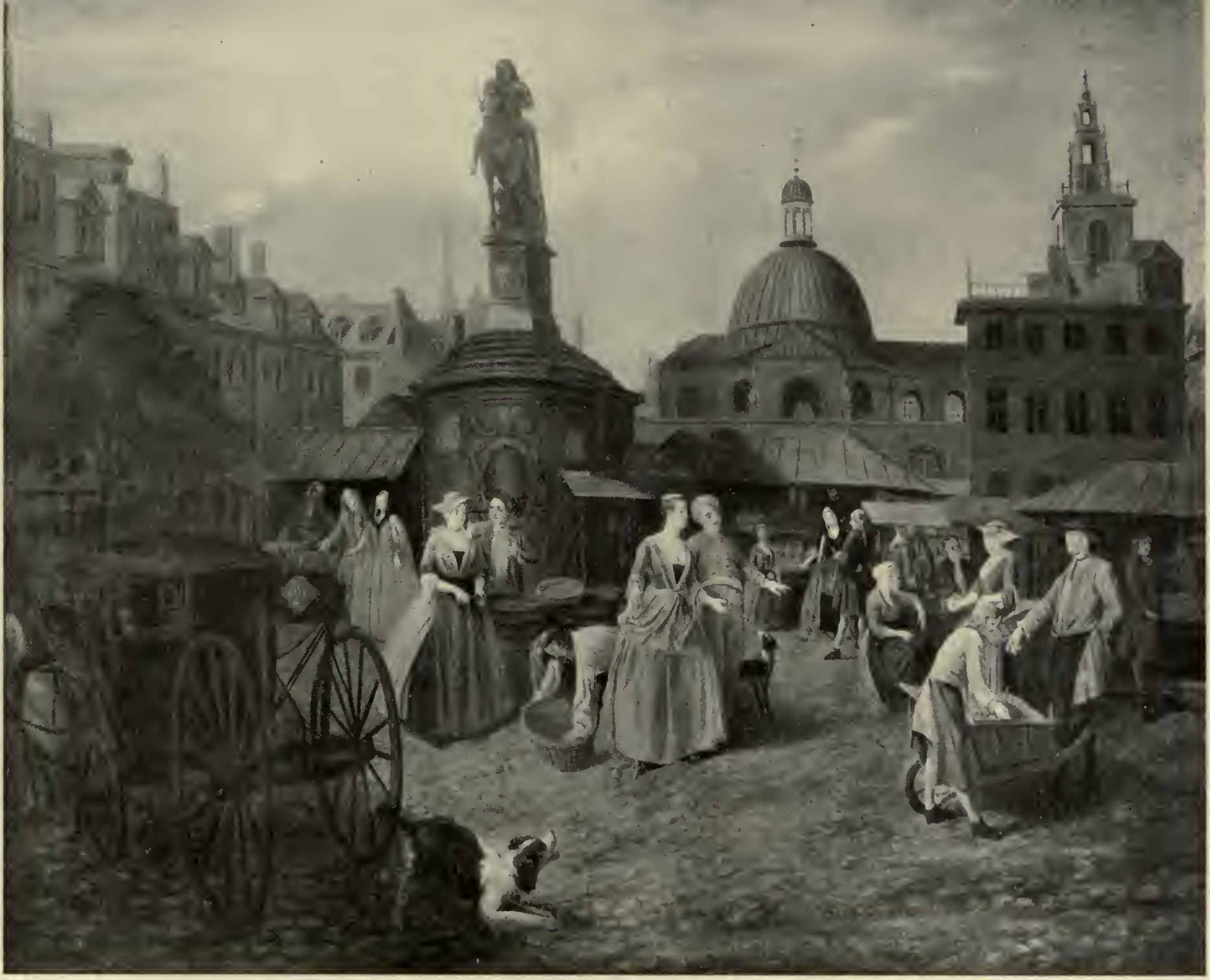

FIG. 53.—THE OLD STOCKS MARKET.

On the site of the Mansion House.

From the original oil painting by Joseph Van Aken, circa 1730.

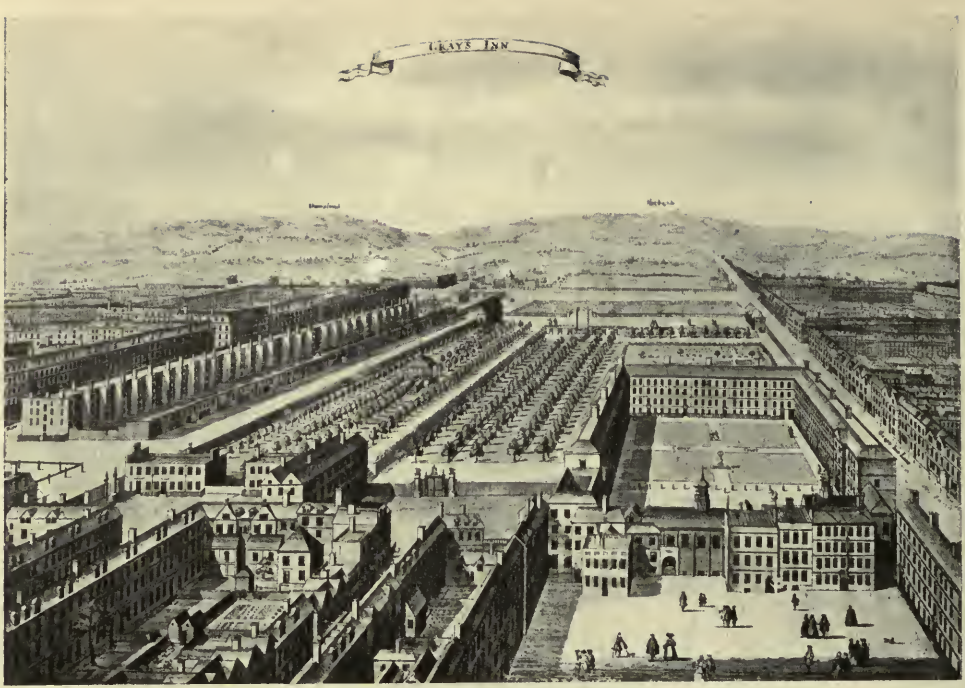

FIG. 54.—PROSPECT OF GRAY'S INN.

J. Bowles, 1710.

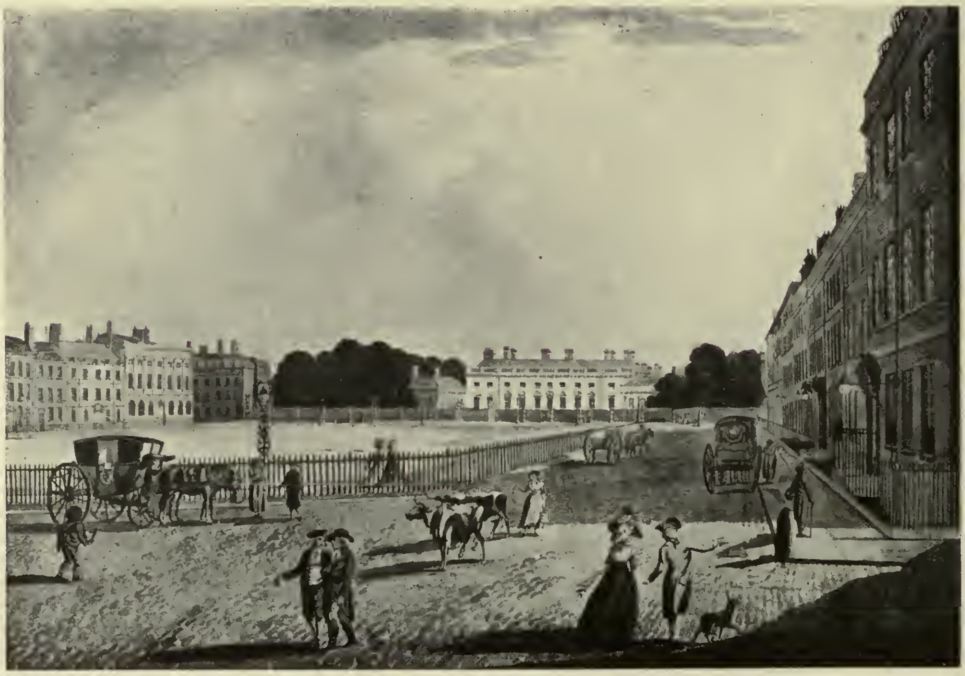

FIG. 55.—BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, WITH BEDFORD HOUSE.

E. Dayes, 1787.

spot now known as Paternoster Square. Great changes have taken place at the corner of Newgate Street, where it joins the Old Bailey and Giltspur Street. In 1746, the Old Bailey ran on both sides of a piece of ground shaped like a shoulder of mutton, and the prison (Fig. 51), begun by Dance in 1770, which most of us remember, then stood where the new Old Bailey rears its dominant head. Then, too, a short street known as Hart-Row Street joined Newgate Street with Snow Hill, and on the east side of St. Sepulchre's was a triangular piece of ground called Sepulchre's Acre. The formation of Holborn Viaduct in 1867, altered the 18th-century aspect of this neighbourhood in a remarkable way. Instead of the straight and wide thoroughfare joining Newgate Street with Holborn, there existed the narrow winding Snow Hill, which, starting from St. Sepulchre's Church, twisted north (as its relic does to-day) into Cow Lane (now King Street), and passed on the east Cock Lane, famous for its ghost; continuing westward, it descended to Holborn Bridge, which then carried the roadway over the Fleet Ditch along which was the Fleet Market, and further south the Fleet Prison, now represented by Farringdon Street. Holborn Hill was reached by a steep climb from Holborn Bridge, and the Bishop of Ely's Palace with its gardens, occupied the site now practically covered by Holborn Circus and Ely Place. Opposite, in Bartlett's Buildings, there exist some of the 18th-century houses (Fig. 189), sole relics of what might once have been seen all about this part. It is to be remembered that in those days St. Andrew's Church, owing to the much lower level of the roadway, stood in a commanding situation, very different from its present appearance. Just to its west, Thavies Street is all that remains to remind us of the former existence, here, of Thavies Inn. Then, too, Furnival's Inn had not dreamt of being replaced by the great red-brick buildings of the Prudential Insurance Office; but the old houses of Staples Inn opposite, although of a much earlier period, at least remain as they were during the 18th century. Opposite to them, and just west of Brook Street, were Holborn Bars, with the Watch House, and a little island in the roadway separated from the south side of the thoroughfare by a lane called Middle Row. Gray's Inn Road was, then, Gray's Inn Lane, and Gray's Inn itself (Fig. 54) begins a locality where not a few remains of 18th-century architecture still exist in such byways as Warwick Court, Brownlow Street, Hand Alley, and Featherstone Buildings. The same may be said of the south side of Holborn in this neighbourhood, which has not greatly changed in outline, and where small courts abut on that curious Whetstone Park on which the backs of the old houses on the north of Lincoln's Inn Fields still look. Red Lion Square is, with the exception of Pearson's Church and certain rebuilt houses, too, much the same; its only outlet which has changed in name being Gray's Inn Passage, now called Red Lion Passage.

After passing this spot, however, very marked changes are apparent both on the north and south sides of Holborn. Then, King Street, a lower continuation of Southampton Row, debouched into the main thoroughfare, just opposite Little Queen Street, but has now been swallowed up by Kingsway.

Opposite, Southampton Street led, as now, into Bloomsbury Square (Fig. 55), but in those days the whole of the north side of this 'quadrate' was occupied by Bedford House, with its ample grounds stretching away to the open fields; while on its west was Old Montague House (now the British Museum), which enjoyed the same rural amenities. North-east of Bloomsbury Square was Queen Square, with its north side then open, from which the distant hills of Hampstead could be viewed (Fig. 56). In Holborn itself, facing Newton Street, stood another Watch House; and further west the thoroughfare, instead of continuing in a straight line (now New Oxford Street), curved southward by Broad St. Giles, as it was called, this being what is now represented by Broad Street and High Street. From this, Broad Place went due south, and at its juncture with Broad St. Giles stood, in the middle of the street, an Almshouse; there was also a strip of ground, divided from the south side of the thoroughfare by Upper Middle Row. Shaftesbury Avenue has ruthlessly cut through all this old quarter, and practically nothing but Flitcroft's Church remains even approximately to indicate what it looked like in the 18th century. High Street curved upwards, and joined the then but recently formed Oxford Street. Tottenham Court Road, with its turnpike (Fig. 57), close to a collocation of buildings in the midst of open fields, was only built on for a little way beyond Windmill Street on its west; while on its east side was open ground with a Timber Yard just opposite this turning, and a few houses at the corner, where Meux's Brewery is now; between it and Rathbone Place the area was also built over. But westward, Berners Street was only just begun, and ran into open fields and market gardens, and Windmill Street is close to what was then a reservoir called the Merchants' Waterworks; and the Middlesex County Hospital at its west end looked over open fields. As a matter of fact, north and west from this point was all open country, with the exception of the area between Marylebone Place on the east, Mortimer Street on the north, and Marylebone Lane on the west, where the development of the Cavendish-Harley Estate had produced the streets, then only partially built, surrounding Cavendish Square. Indeed, the Square itself was not completed on its north side, where the site on which the 'Princely Chandos' projected his great house was not yet built over; and where Mansfield Street runs to-day, there existed, in the middle of the 18th century, a large reservoir known as the Marylebone Basin (Fig. 58). Marylebone Lane ran through fields, and Upper Wimpole Street, Beaumont Street, Devonshire Street, and Devonshire Place approximately occupy the site of the once famous Marylebone Gardens (Fig. 93), Marylebone Church being situated at their north-west corner.

If, on our way up Piccadilly, we had, instead of following a straight easterly direction, turned down St. James's Street, and following Pall Mall traversed Whitehall and Westminster, finally ending our journey at Chelsea, we should have found as many drastic changes as we have witnessed in our former perambulation; although until we come back again to the West, these changes are rather in the appearance of the streets than their outlines. Thus St. James's

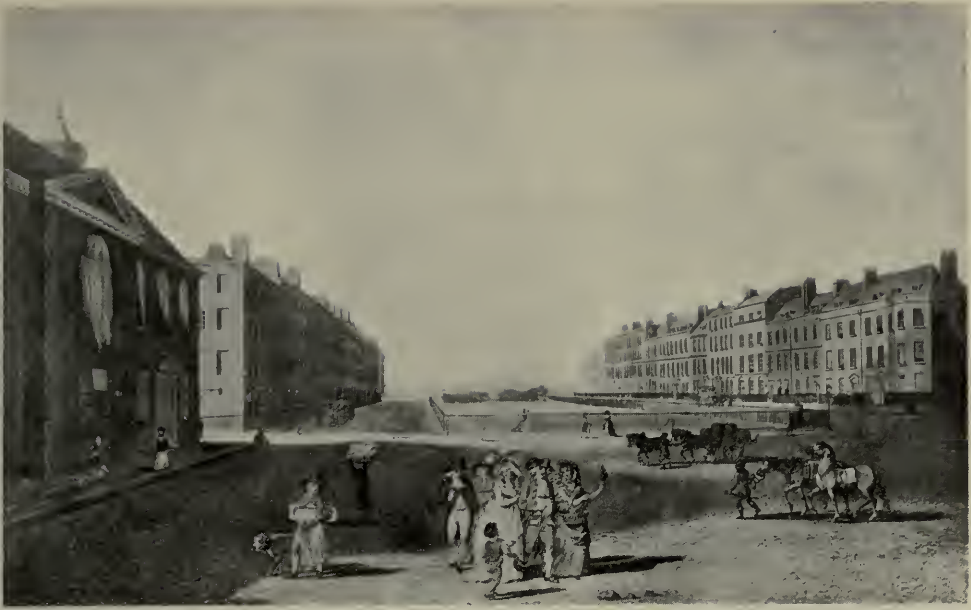

FIG. 56—QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

E. Dayes, 1787.

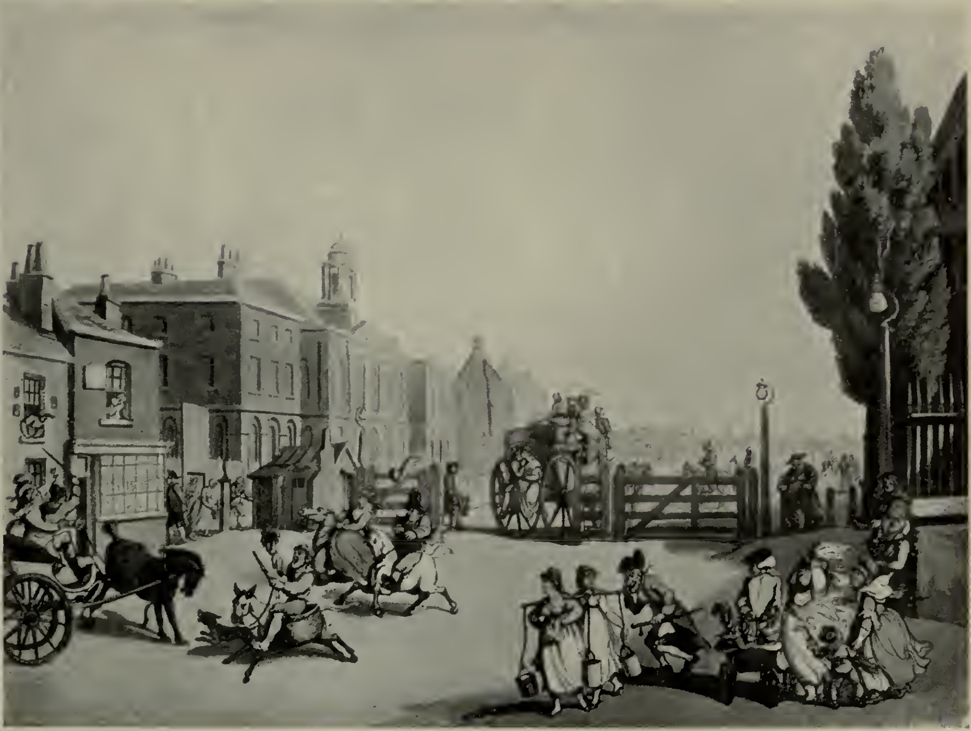

FIG. 57—TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD TURNPIKE.

Rowlandson.

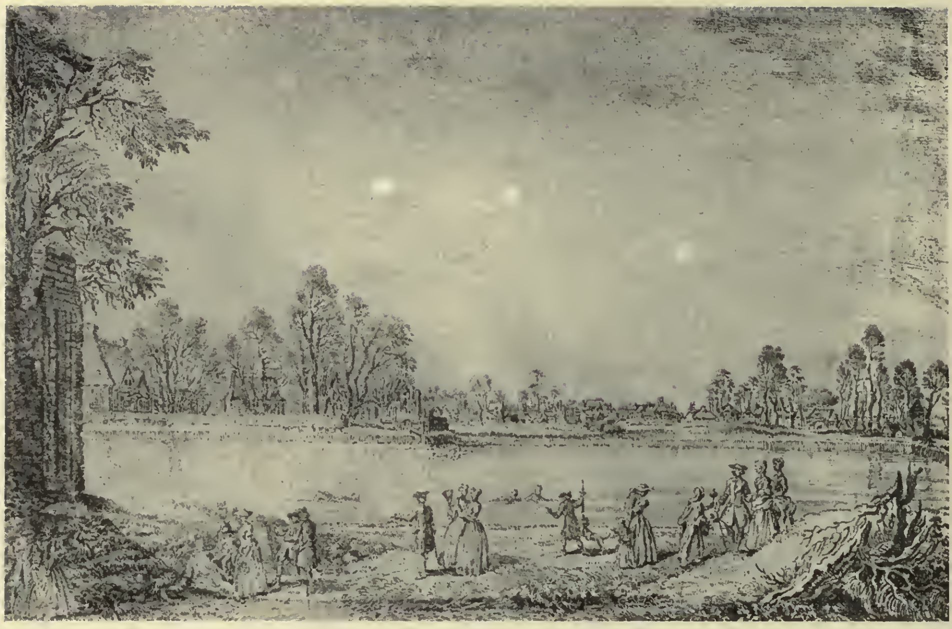

FIG. 58.—MARYLEBONE BASIN.

Pencil drawing by Chatelain, 1761.

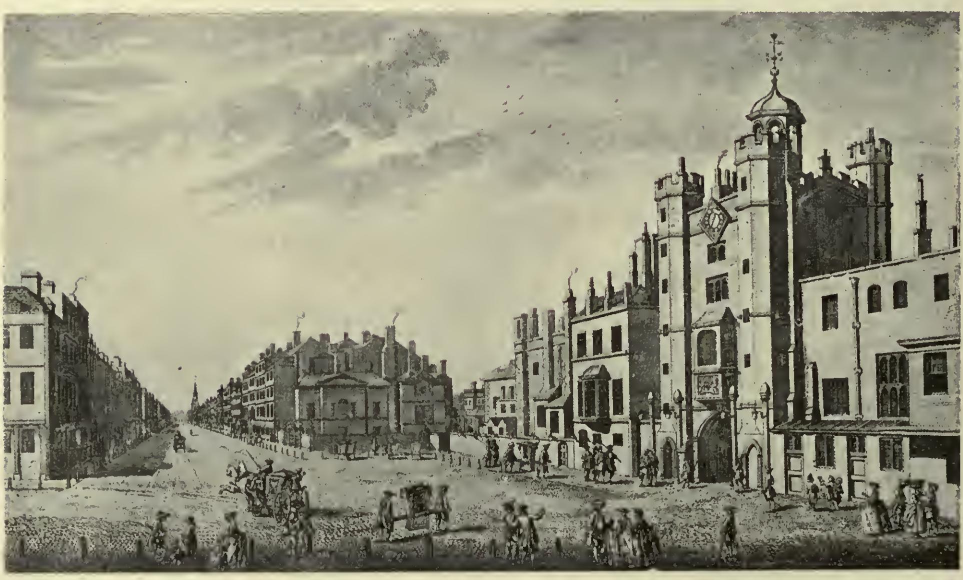

FIG. 59.—VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE, LOOKING DOWN PALL MALL.

Bowles, 1741.

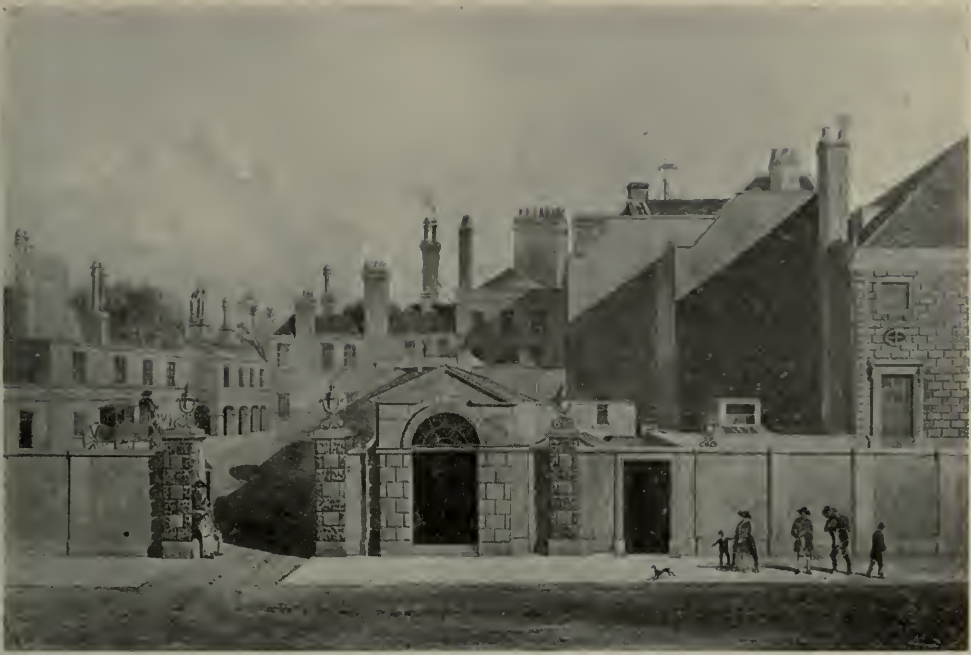

Fig. 60.—View of Old Carlton House, Pall Mall Front.

From water-colour drawing, 1734.

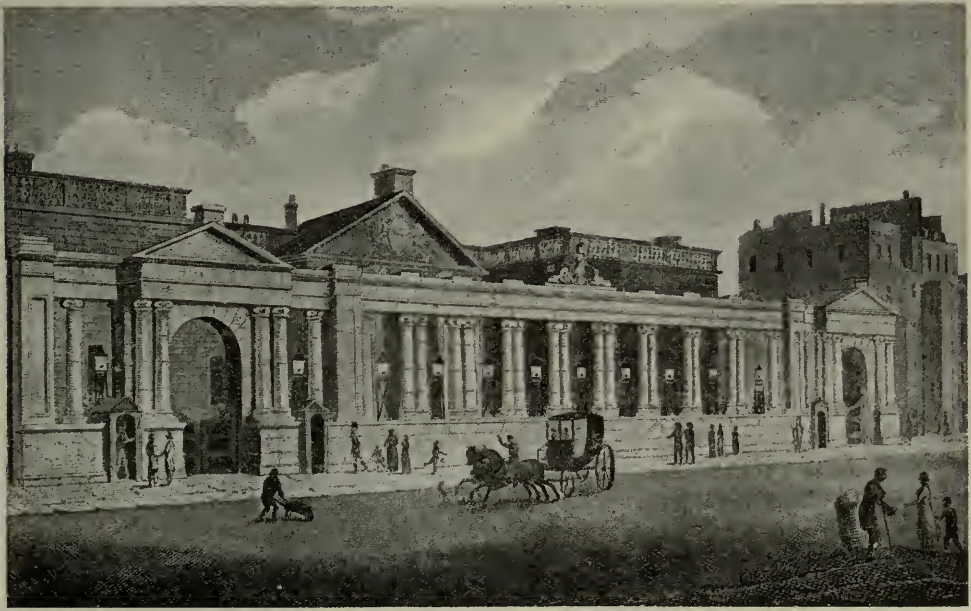

Fig. 61.—Carlton House, Pall Mall.

Showing Stone Colonnade erected in 1790.

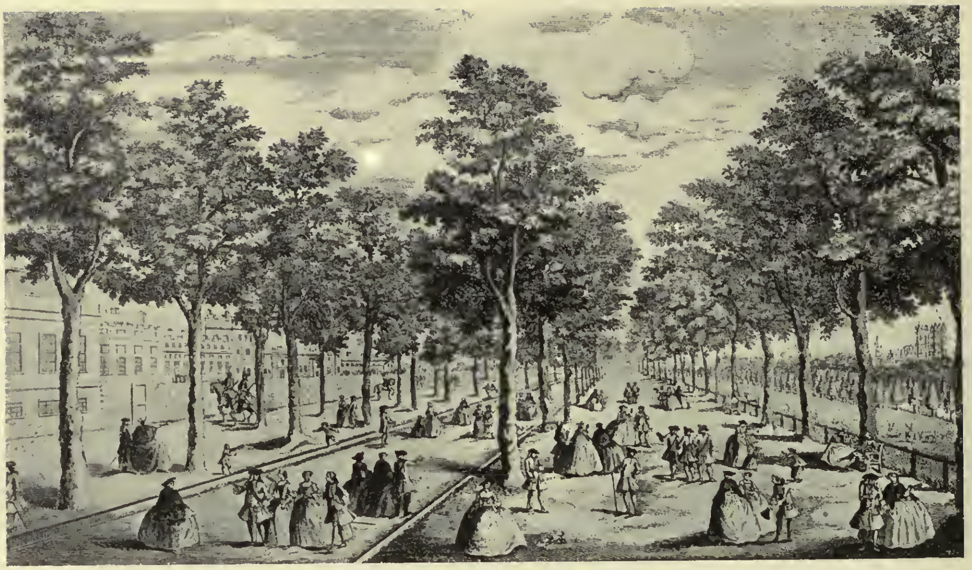

FIG. 62.—THE MALL, ST. JAMES'S PARK.

J. Maurer, 1741.

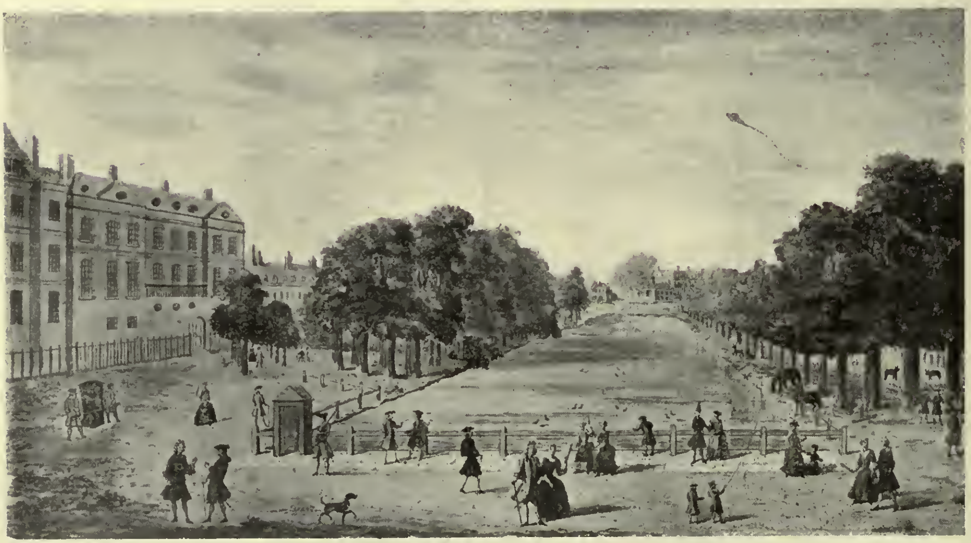

FIG. 63.—ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Showing the Ornamental Water, with Buckingham House in the distance.

From the original water-colour by J. Maurer, 1741.

Street itself is not greatly altered, except in its rebuilding, the present Brooks's and Boodle's, and one or two old houses and shops, being all that the 18th century saw. The Palace (Fig. 59), of course, remains the same, although on its west side various changes have altered its aspect, changes that include the erection of Stafford House, practically on the site of the Earl of Godolphin's residence, and Bridgewater House, the latter of which widened the once narrow Cleveland Road adjoining Cleveland Street. In St. James's Street itself, a few old courts have disappeared, such as Thatched House Court on the west side; but Pickering Court, opposite, still remains, and Little King Street, formerly a narrow link between King Street and the main thoroughfare, has been enlarged in conformity with the former.

As we turn into Pall Mall, the first noticeable change is Marlborough Road, which was originally a narrow way called the Fryery, with the German Chapel standing across it; the Park only being reached by skirting the walls of the latter, on the south side of the Chapel, widened out to its present proportions. The entrance to Marlborough House was on its west side, just north of the Chapel; and where the present gateway is, were the houses which Sir Robert Walpole bought in order to frustrate Sarah of Marlborough's design to form a more adequate entrance. Along the south side of Pall Mall, houses existed as now, although to-day the relic of Schomberg House is about the only one remaining with its original frontage. Behind them and extending up to the gardens of Marlborough House, were the grounds of old Carlton House (Fig. 60), which itself stood at their north-east corner, the garden façade facing west. The Palace could be reached by Warwick Street, which joined Cockspur Street where the present Warwick Court is. On its east was Warwick House, at one time the residence of the Princess Charlotte, whence she 'escaped' on a memorable occasion. Joining Warwick Street, just north of the courtyard of Carlton House, was a small alley called Stonecutter Court, which debouched into Pall Mall almost opposite what was then St. Alban's Street, and which Nash absorbed into Waterloo Place. Carlton House was rebuilt by the Prince Regent under Nash's guidance, and then its front was turned north, and the pillars, now before the National Gallery, were ranged in front of it (Fig. 61). The Duke of York's Monument, and the steps leading down into the Park, approximately indicate the centre of the later Royal residence.

Before proceeding east, St. James's Park claims a word or two, because its appearance, especially during the last few years, which brought in their train the formation of the new Mall and the erection of the Victoria Memorial, has greatly changed. In Georgian days the Mall (Fig. 62), with its double avenue of trees ran from the Palace to Spring Gardens, somewhat as most of us remember it, except that, in earlier days, it was reserved solely for pedestrians, and its length was boarded with a low wooden edging used in the game of 'pall mall'—a feature which disappeared as the century wore on, and the pastime went out of fashion. The Palace itself, then called Buckingham House and later (after George III. bought it) the Queen's House (Fig. 66), was the picturesque red-brick structure known to us by many a print and particularly by Dayes's beautiful colour drawing. The ornamental water (Fig. 63) was then long, narrow, and perfectly straight and formal, and ran from a point slightly south-east of the Palace to the Guards Parade (Fig. 67), opposite the Treasury; with its west end was connected, by a narrow stream, the famous Rosamond's Pond which was an oblong at a slight angle with the main body of water that had, at its east end, all sorts of smaller basins. Birdcage Walk was then an integral part of the Park, and its site was reached from Queen's Square (now Queen Anne's Gate which, by the bye, was divided from Park Street by a barrier) by steps, somewhat similar to those now known as Cockpit Stairs, marking the position of one of London's many cockpits. Very great alterations have taken place in the outlines of the streets abutting on the Park at this point, but I shall notice them later on when dealing with Whitehall.

If we now return to Cockspur Street we shall find ourselves on the site of Trafalgar Square, already described. But instead of going east by the Strand, we will turn down Whitehall (Fig. 68), passing on our east Northumberland House (Fig. 69), now swallowed up by Northumberland Avenue, and having before us the statue of Charles I., in front of which was one of the pillories, the scene of many a public penance (Fig. 64), and on our west Spring Gardens with its courts: Runner Court, Buckingham Court (so named from the Duke's tenancy of Wallingford House—now the Admiralty) and the rest. Opposite, Craig's Court[1] where Woodfall, the printer, had his west-end office, and containing the beautiful Harrington House, still remains, as does Inigo Jones's perfect fragment of his contemplated Palace (Fig. 68); but between these such drastic changes have taken place, that an 18th-century man-about-town would have difficulty in recognising where he was, did not the essentially unaltered lines of Whitehall help to guide him, and, if he was of the later part of the century, the still existing Gwydyr House (Fig. 124) which Marquand designed for Mr. Burrell. The Admiralty, as we know it to-day, was the building known to the earlier part of the 18th century, for Ripley had refronted it about 1726: the screen, however, which helps to hide the architect's not very inspired façade, was only set up, after the Adams' design, just fifty years later. The new War Office effaced Carrington House (Figs. 122, 123), which Chambers had built for Mr. Smith, and many of the later Georgian houses on this side of the street, still remembered by some of us, have disappeared owing to this improvement. Almost as drastic a change has been brought about by the development of Scotland Yard, which in Georgian days was a congeries of streets and open spaces known as Scotland Yard, Middle Scotland Yard, and Inner Scotland Yard. Opposite the latter was the Horse Guards, erected by Kent in 1753 and still remaining, which took the place of an earlier building of less massive, but more picturesque, appearance. On the south side of this, and between it and what is now the rebuilt Treasury, was a small space known as the Tilt Yard, and just

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[1] It was in consequence of Speaker Onslow's carriage being nearly upset at the entrance of Craig's Court, that the Westminister Paving Act of 1762 was brought into being.

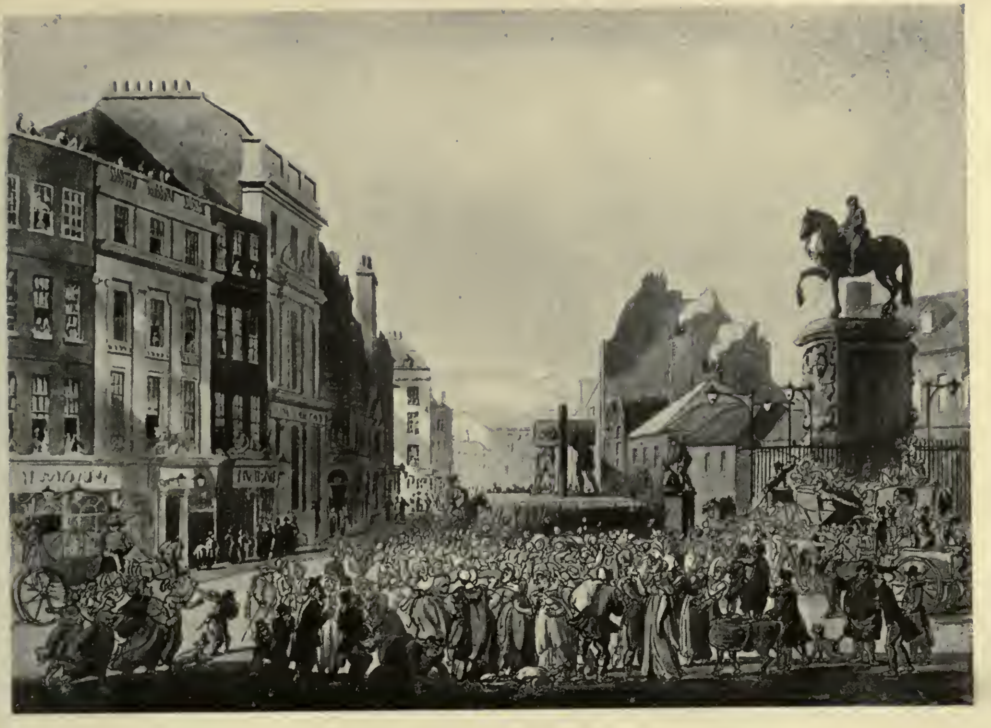

FIG. 64.—CHARING CROSS: THE PILLORY.

From an original drawing by Rowlandson.

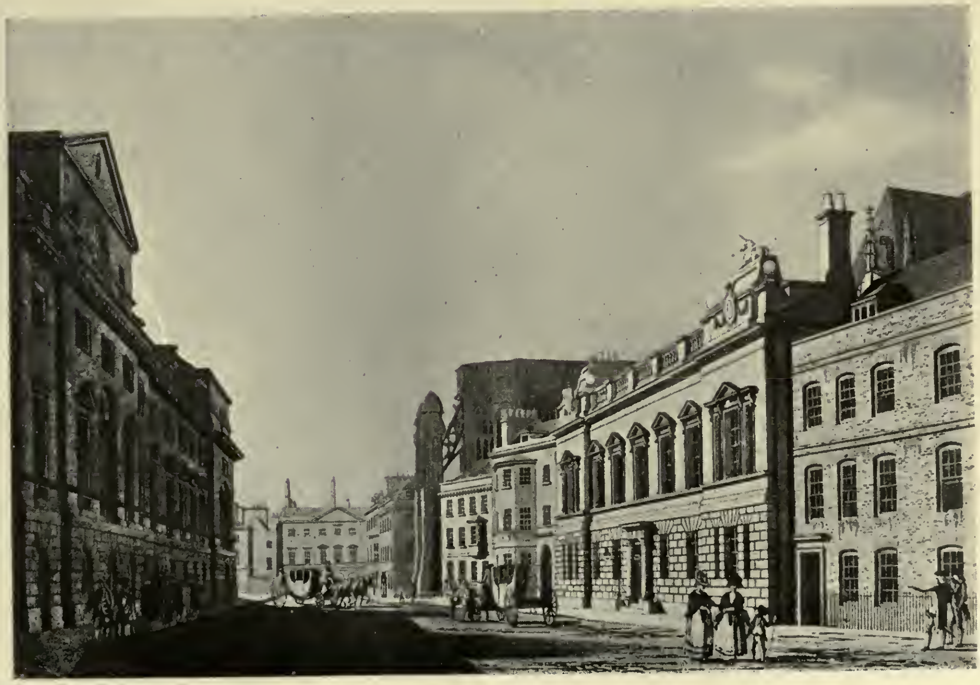

FIG. 65.—OLD PALACE YARD, FROM ST. MARGARET STREET.

T. Malton, 1782.

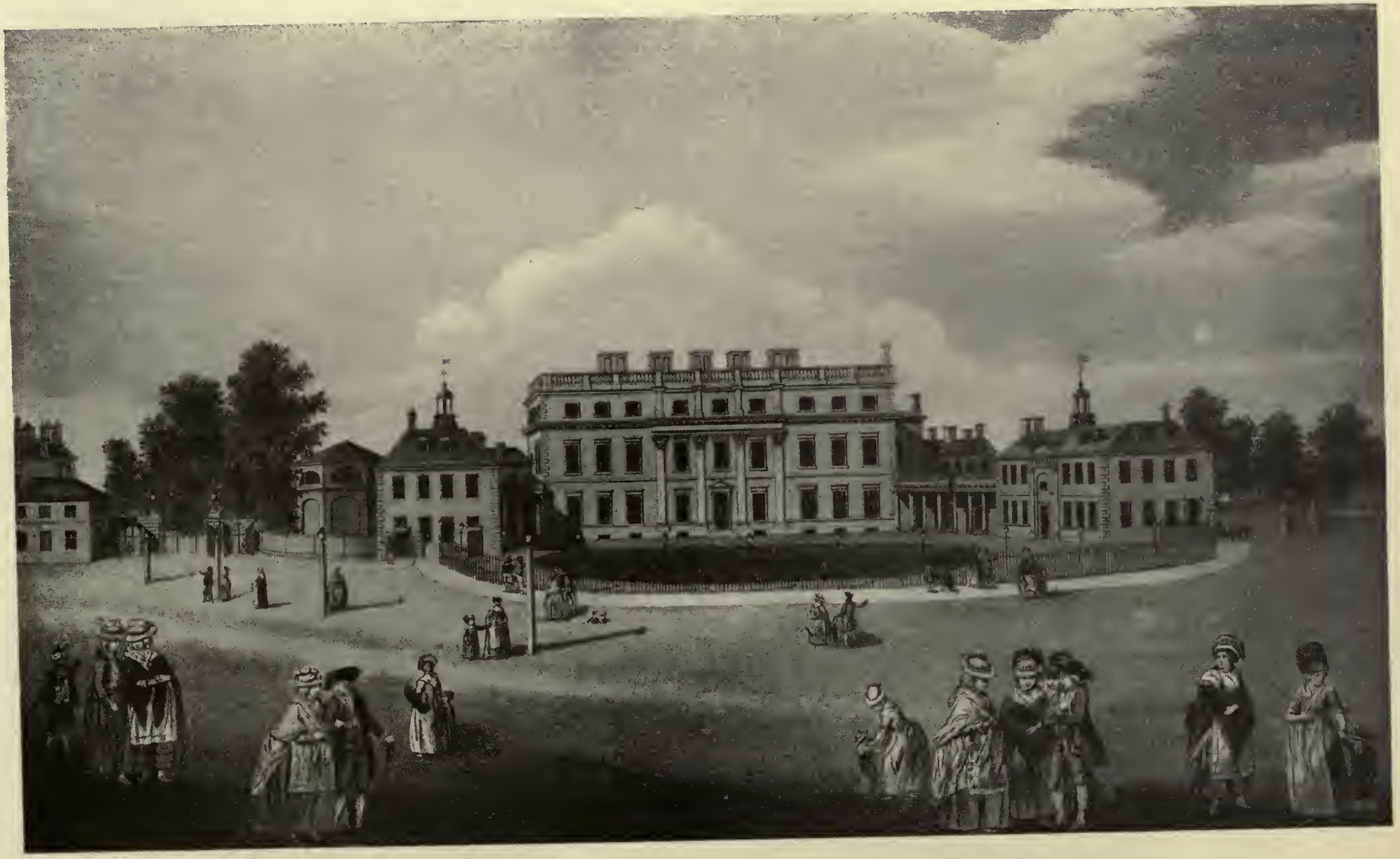

FIG. 66.—QUEEN'S PALACE (BUCKINGHAM HOUSE), ST. JAMES'S PARK.

From a print by J. Miller.

beyond, Holbein's famous gateway, which remained till 1759 (Fig. 68); while communicating with the old Treasury buildings was the Cock Pit.

On the other side of the way, the Privy Garden stretched from the Banquetting House to the beginning of Parliament Street. Down to our day, Whitehall, at this point, was intersected by two blocks of buildings, dividing the thoroughfare into Parliament Street and King Street, where Spenser died 'for lack of bread.' Between Downing Street and Charles Street the roadway was entered by a number of small alleys: Duffins Alley, Sea Alley, and Bell Yard, leading into Crown Court, which in its turn communicated, by way of Duke Street, with Delahay Street, all of which have been swallowed up by the Foreign and Home Offices. Likewise, between Charles Street and George Yard, which ran parallel with Great George Street, Gardiner's Lane, Antelope Alley, and Blue Boar's Head Lane, have been absorbed in Government buildings. Great George Street was formed as an approach from St. James's Park to Westminister Bridge in 1750, and ran into Birdcage Walk at Storey's Gate, where Storey, the keeper of the fowls to Charles II., had his lodge, by way of a small alley called Princes Court. On the east side of Parliament Street a Brew House, Stevens's Alley and, at the corner of Bridge Street, a Slaughter House, gave on to Cannon Row, called by Rocque, Channel Row Bridge Street itself was about the same width as the Westminster Bridge which was erected from Labeyle's designs in 1739–50, that is, just half as wide as the present structure which replaced it in 1856–62. Three blocks of houses occupied the spot where the railings on the north of the courtyard of the Houses of Parliament now are: while another larger block stood to the south of the one forming a continuation of the long blocks dividing King Street from Parliament Street, and was separated from it by Union Street. This larger block ran down as far as Old Palace Yard, and the thoroughfare on its east side was called St. Margaret's Street (Fig. 65). It reached to a point just north of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and into it, on the west, was built St. Margaret's, Westminister (or rather, it would be more correct to say that these buildings were excrescences on the original church) which stood here from time immemorial, and only gained its present more modern appearance from the fact that it was encased, in Portland stone, in 1735. Another 18th-century architectural feature in this locality are the two west towers of the Abbey, which Hawksmoor erected about 1725; while the old houses in Abingdon Street, amid so much that is new, carry our minds back to the day when all this locality partook of the appearance which they, as well as Barton Street, Cowley Street, and other neighbouring thoroughfares, still preserve. St. John's Church, erected by Archer in Smith Square, has lost many such surroundings as a consequence of the rebuilding of this quarter. Even the names of the streets have changed, Vine Street immediately to its south, now being called Romney Street, and Market Street being transformed into Horseferry Road, a reminder of the Horseferry that existed here, and is duly marked by Rocque. To the south of the latter thoroughfare, what was St. John's Burying Ground, is now a playground, and at this point we come to open fields and market gardens, and the area known as Tothill Fields, with Grosvenor House facing the river, just south of the Grosvenor Street that still remains.

Almost greater changes are observable if we retrace our steps and start from the Abbey down what is now Victoria Street. This thoroughfare cuts through a congeries of small streets, parts of some of which may still be recognised, such as Pye Street, in the present Old Pye Street, Peter Street, and others: but the Grey Coat School with its gardens on the west of Upper Horseferry Road, then abutted on open fields, and to its north was the Artillery Ground (Artillery Mansions in Victoria Street approximately marks its site) having close by a Pound! To the west again was the Green Coat School cheek by jowl with a Bridewell, and to its north the Blue Coat School, which one still passes going from Victoria Street to Queen Anne's Gate. There really was a chapel then in Chapel Street, and the present Dacre Street reminds us of the existence of Lady Dacre's Almshouses, formerly standing to the west. At the juncture of what was then Petty France with James Street (both now absorbed by Buckingham Gate), stood an Infirmary,[1] and just to the north Rocque marks some buildings with trees around them, as a Vineyard. All beyond this to the west was, in the 18th century, unbuilt over, and open ground and tree-studded enclosures are only broken by the Westbourne stream which, rising in the north, here again makes its appearance before it joins the river.

Perhaps that part of London included in Rocque's plan, which shows the greatest change as the result of building development since the middle of the 18th century, is the portion lying west and south of Westminster, and reaching to the river. For instance, the King's Road then ran through open country, and debouched into what is now Sloane Square at a point known as Bloody Bridge. The present King's Road is merely its continuation westward, and on the ground then called the Five Fields, Belgrave Square, Eaton Square, and their surrounding streets are now situated. Ebury Bridge now marks approximately what was then named Chelsea Bridge, and the Grosvenor Canal, which it spans, was formed out of the Westbourne stream already referred to. The Neat Houses were congregated just to its east, where Warwick Street and Sutherland Street now run; while the famous Ranelagh Gardens were practically on the site of what is to-day Chelsea Barracks. The Pimlico Road is the continuation of what was then called Strumbelo, Jews Road; Ebury Street, known as Five Fields Road, joining it at about the same point to the west, having on its south the College Burying Ground, was now absorbed in Royal Hospital Road. Chelsea Hospital was known as Chelsea College, although its conversion from its former use in James I.'s reign to its present, of course dates from Charles II.'s day, when Wren rebuilt the structure. Burton Court, opposite the north front of the Hospital was, in those days, a large open space planted with rows of trees, on the west side of which ran Franklin's Row and Gardener's Row. The present Turk's Row is one of the few streets

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[1] Just opposite this, on the north, Rocque marks a row of buildings as "Hills and Kiffords"; so far as I know, this is the only instance in which he gives the name of a firm on his plan.

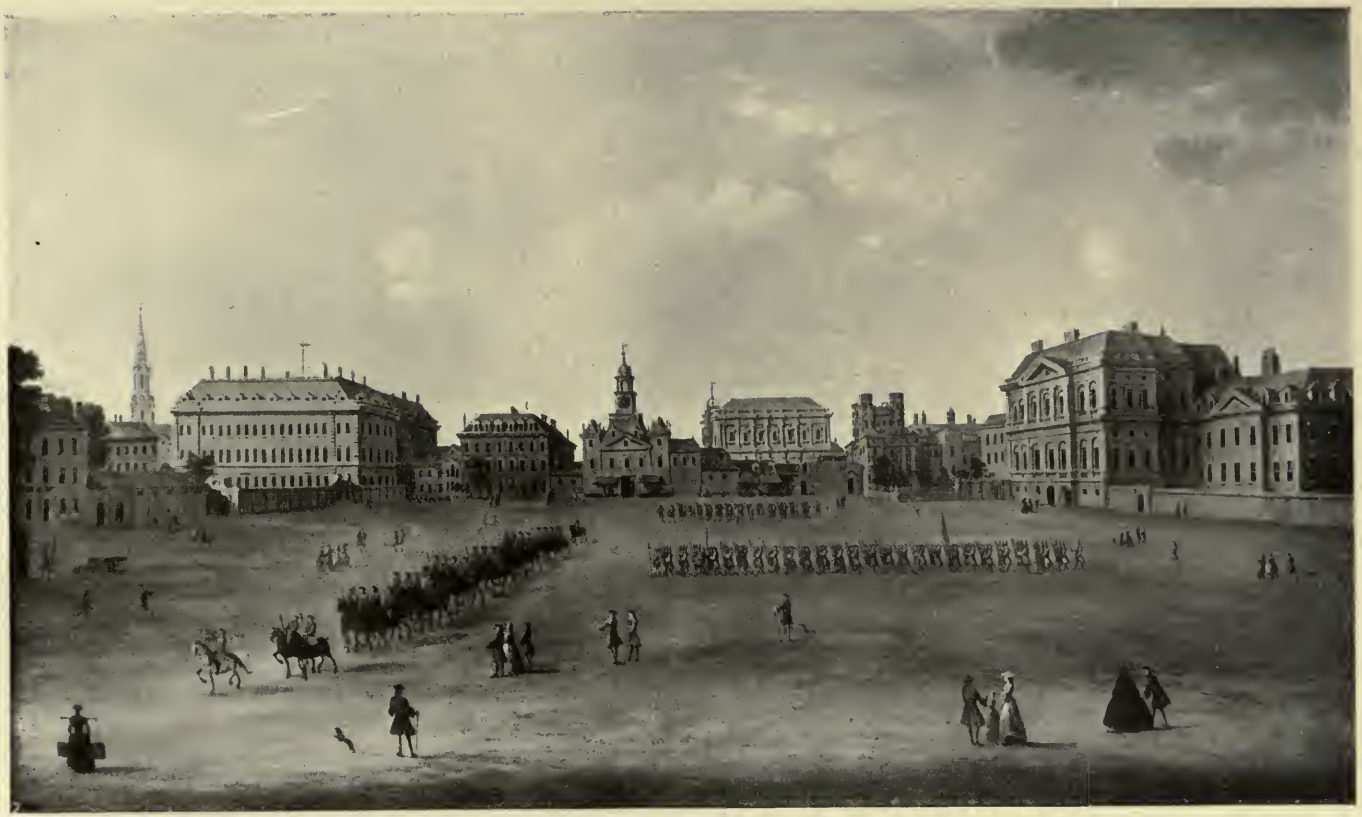

FIG. 67.—HORSE GUARDS PARADE AND WHITEHALL, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

From the original oil painting by S. Scott.

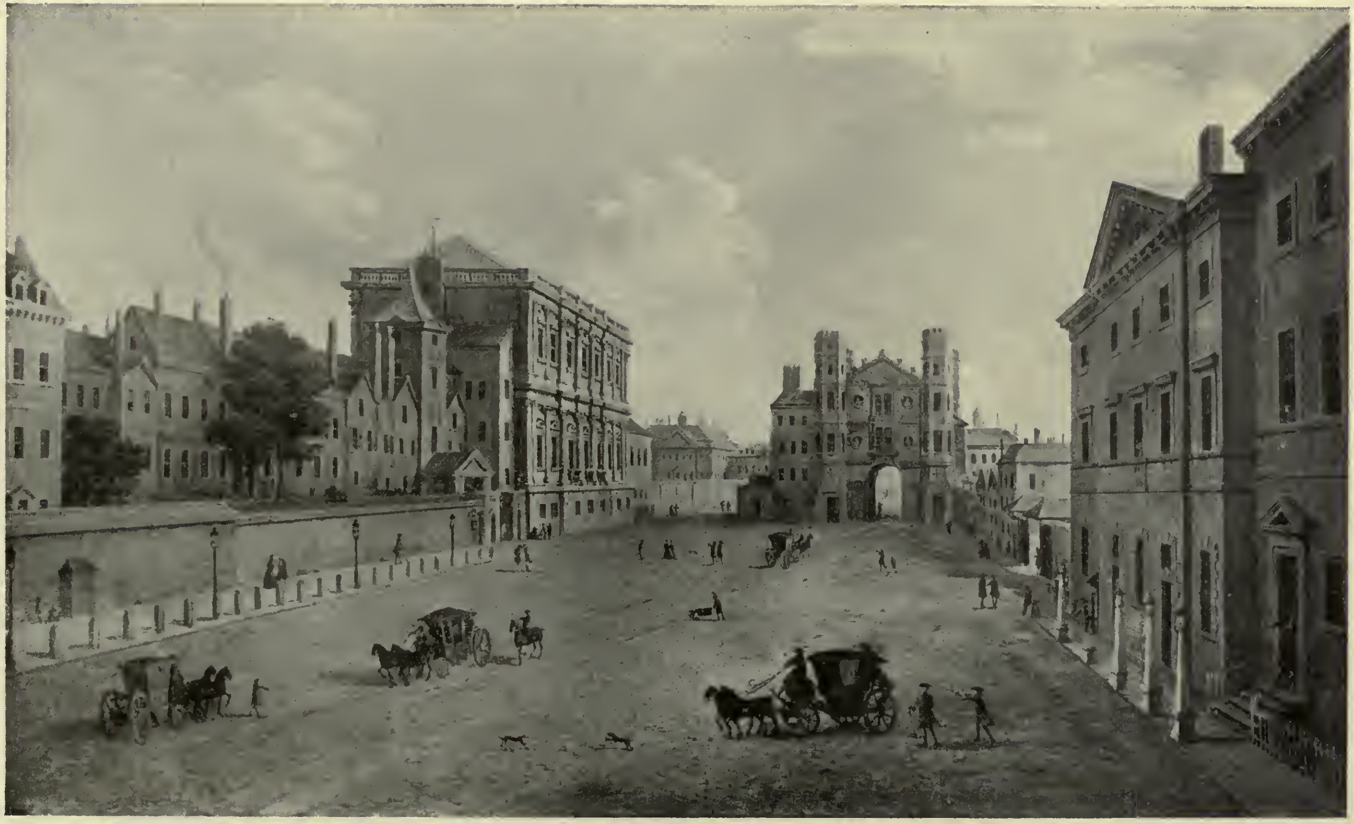

FIG. 68.—WHITEHALL, FROM NEAR CHARING CROSS.

Showing Holbein's Gateway, and on the left the only portion which was built of Inigo Jones's Whitehall Palace.

From the original oil painting by S. Scott.

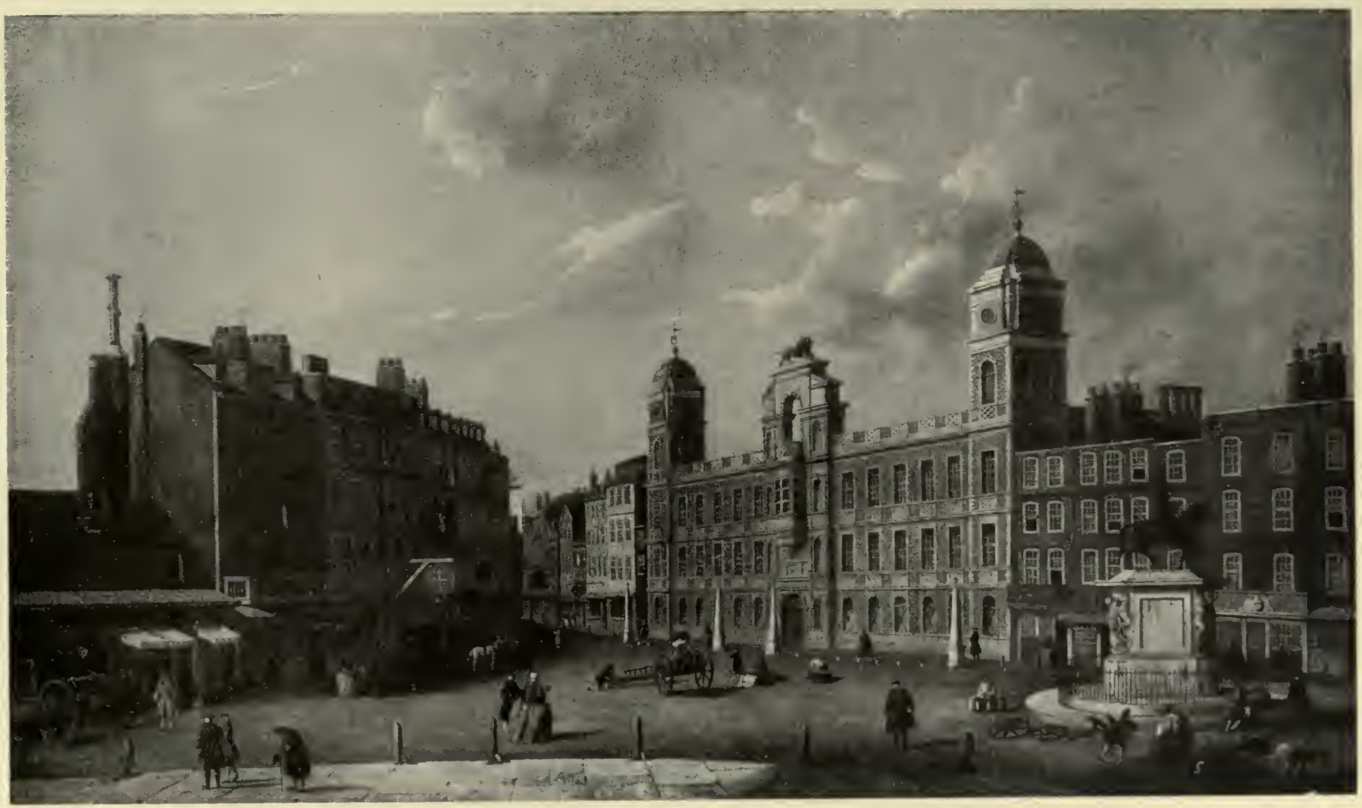

Fig. 69.—Northumberland House, Charing Cross.

From the original oil painting by Canaletto.

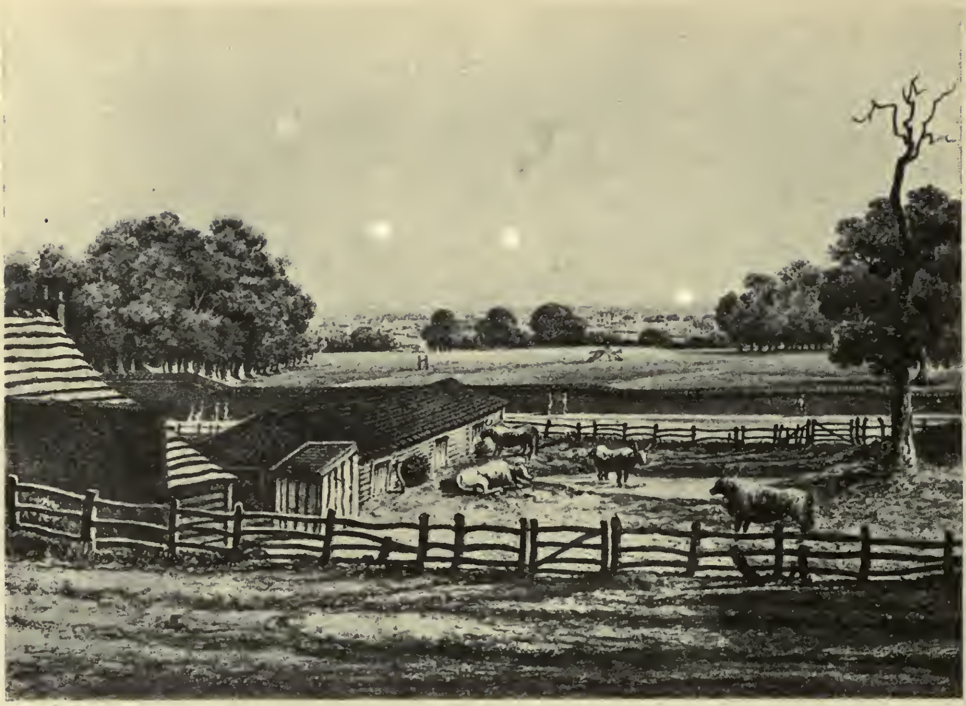

FIG. 70.—VIEW OF TYBURN, LOOKING ACROSS HYDE PARK.

W. Capon, 1785.

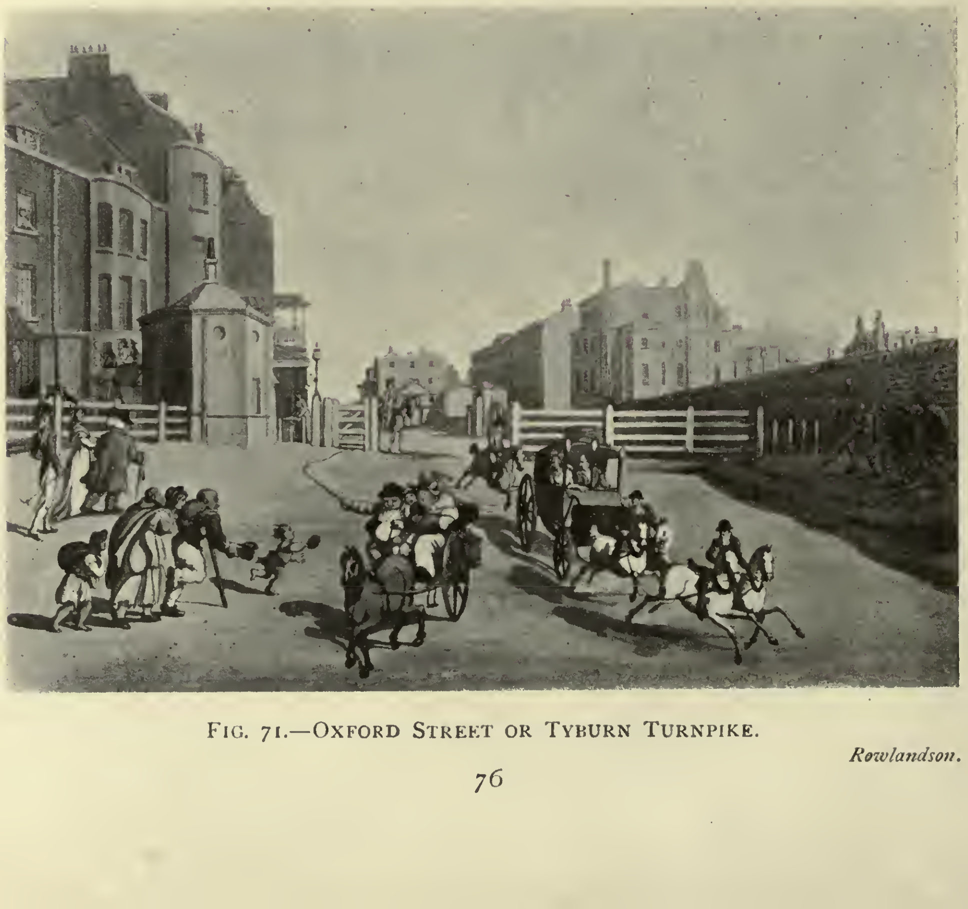

FIG. 71.—OXFORD STREET OR TYBURN TURNPIKE.

Rowlandson.

in this quarter still having the same name that it bore in those days when a row of trees was planted along its middle, and helped to give it a rural air consonant with its surroundings. The development of this quarter did not take place till later in the century, and, so far as the great squares and more important streets are concerned, till the earlier years of the 19th century.

Where, however, the greatest 18th-century development *did* take place was in Mayfair, and this occurred just early enough for Rocque to include in his plan many of the outlines of the streets surrounding Grosvenor Square, some of which, however, were not necessarily completed at the date of his survey, although Grosvenor Square itself was in process of formation from about 1695 to 1725. Thus, this part of London presents, on the whole, a greater collocation of 18th-century houses, and retains its earlier appearance (in spite of a good deal of rebuilding), better almost than any other large area. There have been marked changes here and there, of course, but as a whole the Mayfair of 1750 is in many essentials the Mayfair of 1919. I will endeavour to note such alterations as have occurred. In the first place, Park Lane was then Tyburn Lane, and its rural character (Fig. 70) was not disturbed by iron railings guarding the Park, as is the case to-day. Brick Street was then in existence, but Hertford Street had not yet been formed. Curzon Street ran directly into Tyburn Lane, and at its south-west corner was a building called the Guard Stable, having a small pond in front of it on the Park side; the houses in Seamore Place now occupying this site. In front of Chesterfield House, whose gardens ran down Curzon Street (Chesterfield Gardens are now built over them), was a large open space, now Stanhope Street, and a small lodge stood where Stanhope Gate stands to-day. Tilney Street was not yet made, but Deanery Street (Rocque calls it Dean Street) was in existence. Between it and South Street, where Dorchester House is, buildings are shown surrounding a large garden running east and west. Aldford Street was then Chapel Street, in which, on the north and south, were two Guard Stables; while the chapel in South Audley Street, facing it, was flanked by Chapel Court, and had behind it St. George's Burying Ground, to which another access was possible from Mount Street. Opposite Mount Street, in the Park, was a circular reservoir of the Chelsea Waterworks; the entrance to the Park, known as Grosvenor Gate, being then higher up than it is now, in fact just facing King Street. North of Woods Mews, and opening into Park Street, was another Guard Stable; but, here, the buildings stopped, and the north-east corner of Tyburn Lane, where Camelford House used to be and Hereford Gardens still are, was an open derelict piece of ground, traversed by footpaths, one of which, starting from Green Street (then only running between South Audley Street and Park Street), extended to the corner where the Turnpike stood (Fig. 71). This open space reached east as far as the corner of North Audley Street, and North Row looked over it. Norfolk Street now runs through part of this open space. Where the Marble Arch is, there was then no entrance to the Park, but immediately facing Edgware Road in the centre of the thoroughfare, now Oxford Street, but then known as Tyburn Road, rose the famous gibbet, Tyburn House occupying the south-east corner of Edgware Road. Just inside the Park, south of the gibbet, was the spot 'where soldiers are shot,' as Rocque tersely phrases it. Beyond, to the north, the open fields stretched away to the village of Edgware, and the country which is now an integral part of London.

Within the purlieus of Mayfair changes have taken place, other than mere rebuilding, which have vastly altered the former appearance of the streets. Thus Carlos Place has been formed out of Charles Street, which ran from Grosvenor Square to Mount Street in a straight, not as now, a curved, line; and South Molton Street (then South Molton Row) was divided, at its lower end, into Poverty Lane and Paradise Row. Various courts and alleys have, of course, disappeared, but it is surprising how many still exist, and the curious might find amusement in tracing these little backwaters amid the fashionable streets from which they run. Many of them, of course, indicate the former presence of inns, such as Haunch of Venison Yard, off Brook Street; Running Horse Yard, off Davies (Rocque calls it David) Street; and Three Horse-Shoes Yard, on the east side of James Street (now Gilbert Street). Not many thoroughfares, here, have changed their names, but in addition to James Street, Bird Street and Chandler's Street have been transformed respectively into Thomas and Robert Streets.

We have found extraordinary alterations in the outline of London since the 18th century in the Westminster and Chelsea districts; hardly less marked are they in the Marylebone area. Then, Wigmore Row (now Wigmore Street) was bounded on its north by open country, and those who traversed Marylebone Lane, did so chiefly to visit Marylebone Gardens, and, perhaps, to wander in Love Lane which ran, east and west, roughly where the Marylebone Road now re-echoes to its noisy traffic.

It is obviously impossible, in a single chapter devoted to the subject, to speak with any particularity of the whole of London in its altered aspect. Were one to do so, it would have been necessary to describe the changes that have occurred, not merely in Whitechapel (Fig. 72), where there is no turnpike now, and the area lying about the river at Limehouse and the Docks; but also that immense space on the south side of the Thames, where St. George's Fields, and innumerable market-gardens, and tree-studded enclosures, have given place to rows on rows of houses, intersected by countless thoroughfares and bystreets.[1] One would have, wonderingly, found Cuper's Gardens occupying the site where the Waterloo Bridge now runs, and Vauxhall of perennial fame, close to the Oval; both places being surrounded by what was to all intents and purposes the country. Again, the river itself presents so many changes, that a book almost might be written in describing them. There were, for instance, only two bridges during the better part of the 18th century, London Bridge (Fig. 74) and Westminster Bridge (Fig. 75), for Blackfriars Bridge (Fig. 5) did not come into existence till 1770. Where the

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[1] Another turnpike was in St. George's Road (Fig. 73), here illustrated, and there was also one at Hackney.

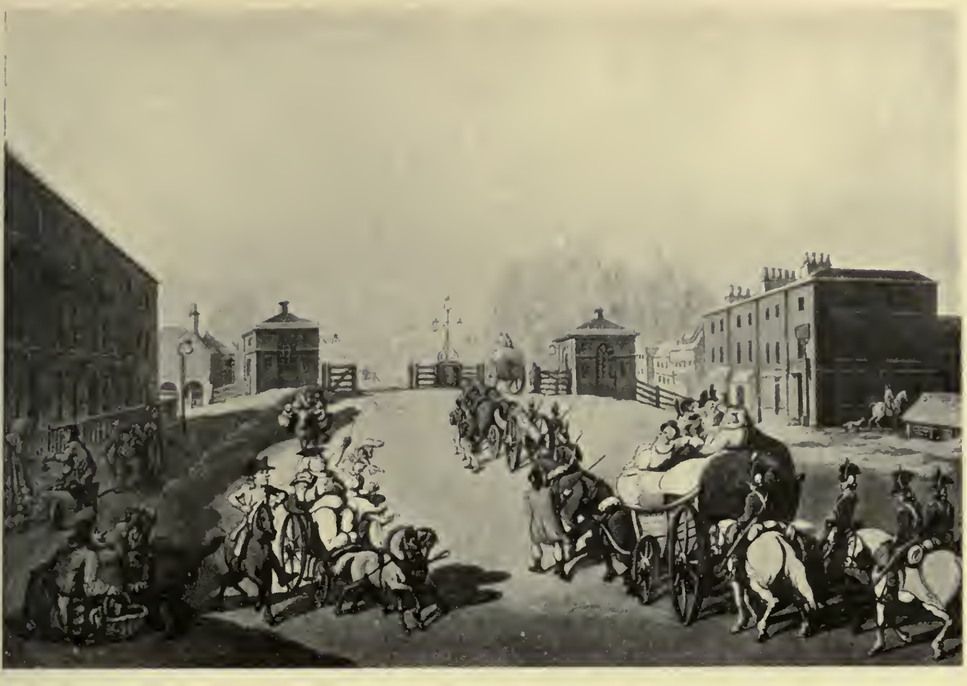

FIG. 72.—WHITECHAPEL TURNPIKE.

Rowlandson.

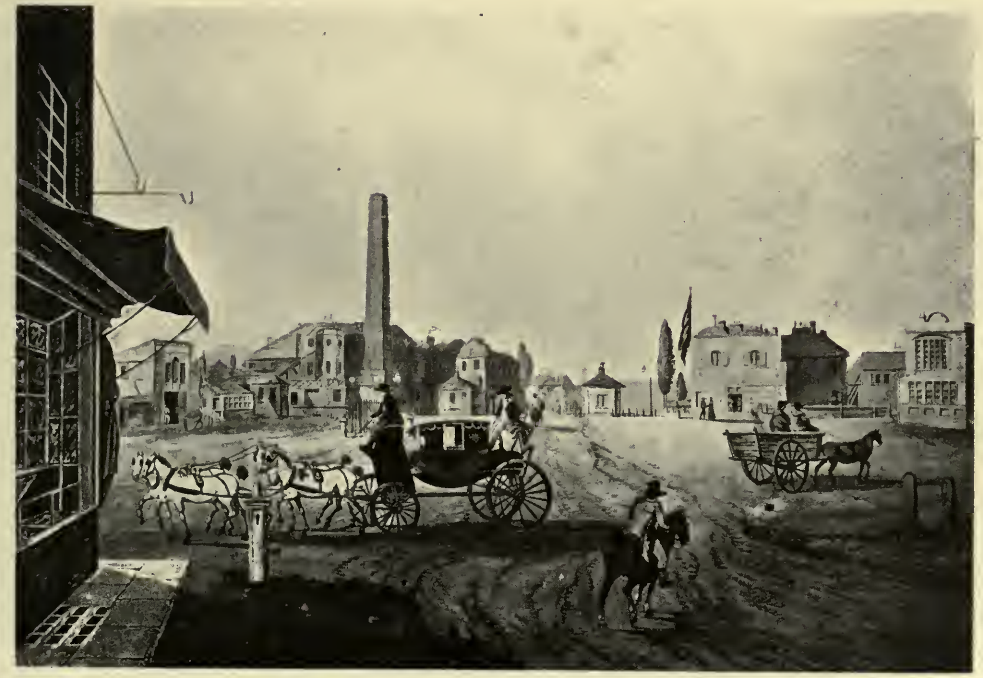

FIG. 73.—ST. GEORGE'S ROAD TURNPIKE.

Dagaty.

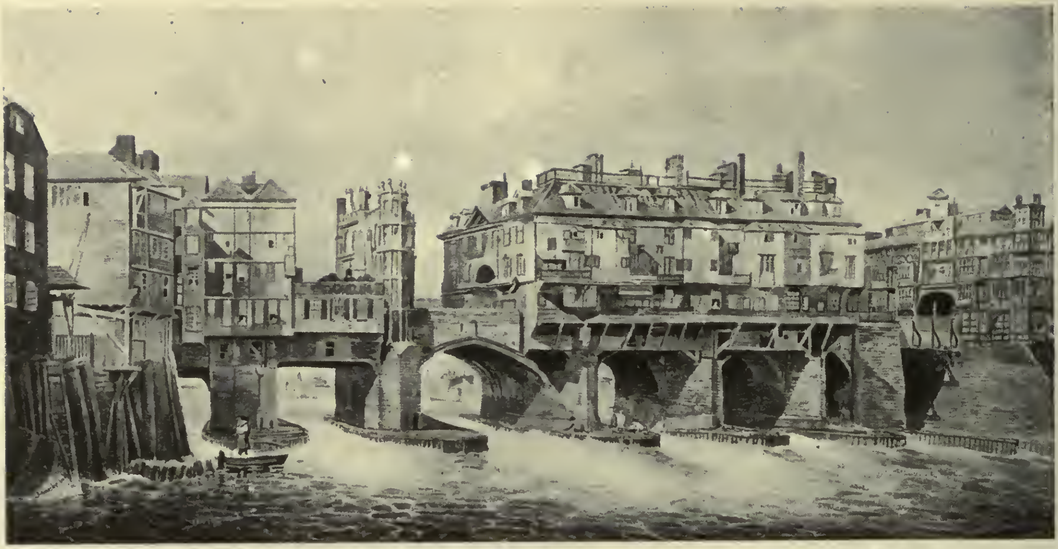

FIG. 74.—PART OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

From a water-colour by Varley.

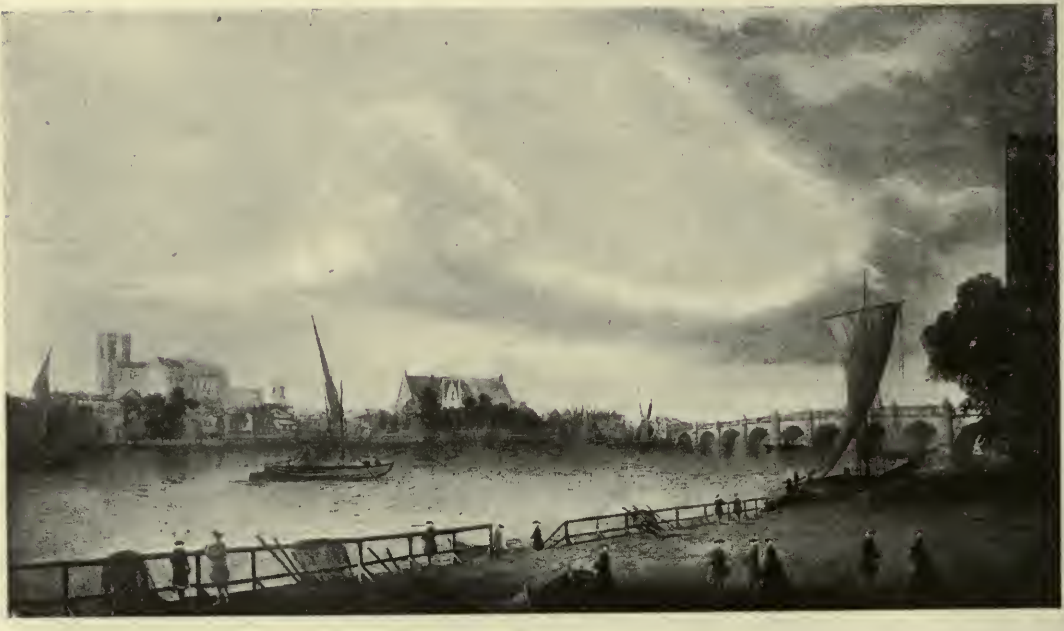

FIG. 75.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, FROM LAMBETH

S. Scott (?)

Embankment runs, buildings came to the water's edge, and innumerable 'stairs' gave access to the stream and the boats which congregated at these spots, to carry the 18th-century gentleman and his family for pleasure or business purposes. When Somerset House was built by Chambers, the water lapped its rusticated stonework; and great improvement as the Embankment was from one point of view, it not only did away with much that was picturesque, but it largely minimised the importance and effect of the architect's magnificent façade.[1]

[1] The date of the formation of certain streets may still be seen in the carved stones let into the walls of corner houses: thus we find "Cutler's Street, 1734"; "Sheffield Street, 1721"; "May's Buildings, 1739"; "Great James Street, 1721"; "Dorrington Street, 1720"; "Baynes Street, 1737," and others carefully recorded by Dr. Norman, in his valuable *London Signs and Inscriptions*; many of these have, however, gone, and with gradual rebuilding the chances are that the majority of such as are now in existence will not be seen outside museums and private collections.

CHAPTER III

PLEASURE RESORTS

THE pursuit of pleasure was, in the 18th century, the business of the more decorative portion of London's population, and innumerable were the forms in which the '*ton*' sought distraction. The woman of fashion began her day, generally at a late hour, by visiting the shops, the chief of which were then within the City boundaries, where she purchased silks and lute-strings which, in the evening, she would exhibit at private balls called 'drums,' or when particularly crowded, 'squeezers,' which a contemporary writer speaks of as "riotous assemblies of fashionable people of both sexes at private houses; not unaptly styled drums, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainments." Dancing, which was a particularly favourite amusement, also took place in public resorts, and in the semi-public atmosphere of the subscription-ball where a man would dance with one lady during the whole evening, and where introduction was not the difficult matter it afterwards became. In the shops would also be picked up those trifles of china and bijouterie, a lap-dog or a monkey which were as much the concomitants of a fashionable woman's life as the black page by her side or the patches on her face. These she would exhibit as she strolled in the Park before dinner,[1] that is from twelve to two, or in the evening from seven till often, in summer-time, midnight; unless it was a Sunday when the Parks were largely given over to the citizen and his family, or when no rout or drum claimed her, or she elected to forgo the delights of the theatre or the opera. Rowlandson has left us an amusing caricature of Society in Hyde Park, in his picture entitled "A Sudden Squall" (Fig. 78). The gambling in private houses which became so marked a characteristic of social life was not introduced on any extensive scale till the close of the century,[2] and those who wanted to play at 'faro' or 'macao,' and other favourite games, did so in public resorts consecrated to this purpose. The man of fashion had all sorts of recreations, fencing and cock-fighting being favourite ones. He would, too, play at bowls or skittles, and in the earlier part of the century would mix with the crowds which assembled to see bears, bulls, and badgers, and even, in 1717, a leopard,

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[1] Servants in livery and children were not allowed in the Parks at certain hours.

[2] Yet in the 'charge' of the Grand Jury of Middlesex, for 1774, two private halls are 'presented': those kept by Lady Mornington and Lady Castle, that their "gaming-houses, in, or near, Covent Garden," should be closed.

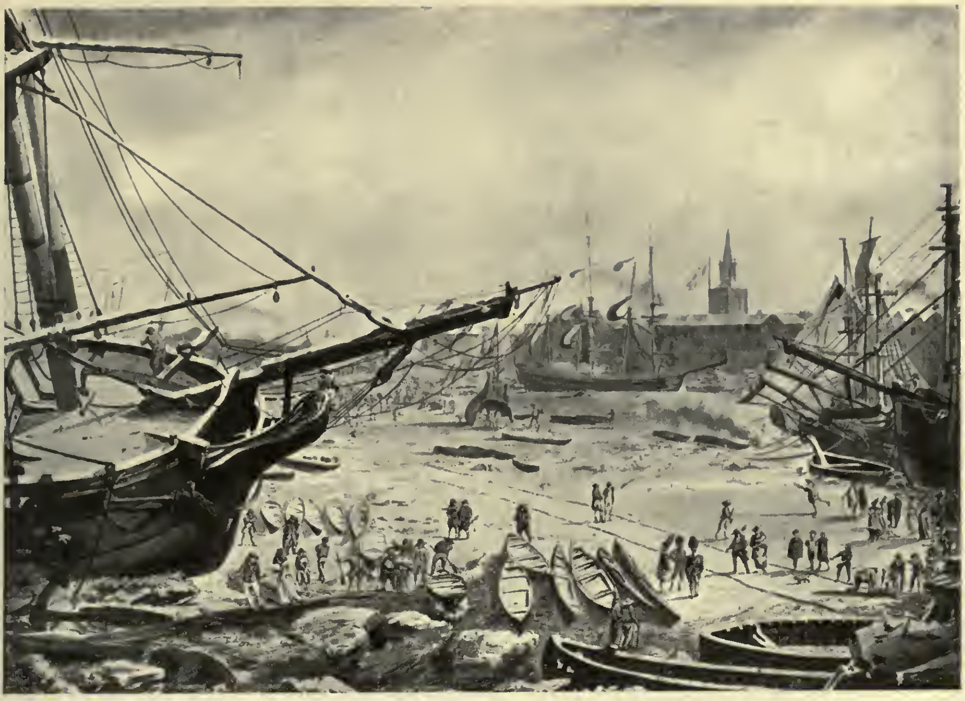

Fig. 76.—View on the Thames in the Great Frost of 1789.
From the original drawing by J. C. Barrow, 1789.

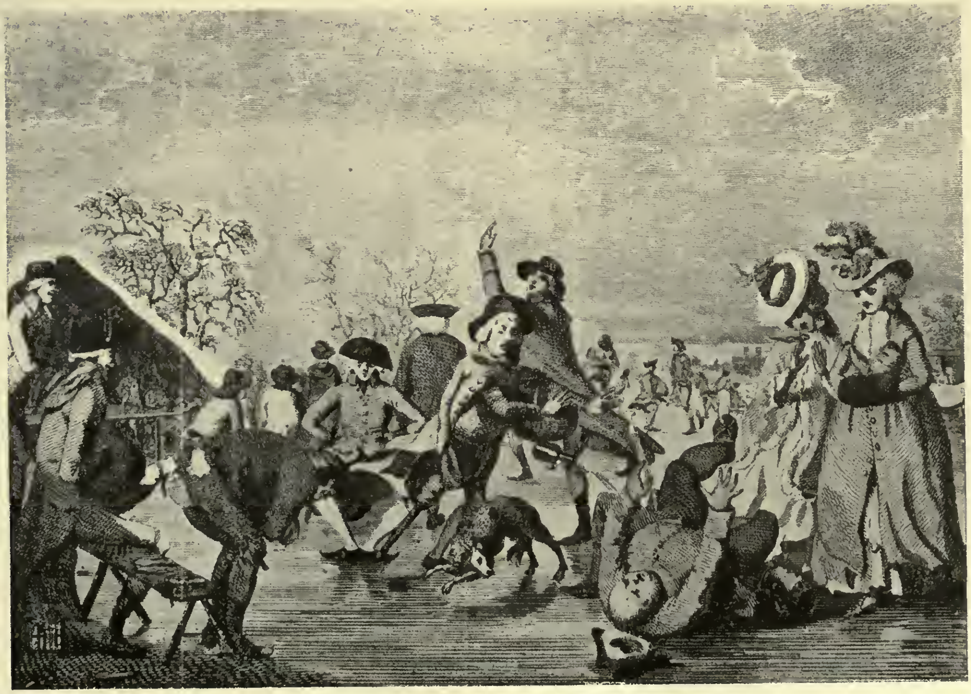

Fig. 77.—Skating Scene in Hyde Park.
Rowlandscn, 1784.

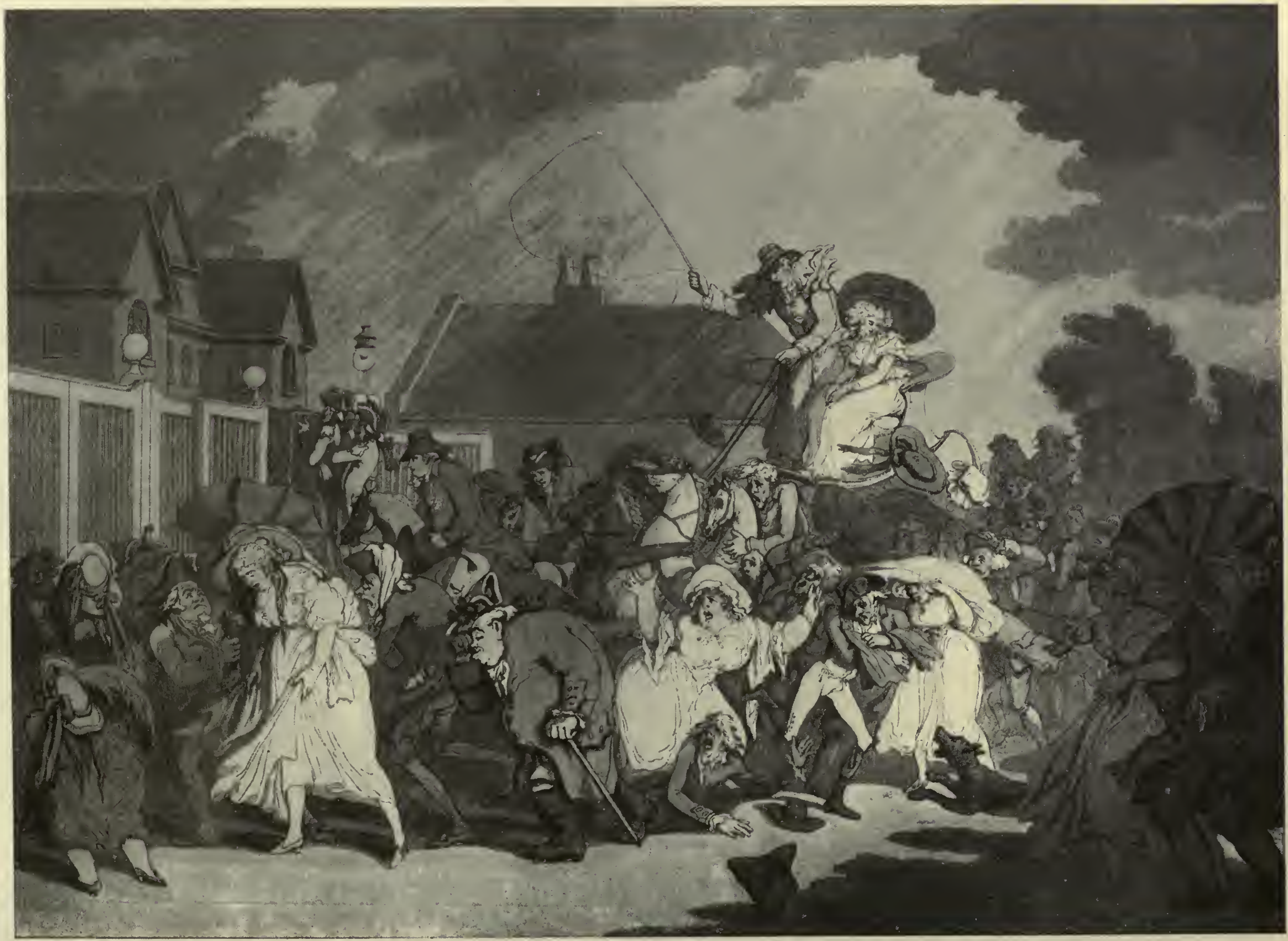

FIG. 78.—A SUDDEN SQUALL IN HYDE PARK.

Rowlandson, 1791.

undergo the cruel ordeal of being 'baited.' Regattas on the Thames (Fig. 79) also drew their spectators from the leisured classes, as well as from the citizens, at a later day; the first ever held taking place, with great *éclat*, on 23rd June 1775; while on certain occasions, in 1778–9 for instance, the frozen river drew its thousands to one of those great frost-fairs (Fig. 76) at which every sort of amusement was provided on an unaccustomed area. The Serpentine in Hyde Park (Fig. 77) on such occasions also provided skating facilities for large and fashionable crowds, keen as the winter frost to obtain the utmost enjoyment from that pastime so rarely seen in London nowadays.

Although the distinctions of rank were very rigidly preserved, and the upper classes thought so little of those in a lower strata, that all sorts of things were said and done before servants, on the principle, as one lady is said to have remarked, that "these creatures understand nothing of our amours, or our manners, or our language. One can say anything before them,"[1] yet in the pursuit of pleasure and recreation, they were found curiously mixed, and although a lady considered her maid and men-servants hardly of the same flesh and blood as herself, she would often be seen cheek by jowl with them at shows of all kinds. Many of the latter aped their masters and mistresses not only in their dress but also in their manners and diversions, and with the knowledge they possessed, through the outspoken daring of their employers, must often have had a hold over them, which ensured no inconsiderable independence. Their wages were indifferent, the rooms they occupied were of the most exiguous, but their perquisites were large, and the custom of giving 'vails' was carried to such an extent, that they could, relying on such emoluments, afford to disregard the smallness of their fixed stipends or the indifference of their accommodation.

In the theatres there was certainly a rigid barrier fixed between the '*ton*' and the classes below it. The pit and the gallery were filled with the latter, and these as often gave noisy judgment on a play (there was some reason for this when the critics took to the pit) as did the fine gentlemen from the boxes. Pope speaks of

"The many-headed monster of the Pit,
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,"

and there is no doubt that plays in those days were not listened to with the decent composure of our own time.

The state of the lowest section of London's populace at this period, was one of much unruliness, and therefore, considering the indifference of the guardianship of the peace, of no little power. If the famous Mohocks and Hawkabites were not drawn from this class, at least it provided its quota of the disturbing element, in other directions: the orgies in the east end, particularly in the region of the Docks; the riots that so frequently disturbed the Strand and even penetrated to the sedate purlieus of Westminster, from the political Mug-House riots to the band that once projected robbing Majesty itself when on its way from the City to St. James's. Any small occasion was sufficient for the mob to assert, or try to assert, its supremacy, and the watch was but a poor defence to such unexpected and often formidable gatherings. Hence it was that the military were called out on all sorts of occasions which would now be dealt with promptly by a few police constables. There were glimmerings then of the trade unionism that was to come later, and if the strike as a weapon was not known, the riotous assemblies and the presenting of petitions, were but ill-organised efforts towards this end. The very amusements of the masses often degenerated into such outbursts, and a small spark was sufficient to set a seemingly harmless assembly in a blaze. Such things occurred not only in the east end resorts, but were not unknown at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Rough mob-justice was meted out, and if the crowd thought fit, women as wel as men were carried to a convenient ducking-pond, or otherwise maltreated.

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[1] Madame de Staël, it will be remembered, made a somewhat similar remark.

Although much of this kind of thing arose from special reasons such as disorganisation of trade, dissatisfaction with employment or remuneration, or through the handiwork of agitators who saw in such events as the Westminster Election or the Gordon Riots, opportunities to run amok and carry the gullable crowd with them, much was done in the mere excess of animal spirits, and may be regarded as a form of amusement bred on beer and heightened by gin; for if the 18th century worked hard it also really enjoyed its pleasures in that full-blooded way which seems to have been a throw back, through the duller routine of intervening years, to the massive broadness of the pleasures of Tudor days.

Arising out of the love of distraction and the delight in shows of all kinds, during the 18th century, various centres came to be consecrated to systematically organised pleasure. These were as the sands of the sea, in London and its environs.

VAUXHALL

The two outstanding examples of the former were, of course, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, or Spring Gardens as it was called during its earlier career. Indeed, in the history of these two centres of pleasure, the social life of the period may be said to be reflected in all its facets.

Vauxhall was situated to the north of what is now Harleyford Road. Roughly, its boundaries were, on the south, Upper Kennington Lane; on the west, Goding Street; on the east, St. Oswald's Place; and on the north, Leopold Street. Its grounds extended to about twelve acres; and it first comes into prominence as a pleasure resort at the time of the Restoration, being opened about 1661, under the name of the New Spring Garden. The prefix seems to have been used to distinguish it from an existing Spring Garden in the neighbourhood, as is evidenced by an entry of Pepys under date of 29th August 1662, and not in reference to the Spring Garden at Charing Cross as has sometimes been supposed.

During its earlier day, the place had quite an unsophisticated air. Roses could be culled from natural hedges, nightingales sang there, as Swift records

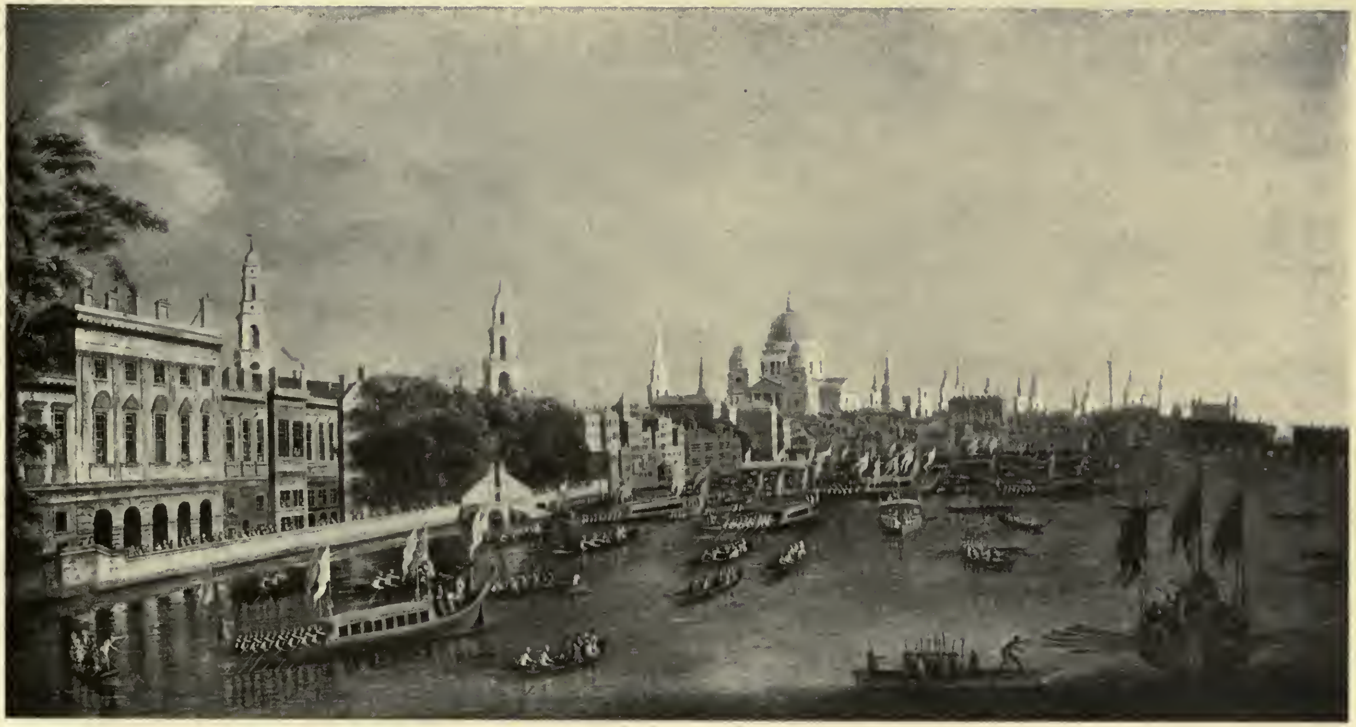
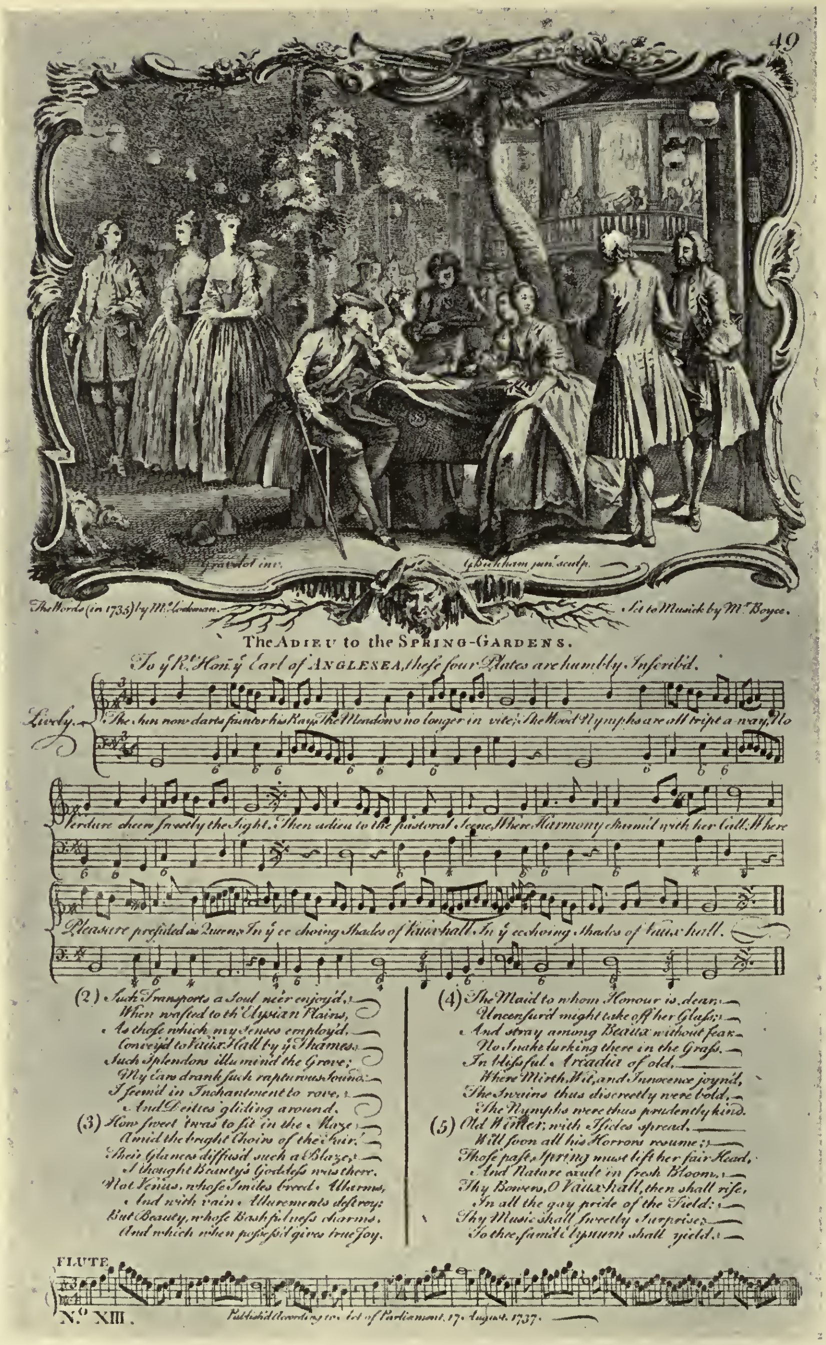


FIG. 79.—A WATER PAGEANT ON THE THAMES.

From the original oil painting, school of Scott.


49
Gravelot inv.
G. Bickham jun. sculp.
Lively.
The Sun now darts fainter his Ray, The Meadows no longer invite; The Wood Nymphs are all tript a way, No
Verdure cheers ſweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the paſtoral Scene, Where Harmony charm'd with her Call, Where
Pleaſure preſided as Queen, In yͤ ecchoing Shades of Vaux hall. In yͤ ecchoing Shades of Vaux hall.
FLUTE

The Words (in 1735) by Mr. Lockman. Set to Muſick by Mr. Boyce.

The ADIEU to the SPRING-GARDENS.

To yͤ Rt. Honble yͤ Earl of ANGLESEA, theſe four Plates are humbly Inſcrib'd.

(2) Such Tranſports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,
When wafted to th' Elyſian Plains,
As thoſe which my Senſes employ'd,
Convey'd to Vaux Hall by yͤ Thames.
Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove;
My Ears drank ſuch rapturous Sound:
I ſeem'd in Inchantment to rove,
And Deities gliding around.
(3) How ſweet 'twas to ſit in the Maze
Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!
Their Glances diffus'd ſuch a Blaze,
I thought Beauty's Goddeſs was there.
Not Venus, whoſe Smiles breed Alarms,
And with vain Allurements deſtroy:
But Beauty, whoſe Baſhfulneſs charms,
And which when poſseſs'd gives true Joy.

(4) The Maid to whom Honour is dear,
Uncenſur'd might take off her Glaſs;
And ſtray among Beaux without fear,
No Snake lurking there in the Graſs.
In bliſsful Arcadia of old,
Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joyn'd,
The Swains thus diſcreetly were bold,
The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.
(5) Old Winter, with Iſicles ſpread,
Will ſoon all his Horrors reſume;
Thoſe paſt, Spring muſt lift her fair Head,
And Nature exult in freſh Bloom.
Thy Bowers, O Vaux hall, then ſhall riſe,
In all the gay pride of the Field:
Thy Muſic ſhall ſweetly Surpriſe;
To thee, fam'd Elyſium ſhall yield.

Nº XIII. Publiſh'd According to Act of Parliament, 17 Auguſt 1737.

FIG. 80.—"THE ADIEU TO THE SPRING GARDENS."
Being a contemporary Song, with a view of Spring Gardens.
By Gravelot, 1737.

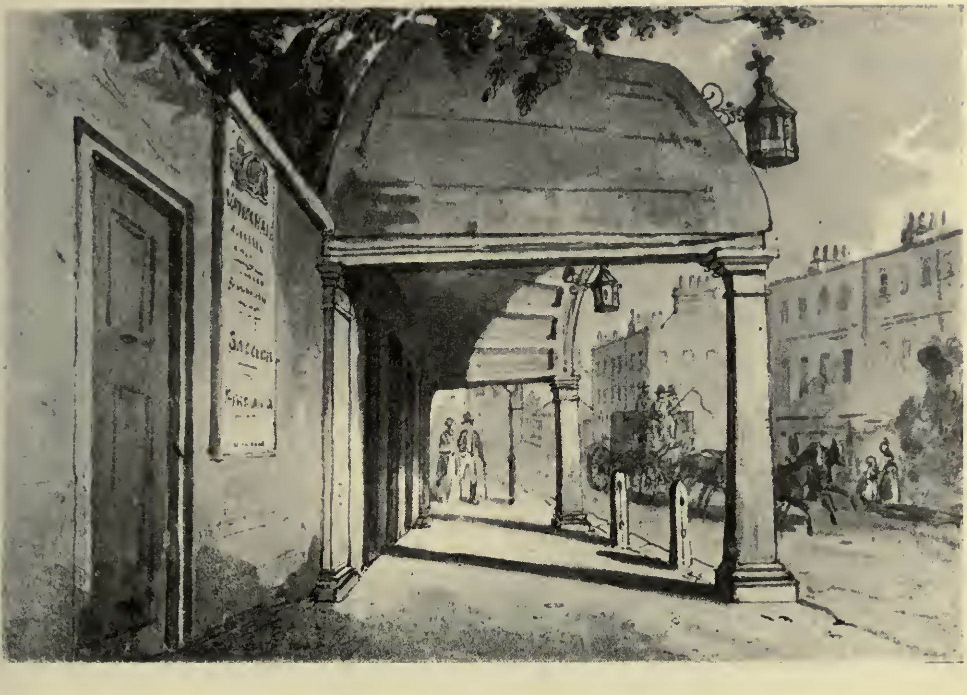


FIG. 81.—ENTRANCE TO VAUXHALL GARDENS.

From a drawing by Findlay, 1780.

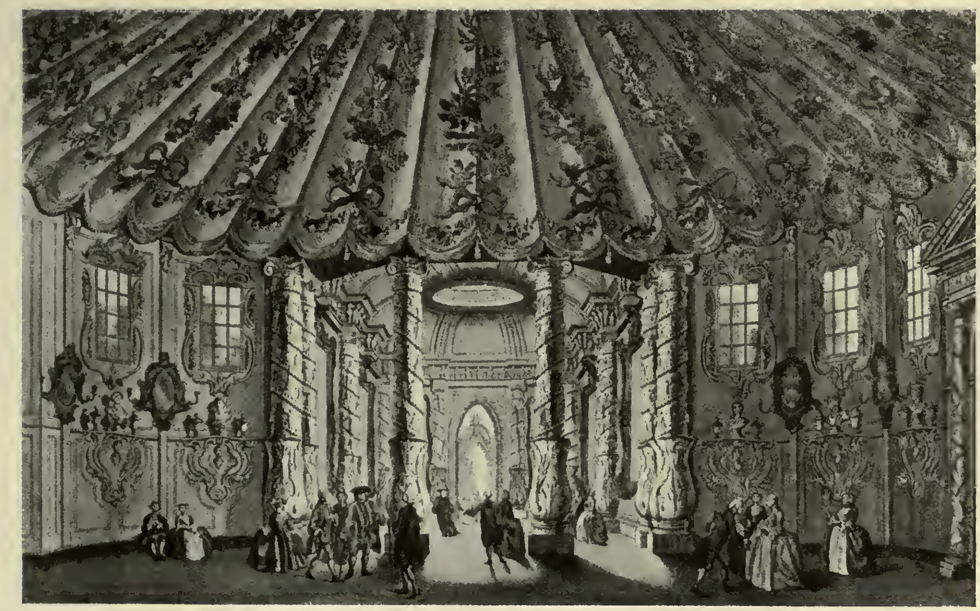


FIG. 82.—"INSIDE OF THE ELEGANT MUSIC-ROOM IN VAUXHALL GARDENS."

S. Wale, 1751.

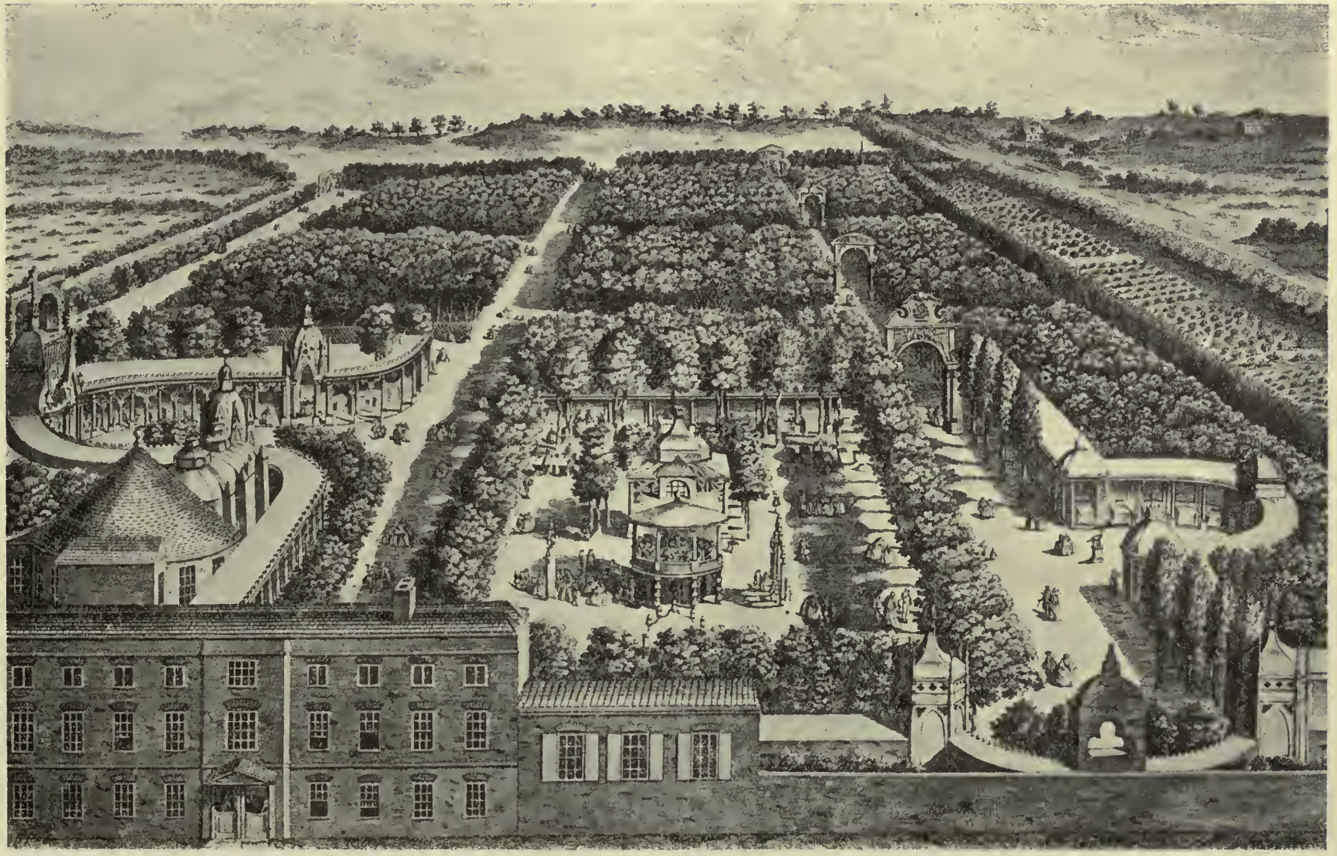


Fig. 83.—A General Prospect of Vauxhall Gardens.

S. Wale, 1751.

in his journal to Stella; cherries could be eaten off the trees. At that time there was no charge for admission, the proprietor, as was generally the custom in the early days of such establishments, relying for a return on the profits of the drinks and eatables purchased. Then the only artificial object in the garden seems to have been the owner's house. The place had a great vogue, and is often referred to in contemporary literature, from the pages of Evelyn and Pepys to those of Sedley and Tom Brown.

In the early years of the 18th century it began to grow still more popular, and in consequence, more sophisticated. The famous visit of Addison and Sir Roger de Coverley, as recorded in No. 383 of the *Spectator*, shows very clearly that it had (1712) become the haunt of the Cyprians (to use a later Georgian term) of the town, and Sir Roger is found animadverting on the fact. Even the nightingales had fled before the incursion.

A dozen years later Spring Gardens is referred to, in a new guide to London, as one of the sights of the city, but it was hardly a place *virginibus puerisque*, and it found its mentor in the well-known Jonathan Tyers (the present Tyers Street running through its site perpetuates his name) who, in 1728, obtained a lease of the ground, and subsequently purchased the property. Tyers set himself thoroughly to reorganise the Gardens, and in 1732 opened them with what he was pleased to term a Ridotto-al-fresco. The admission to this fête was limited by the charge being one guinea, and not more than four hundred people were present. So successful was this début, that it was repeated several times during the same summer. Later the admission was fixed at one shilling, but season tickets were obtainable, the badges of which were of silver, some of them being designed by Hogarth. At first these tickets were a guinea for two people; later (1742), the price rose to twenty-five shillings, and in 1748 to two guineas.

Vauxhall, as we may call it for short, was differentiated from Ranelagh, by the fact that it was purely a summer resort, whereas its Chelsea counterpart was largely patronised during the winter. Indeed, although an orchestra with an organ was built by Tyers during the early days of his reign, it was not till 1758 that an enclosed concert room, in the Gothic style, was erected. To instrumental music succeeded vocal concerts, and Mrs. Arne, Reinold, and Thomas Lowe charmed the habitués, among whom was frequently to be seen Frederick, Prince of Wales. It was, in fact, in honour of this distinguished patron, that Tyers built the 'Prince's Pavilion' at the west end of the Gardens, facing the orchestra. In this 'Mahometan Paradise' as Addison terms it, Prince Fritz and a bevy of beauties and courtiers would come from Norfolk House or Leicester Fields or Kew (if from there, by water, with music attending), to stroll about the Gardens and listen to the concord of sweet sounds which the place afforded. Artificiality had become rampant, and there were no more natural roses to be picked from the hedges than there were natural roses on the faces of the beauties that thronged in the wake of the royal progress.

There seems to have been little of selectness at Vauxhall. It was a rendezvous for all classes, hence its popularity perhaps, and the wonder—even affection—with which it is referred to in contemporary literature. 'Elysium,' 'Eden,' 'Paradise' were the words with which our ancestors from the beginning of the 18th century to the beginning of the 19th,[1] described what we should regard now, I suspect, as a very ordinary affair. But in those days people were satisfied with looking at each other and drinking tea, and talking scandal, and a very little extraneous entertainment went a very long way. Some of the sentiments which its frequenters held towards Vauxhall are expressed in Lockman's song "Adieu to the Spring Gardens," which he wrote in 1735 (Fig. 80).

The account of Vauxhall in *England's Gazetteer* for 1751, shows that even so solemn a publication could be enthusiastic—almost poetic—over the wonders it contained: "This is the place," it remarks, "where are those so-called Spring Gardens, laid out in so grand a taste that they are frequented in the three summer months by most of the nobility and gentry then in and near London. . . . Here are fine pavilions, shady groves, and most delightful walks, illuminated by about one thousand lamps, so disposed that they all take fire together, almost as quick as lightning, and cast such a sudden blaze as is perfectly surprising. Here are, among others, two curious statues of Apollo, the god, and Mr. Handel, the master of musick, and in the centre of the area, where the walks terminate, is erected the temple for the musicians, which is encompassed all round with handsome seats, decorated with pleasant panellings, on subjects most happily adapted to the Season, place and company."

There is unmistakable evidence that Ranelagh, in course of time, was proving a strong competitor to the older place of amusement, and even in 1744, Horace Walpole says that nobody goes anywhere else; but Vauxhall had the advantage during the summer months, for the usual method of reaching it was by water, and boat-loads of citizens, to be reinforced by the Templars as they went westward and joined the *ton* which embarked between Charing Cross and Chelsea, set down their burdens at the place where to-day nobody goes but to see Surrey disport itself at the Oval. Notwithstanding the superior attractions of its rival, Vauxhall seems to have held its own. Walpole, writing in 1746, tells how its trees and basins of goldfish (as we know, he kept goldfish himself, as witness Gray's famous poem) inspire him. In the same year he tells Montagu how "The Duke (of Cumberland) gave his ball last night to Peggy Baube . . . I saw the company get into their barges at Whitehall Stairs, as I was going myself, and just then passed by two City Companies in their great barges, who had been swan-hopping. They laid by and played, 'God save our noble King,' and all together it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall, there were assembled about five-and-twenty hundred people, besides crowds without," the entrance which Findlay shows us in his drawing (Fig. 81).

It would appear that there was equal difficulty in reaching Vauxhall by road. Hear what Walpole writes to Montagu in 1769: "There was what

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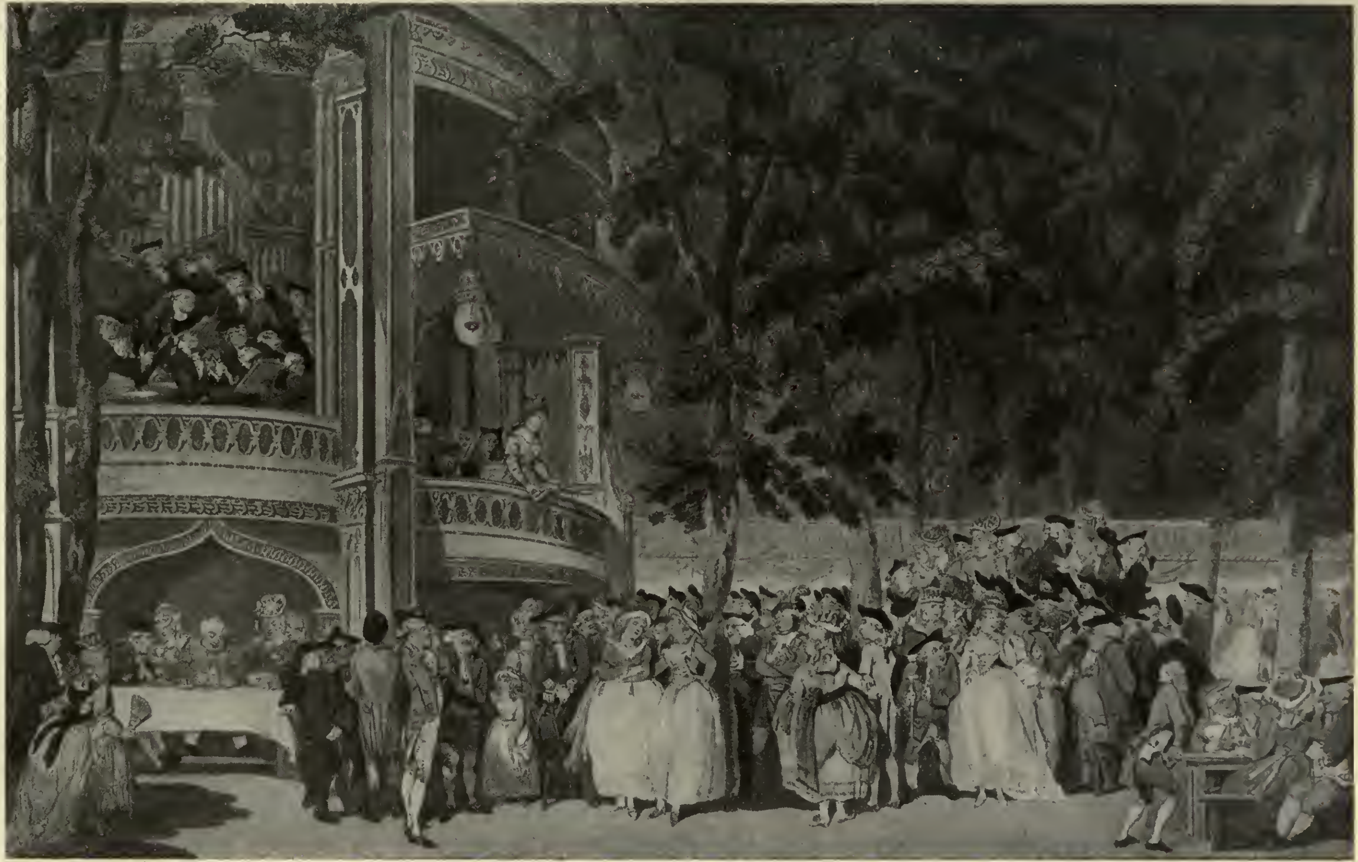
[1] See the *Stranger in England*, by Goede, 1807.



Boswell.
Dr. Johnson.
Mrs. Thrale.
Oliver Goldsmith.
Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.
Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.
George IV. as Prince of Wales.

FIG. 84.—VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Mme. Weischel singing to a distinguished company.

Rowlandson.

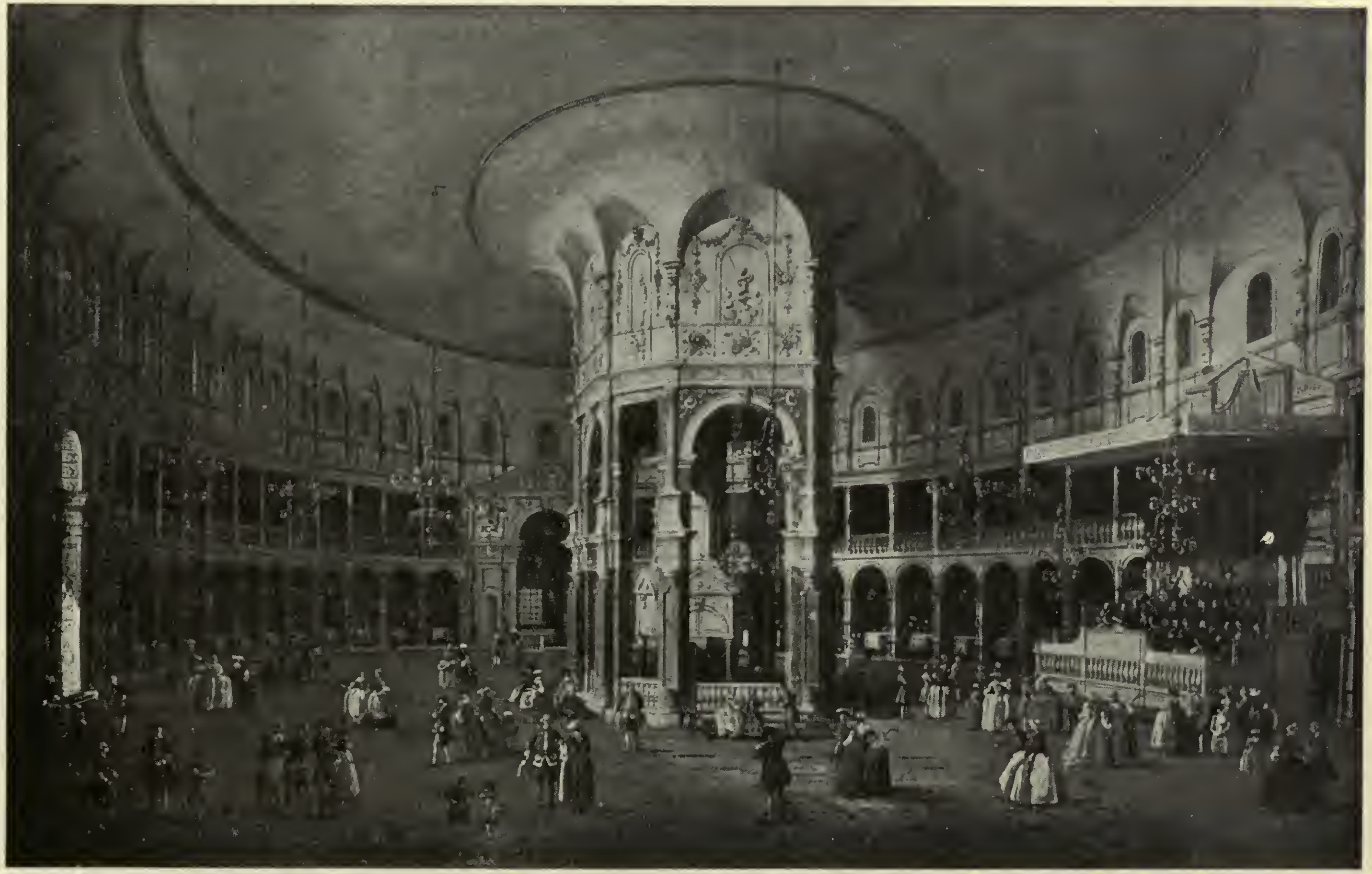


FIG. 85.—RANELAGH GARDENS.
Interior of the Rotunda.

From the original painting by Canaletto.

they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which one paid half a guinea, though, excepting some thousand wire lamps and a covered passage all round the garden which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock. The tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious that it was half an hour after time before we got half-way to Westminster Bridge. We then alighted, and after scrambling under the bellies of horses, through wheels and over posts and rails, we reached the gardens, where were already many thousand persons. . . . We walked twice round, and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow, for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the *vestimenta* that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away."

That Walpole was one of the regular habitués is proved by innumerable references to the place in his *Letters* including the famous and much quoted description of Lady Caroline Petersham's party, when they minced chickens in a china bowl, and were waited on by Betty, the fruit girl of St. James's Street, who had come with them, laden with strawberries and cherries from Rogers's.

In the pages of Smollett (*Humphrey Clinker*) and Goldsmith (*The Citizen of the World*) and elsewhere, will be found descriptions of Vauxhall; of the difficulty in landing at the river stairs owing to the crowd of boats; of the sentimental songs that charmed the frequenters of the gardens; of the cascade which, at the sound of a bell, drew them in hurrying crowds to see this fictitious imitation of nature, which in its natural setting would probably have left them as cold as the ices they eat under the trees. In due course the supper-boxes became crowded, those supper-boxes which at a later day were so intimately associated with the famous Sedley-Osborne party and the doings of the immortal 'Jos.' East and West met here with equal delight—the Macaroni from St. James's Street in the hopes of seeing and perhaps becoming acquainted with a blooming City miss; that blooming miss in anticipation of making a conquest of some fine gentleman with clouded cane and amber-headed snuff-box; the citizen's wife wishing to be in the fashion; the citizen himself often because he was ready to obtain a quiet life at the risk of a cold.

In a description of the gardens published by S. Hooper in 1762, a list of the provisions obtainable there is given, and from it one learns that you could get a dish of beef for 1s.; a chicken for 2s. 6d.; or a plate of the famous thinly-cut ham for 1s. In the early days there was a special Ham Room, where you were traditionally supposed to be able to read a newspaper through a slice of the viand, the handiwork of the carver who once wagered that he would cover the whole garden with the produce of a single joint. The tenuity of the chickens was equal to that of the slices of ham, and the fact is recorded in the *Connoisseur* for May 1755, out of the mouth of Mr. Rose, the old citizen. The more solid portions of the meal could be washed down by Burgundy at 6s., champagne at 8s., claret at 5s., or 'old Hock with or without sugar' at the same price a bottle, while a quart of Arrack—the famous rack punch, which in later days proved the undoing of Jos Sedley, was to be obtained for 8s., although in his time it had become dearer—costlier in every way.

The well-known print entitled "A General Prospect of Vauxhall Gardens," published in 1751, and here reproduced (Fig. 83) will give a sufficient idea of the place, and will obviate the necessity of a laboured description which is further superfluous, because of Mr. Austin Dobson's excellent topographical account of them.[1] There, may be seen the Grand Walk and the South Walk, and the Grand Cross Walk, and the trees screening the suggestive Lovers' Walk, with the more outlying 'Wilderness' and 'Rural Downs.'

It may well be imagined that in such a period, and with such opportunities, it was difficult to keep Vauxhall either select or even very decent, and owing to complaints Tyers was obliged to rail off (1763) some of those dark alleys which lent themselves more particularly to unruly conduct.

In addition to the stand for the orchestra, the sinuous colonnades, the innumerable arches and other *agrémens*, the gardens were studded with statues: among them Milton in lead (probably the work of Cheere) dominated the Rural Downs, and at night was illuminated; Handel (by Roubillac) stood in various positions from 1738 to 1818, when it was finally taken away.

But one of the chief features of the place was the Rotunda (Fig. 82), not on the vast scale of that at Ranelagh, but still sufficiently impressive, and even more elaborate than its rival, although the profane nicknamed it 'The Umbrella.' Here were held those concerts in which the tender strains of Dr. Arne and the now forgotten compositions of Dr. Morgan (the organist attached to the place) were heard, and in which such singers as Thomas Lowe, Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Burchell, and Mrs. Vincent charmed their audiences.

When Jonathan Tyers died in 1767, he was succeeded in the management of Vauxhall by his two sons—Thomas (the 'Tom' Tyers of Dr. Johnson's friendly notice) and Jonathan. The former sold his interest in the place to his brother's family in 1785, the latter then becoming sole manager till his death seven years later. During the remaining portion of the 18th century, the Gardens seem to have kept their hold on public favour. Indeed, the tendency to stay there later increased, and it was not uncommon for the entertainments to be prolonged till the early hours of the following morning.

Such well-known singers as Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Merchsell, Miss Wewitzer, Mrs. Hudson, Mr. Wrightson, and others, sang favourite songs or ballads expressly composed for them by James Hook, who, in 1774, was appointed organist and composer to Vauxhall. Catches and glees were also heard here, and often the company would start these themselves, or join in those sung by the professional vocalists. In Rowlandson's famous drawing of Vauxhall (Fig. 84) Mme. Weischel is seen singing to a typically distinguished company including the famous 'Doctor' who, with Boswell, and his friend Mrs. Thrale, appears as one might expect, to be displaying a great deal more interest in the epicurean resources of the management than in either the distinguished company or the entertainment of the musical performers.

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[1] *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, 1st series.

The conduct of the frequenters was often as rowdy as it had been in early days, and young ladies who ventured into the dark walks, unaccompanied by men, were liable to insult, as is proved not only by the daily newspapers, but also by the pages of Fielding and Fanny Burney and other writers. Quarrels arising out of such incidents, or from other causes, were not of infrequent occurrence, and a pamphlet entitled *The Vauxhall Affray, or the Macaronis defeated*, 1773, described one of the most famous of these encounters, when the Rev. Sir Henry Bate—the 'fighting parson' and one time editor of the *Morning Post*—came into collision with a Mr. Fitzgerald and his friend Captain Miles. The last day of each season was generally regarded as an occasion for various excesses, and a good deal of damage seems sometimes to have been done by young men flushed with wine, who broke the glasses and lamps, and generally played havoc until overpowered.

In 1786, the Vauxhall Jubilee was held, and a beautiful admittance card for the occasion, engraved in the Bartolozzi manner, and signed by Jonathan Tyers, is in existence. With the closing years of the 18th century its interest for us, here, ends. Its existence was prolonged till 1859, but its hey-day had then long passed. During the early years of the 19th century it had its vogue, but the days of its greatness were in those more spacious and decorative times when the gay world which Chesterfield led, in which the Gunnings reigned, and which Walpole chronicled, disported itself in the umbrageous groves which have to-day given place to the dreary streets of houses surrounding the spot where cricket is played in the midst of London's millions.

RANELAGH

Chelsea Hospital is to-day one of the places which recall to Londoners the life of an earlier time. Its buildings, evolved so gracefully by Wren's magic genius, and the peaceful air that reigns about them, are sentient of a day before a stressful century began its headlong career of devouring energy and improvement. But it is, after all, something of a false air that is recalled by its dignified calm, for, as a matter of fact, part of the grounds on the east side cover the site of what was, in the 18th century, one of the most strenuous centres of activity—the activity of pleasure, that is to say. For here were the famous Ranelagh Gardens, where all sorts and conditions of people met together; where the fashion of the day sported itself; where the citizen and his family aped that fashion; where the lover lost his heart to a pair of blue eyes or his purse to a pair of nimble hands; where a royal Duke elbowed his shopkeeper, or a royal mistress disdainfully regarded many a humbler but honester woman.

The origin and rise to popular favour of this resort, which resumes in itself the more decorative side of the period, was in this wise. After the death of the Earl of Ranelagh, in 1712, the house he had erected on this spot remained empty till 1733, when it was sold to Lacy, of Drury Lane, whose object was to open it as a place of public resort, as a rival to Vauxhall. It was not, however, till eight years later, that a definite move towards this object was made by the erection, in the grounds, of that building designed by William Jones, the architect, which was to become famous as the 'Rotunda' (Fig. 85). When it was completed it became the theme of the paragraphist and the guide-book compiler. It was 555 feet in circumference, and the interior diameter was 150 feet. The roof was supported in the centre by a square erection with pillars, and in the space between these the orchestra originally sat; later, however, it was moved, and a huge fireplace was constructed here, enabling Ranelagh to be patronised in the winter as well as the summer. Around the area were two tiers of fifty-two boxes, each capable of holding as many as eight people, and provided with lamps and other decorations, including 'droll-pictures.' The lower tier was on the ground floor, and its boxes were open to the area, thus giving them the appearance of alcoves. Seats were placed about the centre of the arena, and between the lower boxes was ample space for the fashionable habitués and others to promenade. The whole of the interior was elaborately decorated and gilded, and, from the ceiling, which was painted an olive green colour and across a part of which a rainbow was represented, hung innumerable chandeliers suspended by long ropes from the roof. Four Doric porticoes gave entrance to the building, and sixty windows above the boxes afforded light. After the removal of the orchestra from the centre, it was placed in a stand specially constructed for it at the side, and behind it an organ, built by Byfield, and in 1770 presided over by Dr. Burney, was set up in 1746. No description of the building can bring it so well before the mind's eye as do the representations of it which the great Canaletto and the ingenious Bowles have left us, and we can here see (Figs. 85, 86, and 87) how stately and impressive the place really was. When all the lights were blazing, the floor crowded by the picturesquely dressed crowd of that period, the music giving forth its dulcet sounds, the flash of eyes and the glitter of jewels, the *tout ensemble* must indeed have been striking, and we cannot wonder that the great man in his snuff-stained suit with his seamed face, whose personality dominates the period, but who must have looked strangely out of place among the Walpoles and Chesterfields and Herveys, could say with his habitual conviction, that the *coup d'œil* of Ranelagh was the finest thing he had ever seen. One likes to think that into the habitually depressed and essentially sad soul of the great lexicographer, Ranelagh could bring 'an expansion and gay sensation,' and we must all, I think, feel under an obligation to it for doing so much, even if Johnson did feel forced to add that it was

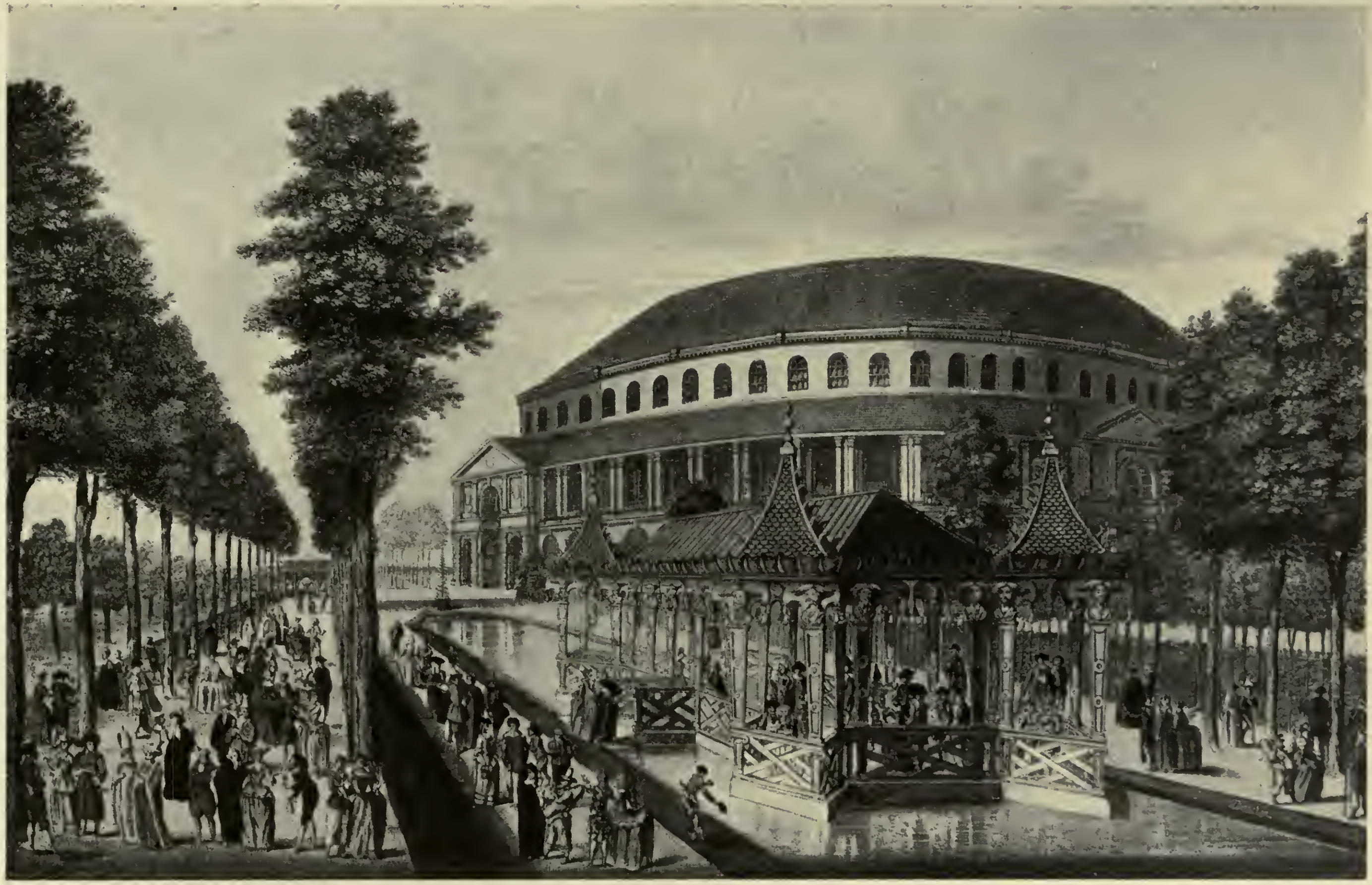

FIG. 86.—RANELAGH.

"The Chinese House, the Rotunda, and the Company in the Masquerade."

From a coloured print by Bowles.

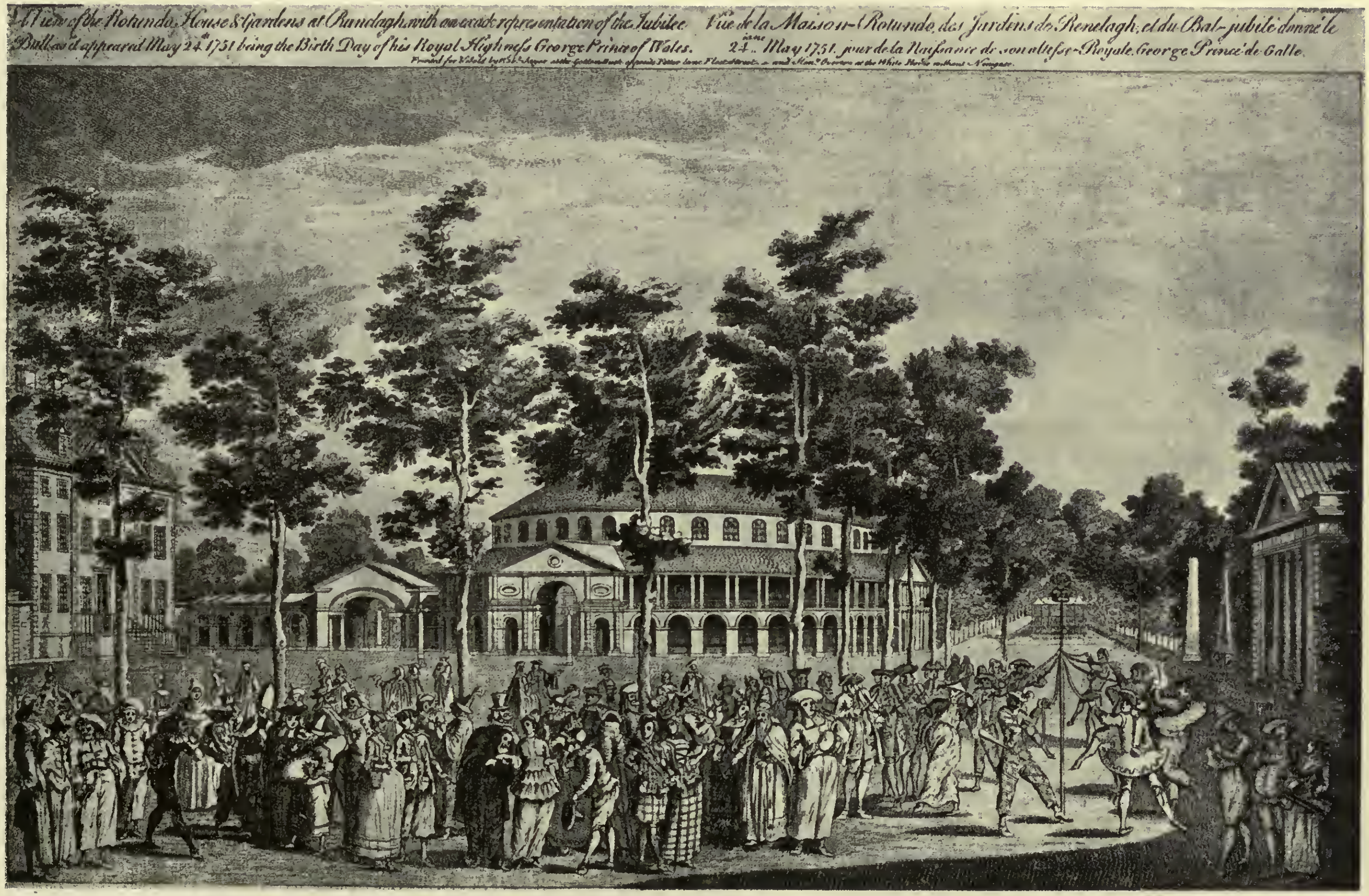
A View of the Rotunda House & Gardens at Ranelagh with an exact representation of the Jubilee Ball as it appeared May 24th 1751 being the Birth Day of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales.
Vüe de la Maison (Rotunde, des Jardins de Renelagh; et du Bal-jubilé donné le 24ème May 1751. jour de la Naissance de son altesse-Royale George Prince de Galle.

FIG. 87.—RANELAGH.
Rotunda, House, and Gardens as they appeared on 24th May 1751, birthday of George, Prince of Wales.

Canaletto.

after all but 'a struggle for happiness.' The exterior of the Rotunda (Figs. 86 and 87) was hardly commensurate with its interior; but it was adequate, and the encircling arcade and gallery gave a redeeming touch to what might otherwise have been rather monotonous. When the enthusiasts likened it to the Pantheon at Rome, we may forgive the exaggeration by remembering that novelty often deadens criticism.

But the Rotunda was by no means the only object of interest in the gardens. There was the Chinese House, built in the middle of a long narrow sheet of water, which may be seen in Bowles's well-known view (Fig. 86). There were, too, innumerable alleys and alcoves, and those sylvan grottos and accessories which a sophisticated century loved to borrow from an earlier and more natural day. In addition, Lord Ranelagh's original residence was allowed to remain intact till the year 1805, when it was pulled down, and was put to use as an accessory to the newer buildings erected around it. Ranelagh provided subjects for almost all the leading artists of the day, including Hogarth, whose famous picture shows the Grove leading to Lord Ranelagh's house and grounds (Fig. 88).

Among the few shareholders, whom Lacy had taken in with himself in the new venture was that (Long) Sir Thomas Robinson, whose name is as familiar to us, in the memoirs and letters of the period, as was his gigantic form to frequenters of the new place of amusement, and who had his home conveniently close by, in Prospect Place.

Ranelagh was formally opened on 5th April 1742, by a public breakfast, and the place seems at once to have become an unqualified success. One has only to open any book of the period, whether it be a diary or a novel, to find enthusiastic allusions to what remained a topic of talk and a favourite recreation ground for practically the best part of a century. Readers of Smollett will remember how Lydia Melford, in *Humphrey Clinker*, declares that "Ranelagh looks like the enchanted palace of a genie," and there are plenty of other equally enthusiastic comments to be found in the mouths of other figments of the contemporary novelist's fancy. But it is, as usual, to Horace Walpole, that we go for the most vivid and illuminating references to Ranelagh. Walpole was nothing if not in the movement, and he was as determined to be as *au courant* with the latest tea garden as with the latest political move, or the last scandal of the week. Thus it is natural to find him writing to Mann on 22nd April 1742 with a remark on the new *divertissement*. Says he: "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, and Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast ampitheatre, finely gilt, painted and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, swearing, and crowding, is admitted for twelve pence. The building and disposition of the Garden cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be ridottos at guinea tickets for which you are to have a supper and music." After this opening reference, Ranelagh bulks largely in the incomparable letters, especially those addressed to Mann, in his gilded slavery at Florence.

Notwithstanding the royal favour which Ranelagh obtained at the very beginning of its career, it does not seem to have been always so successful as might have been supposed ; or perhaps Walpole was too critical, and, of course, weather conditions naturally affected it. In any case, we find this in another letter to Mann (7th July 1742). "I am going to a masquerade at the Ranelagh amphitheatre ; the King is fond of it, and has pressed people to go : but I don't find that it will be full." Apparently it was not, for in a later letter (14th July) Walpole has to confess that "it was miserable ; there were but an hundred men, six women, and two shepherdesses. The King liked it—and that he might not be known, they had dressed him a box with red damask !" A more interesting allusion comes a fortnight later, when Walpole took his father there. "I carried Sir Robert the other night to Ranelagh for the first time ; my uncle's prudence or fear would never let him go before. It was pretty full, and all its fullness flocked round us : we walked with a train at our heels, like two chairmen going to fight."

The place where all the fashion of the day went, was naturally the place where one would be likely to discover fashion's best chronicler, and we are not surprised to find Walpole telling Conway (29th June 1744) that "Every night constantly I go to Ranelagh which has totally beaten Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else—everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you have never seen it, I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten pumice—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or a Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal ; there is from His Grace of Grafton down to the children out of the Foundling Hospital—from Milady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin."

Besides the world of London from the West to the East which disported itself at Ranelagh, there was not a foreigner of distinction who came to England who was not carried there. In 1746 the Prince of Hesse was on a visit to these shores, and we find him going to Ranelagh and supping there ; and later, on 5th June 1746 (the day Walpole writes to Montagu), the royal visitor is to be at a masquerade in the Rotunda. On a subsequent occasion, the Prince met with an accident when on his way back ; says Walpole (to Montagu, on 5th August 1746) "he was nearly drowned t'other night going from Ranelagh to Vauxhall by a politeness of Lord Carteret, who, stepping on the side of the boat to lend his arm, overset it, and both fell into the water up to their chins."

The very popularity of the place seems to have made it, as Walpole sometimes calls it, 'disagreeable.' The crowd of coaches was so great, and their progress so slow, that often the occupants were obliged to wait interminably before being set down : one night in May 1748, Walpole himself had a stop of thirty-six minutes before his carriage could proceed, and this was by no means a solitary experience. Naturally such *désagrémens* occurred chiefly when there was some special ridotto or masquerade, such as, for instance, that described by Walpole to Mann in a letter dated 3rd May 1749: "The next day was what we called 'a jubilee-masquerade in the jubilee manner' at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to Court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a Maypole dance with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the gardens; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the Mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags, and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, etc., and all the shop-keepers in masks. The amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too, were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be, once more, and probably as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, people will go in their rich habits."

The charge for admission to Ranelagh varied from one shilling to half a crown, but on special firework nights, was fixed at three shillings; for masquerades there were specially priced tickets at from half a guinea to two guineas. The ordinary prices included what was called a 'regale' of tea or coffee and bread and butter, which was, except on special nights, all the refreshment provided, and gave Foote the opportunity of describing the place as "The Bread & Butter Manufactory." The usual days of admission were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, but it seems that the Gardens were actually open every evening, and during the day, a shilling entrance fee enabled any one to walk round the place and view its wonders. The Rotunda, after it had been properly heated by the erection of the central stove, was often used during the winter, but the grounds were not regularly opened till from about Easter to the end of the summer. After the May of 1742, evening concerts were given, beginning at six-thirty, which proved a very successful innovation.

Much of the enjoyment of the place seems to have consisted in walking in the circular promenade of the Rotunda, one part of the company, to use Matthew Bramble's words, "following one another's tails in an eternal circle, like asses in an olive mill, while the other half are drinking hot water under the denomination of tea." Our ancestors were satisfied with very little, so long as they could dress gaily, talk gossip, and look at one another, and there is little doubt that the general atmosphere of the place was a dull one. However, every one went. Even Queen Charlotte, according to Walpole,[1] was 'so gay' that she visited Ranelagh in September 1761.

Seven years later, the King of Denmark, being on a visit to this country, not only went, but specially commanded a masquerade which, says Walpole, "the Bishops will call giving an earthquake," in allusion to certain episcopal fulminations against Ranelagh and its morals. Again in 1771, he writes (to Lord Stafford—20th June), "Ranelagh, they tell us, is full of foreign dukes. There is a Duc de la Tremouille, and Duc d'Aremburg, and other grandees." Indeed the place bulks largely in the pages of those foreigners who came to England during the 18th century, and left records of their experiences: Grosley, Kilmansegge, de Saussure, and the rest.

As the years went on the habit of taking one's pleasure at an increasingly late hour, showed itself here and elsewhere. "It is the fashion," writes Walpole to Mason (18th June 1777), "now to go to Ranelagh two hours after it is over. You may not believe this, but it is literal. The music ends at ten, the Company go at twelve"; and in 1782, he repeats this, but then states that the music ends at ten-thirty, and that the Company set out for it, over a mile away, at eleven or later. This habit is confirmed by "Harlequin at Ranelagh," in the *London Magazine* for 1774, who adds that the visitors "stare about them for half an hour, laugh at the other fools who are drenching and scalding themselves with coffee and tea: despise all they have seen, and then they trail home again to sup." Sometimes a 'scene' enlivened this not very exhilarating performance, as when Dr. John Hill was publicly caned there by some one with a grievance, in 1752; of which circumstance a caricature has been preserved (Fig. 89), or when some footmen hissed "several of the nobility," pelted them, and threw brickbats and broke windows, because the latter did not choose to give vails to these pampered menials. In 1747 a little pamphlet called *Ranelagh House: a Satire*, was published, and in its pages one can get a good idea of the mixed character of the assembly, as one can also from *The Sunday Ramble* of some thirty years later. It was generally considered, apparently, that Ranelagh was more exclusive than Vauxhall, but I don't think there was much to choose between the two: it may have been rather more fashionable, but that would be no criterion of its being more select. If promenading, talking scandal, gazing at each other, and other habits less reputable, were the *raisons d'être* of the place's popularity, its organisers must not be accused of any lack of initiative in the musical and other attractions provided for the entertainment of their patrons. During its earlier days, such well-known figures as those of Beard, actor and vocalist, Guilia Frasi, the Italian singer, Michael Festing, the conductor, to be succeeded about 1752 by Abram Brown, Parry, the Welsh harpist, and Caporale, the Italian 'cellist, Mrs. Storer, Miss Young, and Miss Formantel, whose "Ten Favourite Songs" were

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[1] To Lady Ailsbury, 27th September 1761.

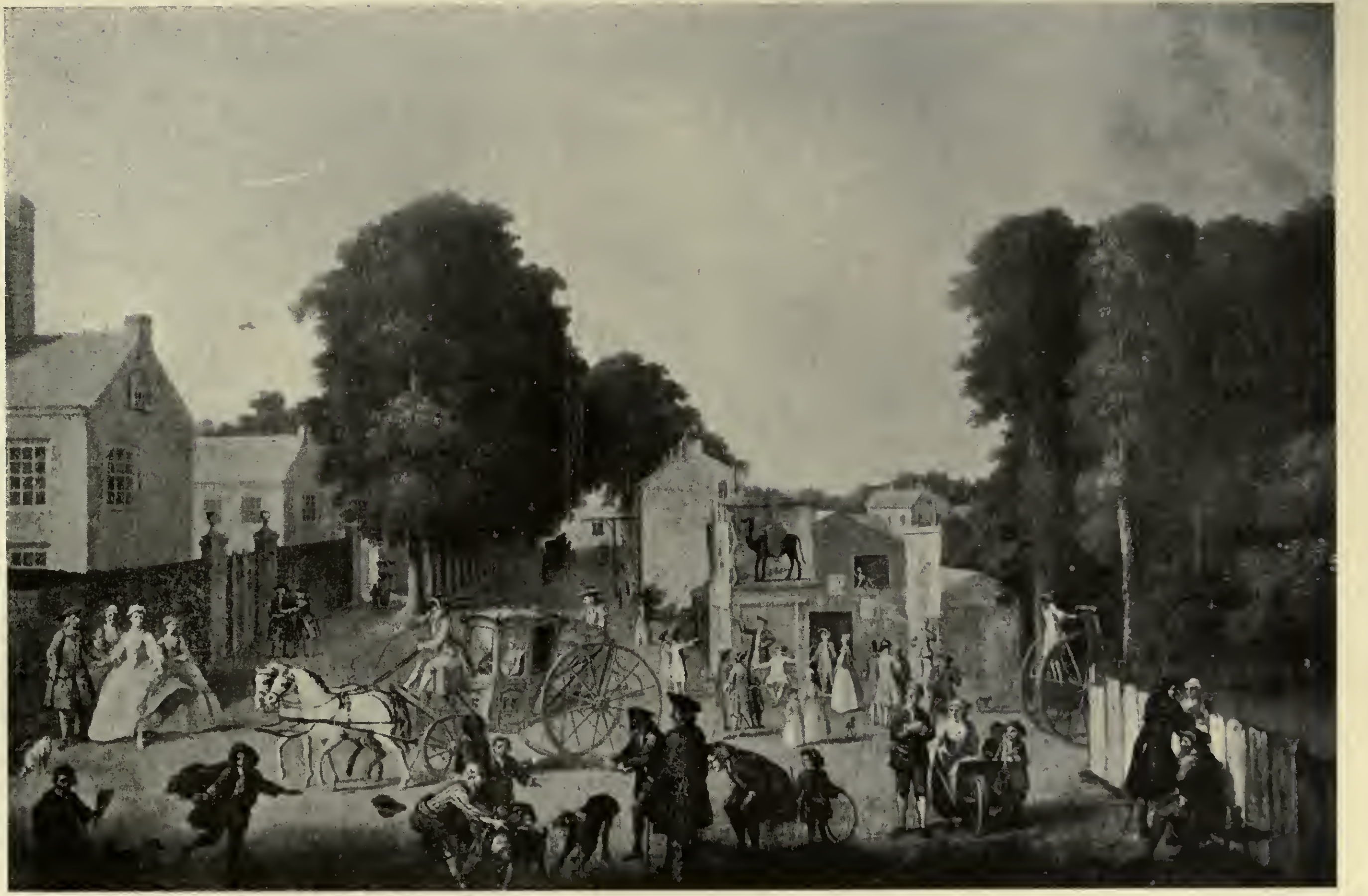

FIG. 88.—RANELAGH.

Showing Ranelagh Grove, leading to Lord Ranelagh's House.

From an oil painting ascribed to Hogarth.

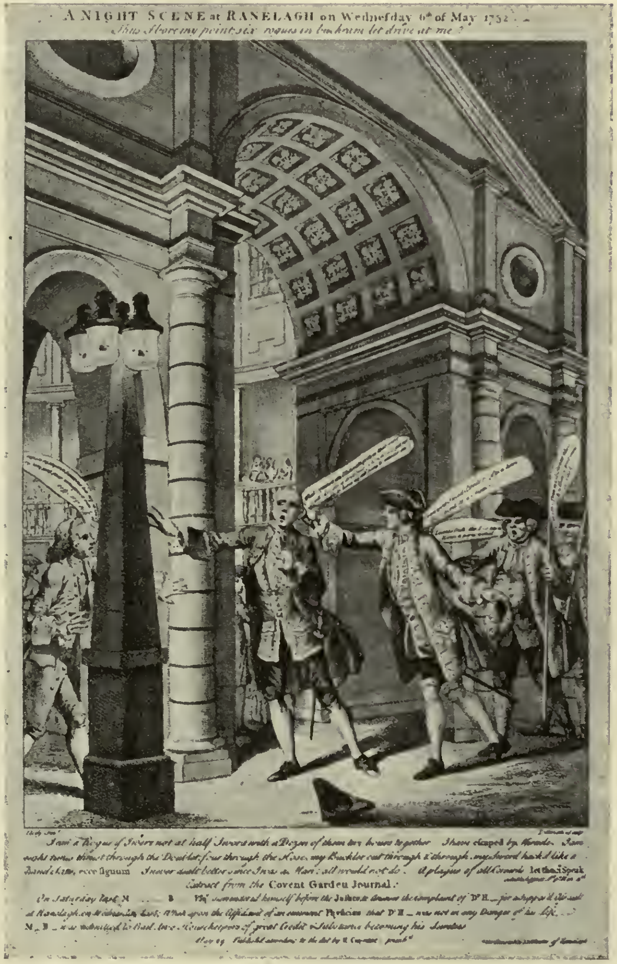
A NIGHT SCENE at RANELAGH on Wednefday 6th of May 1752
Extract from the Covent Garden Journal.

FIG. 89.—A NIGHT SCENE AT RANELAGH.

The caning in public of Dr. J. Hill.

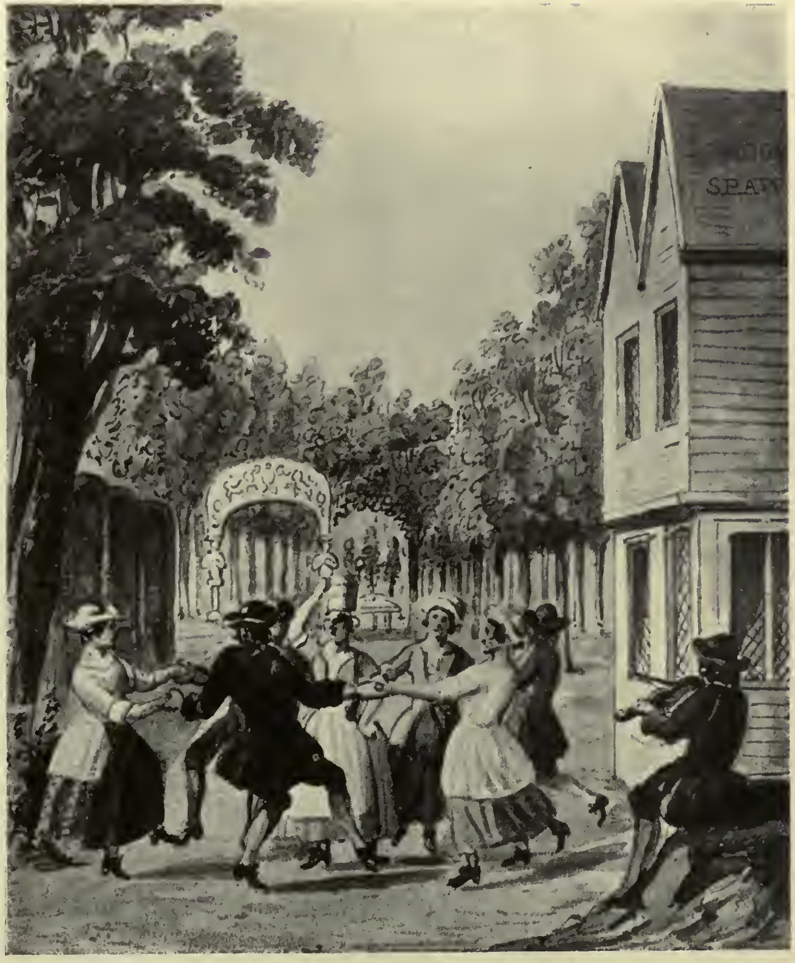

FIG. 90.—THE LONDON SPA, ISLINGTON.

May Day, 1720.

From a drawing by Findlay.

published by Oswald in 1758, were all to have been heard by the frequenters of the Gardens. Besides such individual attractions, choruses from oratorios were then a feature of the entertainments, and Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was thus given in 1757, as was six years later, Bonnell Thornton's *Burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* the humour of which so greatly pleased Dr. Johnson,[1] and which was adapted (by Burney) to the ancient British music: the salt-box, the Jew's harp, the marrow-bones and cleavers, the hum-strum or hurdy-gurdy, etc. etc.[2]

During 1762 to 1764, Tenducci, whom Walpole called "but a moderate tenor," was heard at Ranelagh, and Miss Lydia Melford, unlike Walpole, found his voice so ravishing, though "neither man's nor woman's," that she really thought herself in Paradise!

But a more interesting entertainment took place in June 1764, no less, indeed, than the appearance of the youthful Mozart, then aged eight years, who played on the organ and harpsichord several of his own compositions, and who was accompanied by his exceptionally gifted sister, and looked after by the proud father of these two precocious youngsters. One imagines the trio as they appear in De Carmontell's picture, engraved by Delafosse in this very year: Papa Leopold playing on the violin, Marianne singing, and the 'sight's self,' Wolfgang Amadeus, seated sedately at the harpsichord, his tiny feet hanging far from the ground, and his gaze steadfastly fixed on the music before him.

Later Dibden sang solos, or collaborated with Mrs. Baddeley, Bannister, or Mrs. Thompson; indeed there was hardly a well-known vocalist of the day who was not to be heard at Ranelagh during the years which saw its rise to public favour and its *apogée.*

Besides such forms of entertainment, masquerades and ridottos were frequent, as we have seen from Walpole's reference to such things; especially were they more than usually splendid when some particular anniversary or event fell to be signalised. Often they were attended by members of the Royal Family and foreign notabilities. Special features then were fireworks and 'transparencies,' and on one occasion "a large tea-house stuck full of small lamps floated on the canal." In June 1775, there took place on the Thames what was called "The Ranelagh Regatta." From contemporary descriptions it must have been a truly wonderful sight; the river being covered with gaily caparisoned craft, and the banks having the appearance of a huge fair. The attendance was of the most fashionable, and ranged from the Duke of Gloucester to Sam Foote; and the beautiful admission ticket was the joint work of Cipriani and Bartolozzi.

It would appear that about this time the fortunes of Ranelagh suffered some eclipse; the very ardour with which its pleasures had been pursued, resulted in a reaction. Certainly the value of its shares declined, and the world of fashion seems to have sought for some other novelty to help it pass its 'unrequited hours.' To a world used to having its amusements confined within a small area, it was considered too far to go, after the first excitement of novelty had to some extent worn off. However, this was but temporary, for by 1791 it had recovered its old attraction, and masquerades and ridottos were as well attended by the *ton* as during the earlier days of the place's prosperity. The closing years of the century, therefore, found Ranelagh as fashionable a resort as had the middle of that period. Mrs. Jordan might have been seen there, leaning on the arms of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence; the Chevalier D'Eon fenced there with M. Sainville; and the century closed, so far as Ranelagh was concerned, to the accompaniment of sweet sounds evoked by Incledon and Madame Mara.

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[1] Drake's *Essays on the Rambler.*

[2] Wroth.

It may be mentioned that in 1805 the place was denuded of its furniture, statues, etc., and the buildings demolished, and that twenty-one years later the grounds became the property of Chelsea Hospital, where red-coated pensioners, together with nurses and their charges, now loiter and gambol where the beau-monde of an earlier day once congregated.

LESSER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

Mazzinghi, in his *History of London*, published in 1792, gives a list of what he says were the most frequented pleasure gardens in London at that period. Of these, leaving out Vauxhall and Ranelagh, the following are set down under the heading of "Public Gardens and Places of Diversion": Apollo Gardens, St. George's Fields; Astley's Amphitheatre, Surrey side of Westminster Bridge; Hickford's Room, Brewer Street; Hanover Square Rooms; Spa Gardens, Bermondsey; and Tottenham Street Rooms, Charlotte Street. Under the humbler title of Tea Gardens, he records the following: Adam and Eve, St. Pancras; Bagnigge Wells, Islington; Belvidere, Islington; Cromwell, Brompton; Canonbury House, Islington; Camberwell, or Grove House, Camberwell; Florida, Brompton; Highbury Barn, Islington; Hornsey House, Hornsey; Marlborough, Chelsea; New Tunbridge Wells, Islington [1]; Rumbolo, Chelsea; St. Helena, Rotherhithe; Spring Gardens, Chelsea; Smith's, now called Cumberland, Vauxhall; St. George's Spa, called Dog & Duck, St. George's Fields; Temple of Flora, Lambeth; and White Conduit House, Islington.

Now, goodly as this list is, it contains but a tithe of the pleasure resorts that sprang into being in the 18th century, or then attained the height of their successful careers. In various little books written at the period, their charms and salutary or amusing characteristics are detailed with the unction so dear to the writers of the time. One of these little works, entitled *A Sunday Ramble, or Modern Sabbath-day's Journey in or about London and Westminster*, published in or about 1770, contains a chapter wholly devoted to the White Conduit House; the Jubilee, Marylebone; Kensington Gardens; and the

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[1] Known also as Islington Spa, a name given it about 1754, of which the accompanying illustration affords a good contemporary view (Fig. 90).

Pantheon. In another somewhat similar work called *A Modern Sabbath*, printed some twenty years later, other resorts are mentioned, but they are all included in Mazzinghi's list. It seems, however, superfluous to quarry in these old mines of information, when we have to our hand so complete a description of all these pleasure resorts, as well as many not recorded specifically in printed contemporary literature, as the late Warwick Wroth's invaluable book on the *London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century*, in which nothing is forgotten, and in which there is nothing superfluous.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh, of course, stand for the highest and most elaborate form of such places, but there were a variety of others which must at least be mentioned, although even then I can but touch on a tithe of those which existed, and which are so meticuously described by Mr. Wroth.

The neighbourhood of Clerkenwell was then largely open fields, and as mineral springs abounded in them, a number of health and pleasure resorts sprang up in this then salubrious locality. Of these, four are outstanding: Bagnigge Wells (Fig. 91), Sadler's Wells,[1] Islington Spa (Fig. 90), and the White Conduit House. In the region of Marylebone were the not less famous Marylebone Gardens (Fig. 93), and the Bowling Green embalmed in those lines of Swift, in "Duke upon Duke," which have been so often quoted. Farther west was the Bayswater Tea Gardens, also known as the Flora Tea Gardens (Fig. 92); to the east was one of the many Spring Gardens, on the north of the Mile End Road near Stepney Green; to the north were the tea gardens attached to Canonbury Tower (made for ever famous by its association with Goldsmith), Belsize House, and Kilburn Wells, and the farther flung Hampstead Wells and The Spaniards in one direction, and Highbury Barn and Hornsey Wood House in another. South of the Thames (on which floated 'The Folly') were Cuper's Gardens, over whose site the Waterloo Bridge Road now runs, as well as other lesser known resorts in this now rather unsavoury neighbourhood; while round Vauxhall and Ranelagh sprang up a variety of smaller imitations of these important prototypes, with which Chelsea and Lambeth were at one time also studded.

At practically all these places, the entertainment provided, and the company, were much about the same. Music, orchestral and solo, was a standing dish, so to say; refreshments could be had, and *al fresco* variety shows abounded. The original significance of these places as spas soon passed away, and pleasure, not always conducive to health, brought together a company more mixed than would be easily tolerated in these times. Dancing helped to throw down barriers that were, in other respects, curiously insurmountable in the 18th century, and the result was a laxity of morals for which these haunts were largely responsible. Originally the citizen was content to betake himself with his family to such places nearer his own domicile within the city's boundaries, but in time he was to be found at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, as much as at Sadler's or Bagnigge Wells. On the other hand, the *ton* discovered a new sort of amusement in penetrating to more Eastern fastnesses, and the clouded canes and hoops and patches of St. James's and the Mall were frequently to be seen disporting themselves at Hampstead Wells on the one hand, or the Mulberry Garden on the other. In the literature of the period we have innumerable references to these varied pleasure resorts, and we can people Ranelagh and Vauxhall and the 'Wells' with the creations of Fielding and Smollett, Fanny Burney and Jane Austen, and the rest, in juxtaposition with the actual *monde* which we meet with in the pages of Walpole and Hervey and Boswell, or we can see them through the alien eyes of Grosley and Moritz and the other foreigners who came to investigate our manners and customs, and who have left more or less complete pictures of the modes in life and fashion which were prevalent in the days of the Georges.

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[1] Sadler's Wells, the New Wells, Goodman's Fields, and the New Wells, "near London Spaw," Clerkenwell, were all 'presented' by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, in 1744, as the resort of idle, loose, and disorderly people.

In the history of the 18th century, such places of amusement have always held a prominent place because they occupied, indeed, a prominent place in the lives of all classes. Contemporary literature, as I have said, is full of references to the gardens, spas, and wells which were then dotted about London from the west to the east. In the mass of later literature occupied with this fascinating period, allusions to such centres of fashionable activity also occur constantly, and in the works of Besant, Wheatley, Justin McCarthy, Leslie Stephen, and others too numerous to mention, we get the historical side of what has been produced in fiction by Besant, Rice, and other writers of the costume-novel.

It seems unnecessary after what has been said about Ranelagh and Vauxhall to labour the point by describing the lesser resorts of much the same character, many of which I have mentioned by name in preceding pages; but two centres of pleasure of a somewhat different kind do require something more than a passing allusion—the assemblies organised by Mrs. Cornelys, and the Pantheon in Oxford Street.

MRS. CORNELYS'S ASSEMBLIES

The name of Mrs. Cornelys is a very prominent one in the social and fashionable records of the 18th century. Her assemblies attracted the most notable people of the metropolis; she became for a time a sort of institution, and by the aid of advertisement and a *flair* for catering to the tastes of a generation that would have done, and which actually did, anything for a new sensation or a fresh amusement, she had as great a vogue as Heidegger had, and as Almack, at a later period, achieved. This enterprising lady arrived from her native Germany some time during 1756 or 1757; and after studying, one is to suppose, the social barometer for several years, she first came into notice by taking Carlisle House in Soho Square, at the close of 1762, or the beginning of the following year. After having it decorated and furnished for

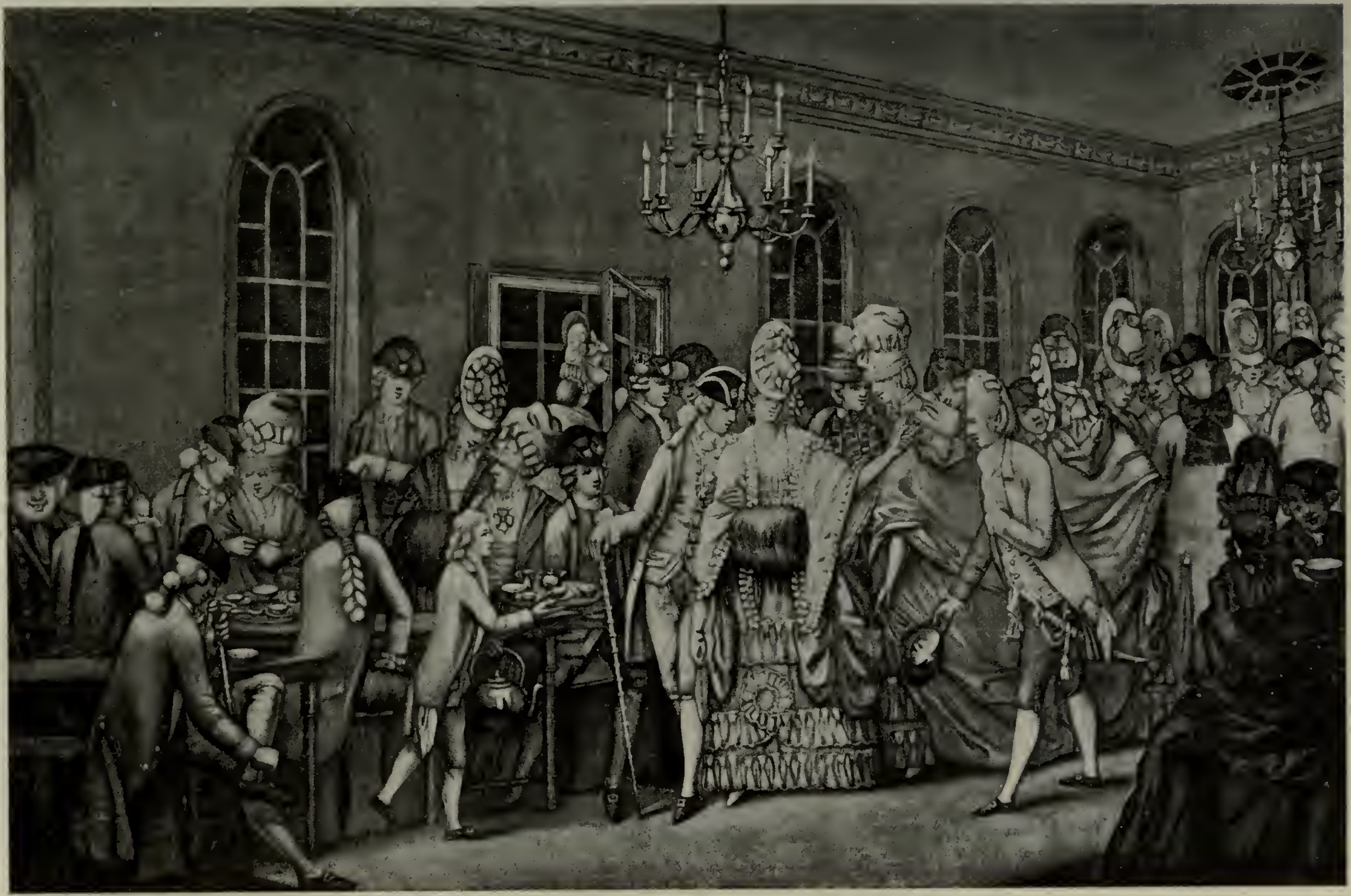

FIG. 91.—BAGNIGGE WELLS.

F. Sanders, 1772.

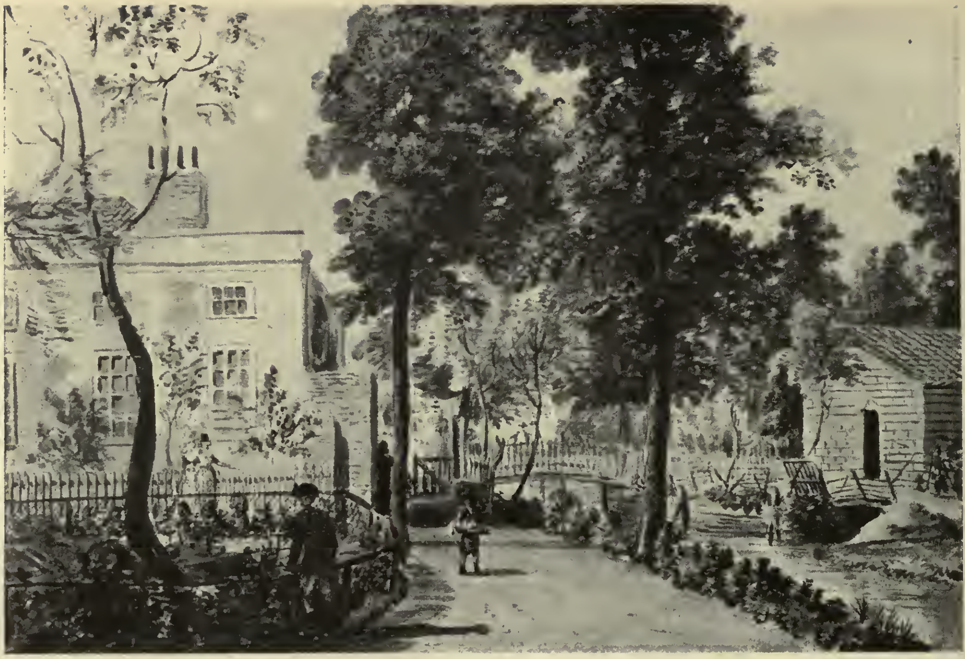

FIG. 92.—FLORA TEA GARDENS, BAYSWATER.

From a drawing by Paul Sandby, R.A.

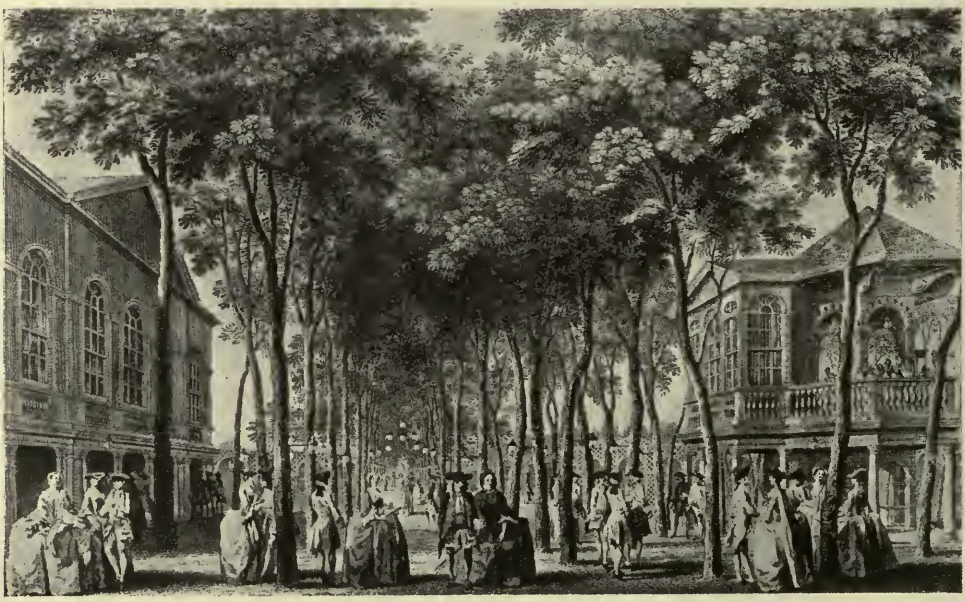

FIG. 93.—MARYLEBONE GARDENS, 1755.

J. Bonnowell.

her purpose, she opened it for public entertainments, when dances and concerts were given, and refreshments more elegant than profuse, apparently, were supplied. The press soon began to swell and heave with notices of these shows. Any one who is curious may find in the pages of the *Public Advertiser*, and such like prints of the period, innumerable references to Mrs. Cornelys and Carlisle House, acquainting the nobility and gentry ('her friends,' as Thackeray would have said) of the nature of her next 'meeting.' In order to lengthen such notices, she informs her *clientèle* of the special colour of the tickets (which, as these notices were addressed to subscribers, seems to have been superfluous), and also on some occasions pathetically asks them "to order their chairmen and coachmen to prudently bring them to her doors" for fear of breaking either coaches or chairs. As she progressed in success, she added grand concerts of vocal and instrumental music to her other attractions, and in 1764 began a series of morning music meetings.

But enemies were abroad, and she seems to have been threatened with the 'Alien Act,' a circumstance that produced another advertisement addressed in a humble strain to her patrons; injurious reports were circulated, and she had to rebut them—whether or not such attacks had their origin in her own fertile brain in order to give occasion for further advertisement, is a question. Later, in 1764 a subscription ball was advertised; in the following year she announces that 'ventilation' had been installed above stairs, so that "the present complaints of excessive heat will be obviated."

In 1766, she induced Messrs. Bach and Abel to direct her concerts, and her so-called 'Society nights' had such a vogue that she was obliged to add another entrance to her rooms; all which facts were duly made known in the papers.

Her enemies were still apparently active, and 'a citizen' in 1766 attacked her vehemently in the *Public Advertiser*. Notwithstanding these annoyances, Mrs. Cornelys still flourished, and all Society, including members of the Royal Family, patronised her entertainments; while in the August of 1768, the King of Denmark honoured her assembly by his presence, on which occasion, we are told, the rooms were 'brilliantly illuminated.'

The year 1770 seems to have seen the high-water mark of her success; all sorts of galas, concerts, and festivals took place during this season, and on 27th February a great masquerade was given, of which a long and particular account was published, recording the names of the illustrious ones present and the various costumes they wore—such well-known leaders of the *ton* as the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs. Crewe, the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Almeria Carpenter, the Duke of Gloucester "in an old English habit," and Miss Monckton, as usual, blazing with jewels valued at £30,000, being present. Another masquerade of equal splendour was given early in 1771, and in *The Town and Country Magazine* is a long detailed account of the dresses worn by the company, a list of whom reads like a selection from the "Peerage."

Apparently much success had blinded Mrs. Cornelys, and made her oblivious or impervious to criticism; anyhow, her entertainments, which read brilliantly enough on paper, hid all kinds of illegal doings, and at last the attention of Sir John Fielding (the Bow Street Magistrate) was drawn to them, and the case of the lady was actually brought before the justices, at the instance of a public informer; the result being that she was convicted, and fined £50. There would seem to have been another reason for the combined attacks that now began against Mrs. Cornelys: The Italian Opera House looked with alarm at the success of her Harmonic Meetings, and as her entertainments had become more or less a source of scandal, there was little difficulty in stopping commercial rivalry on the grounds of public morality. About this time, too, the Pantheon opened its doors. It was splendid in structure, it promised an amazing variety of entertainments, and, above all, it was a novelty: and Fashion, proverbially fickle, transferred much of its allegiance to the new attraction.

That an attempt was made, on behalf of Mrs. Cornelys, by some of her Lady Patronesses to avert disaster, is shown by the fact that they formed a society called "The Coterie" which it was hoped, with the aid of masquerades, balls, concerts, and suchlike entertainments, might have extricated her from the pecuniary difficulties which were now besetting her. Not so, however, for in July 1772, she had to call her creditors together, and in the following November she was adjudicated bankrupt, a notice of the sale of Carlisle House and its furniture, etc., appearing in the papers for December. Concerning this a humorous article in the *Westminster Magazine* was printed in January 1773, entitled "Cupid turned Auctioneer, or Mrs. Cornelys's Sale at Carlisle House." Apparently whoever purchased the place carried on concerts and masquerades there, and in 1774 Mrs. Cornelys's name appears as manageress; and even in May 1775, she is found giving what was called "A Rural Masquerade." Things could have gone but ill, however, for in the ensuing August another sale was advertised by Christie. What happened after this is obscure, unless friends of the lady combined to purchase, and again install her in her old position, for it is a fact that, Phœnix-like, she reappears in 1776, heralded by a lengthy notice in *Lloyds' Evening Post*, as the protagonist of a great "Masked Ball" to be held on 19th February. Henceforth for a time, notices headed "Masquerade Intelligence" show her to be fighting to regain her once secure position, even to the extent of giving subscription assemblies for "Infant Orphan Girls in Marylebone and Westminster." But in place of the vast crowds that thronged the rooms in the hey-day of their success, we now read of greatly reduced numbers, and other evidence shows that the quality of the visitors was equally on the wane. Brawls, and even robberies, are recorded in those rooms where once the Duke of Gloucester sported his old English habit, and the Majesty of Denmark had deigned to be amused.

In 1778, the place which had apparently not found a purchaser, was again advertised for sale or "to be hired as usual," and in the following year a Mr. Hoffman, a well-known confectioner in Bishopsgate Street, took over the management, although, it would seem, with little success.

From this time onwards Carlisle House passed to other uses—a debating society, called "The School of Eloquence," holding meetings in this alien spot. Intermittent attempts followed, however, to reproduce something of the old flavour, but "The School of Eloquence" had apparently outvoiced them, and the introduction of scientific lectures "illustrated by apparatus," a dreary exhibition one would suppose, was obviously destined to failure. In June 1782, the famous little Count Boruwlaski gave two concerts here, the tickets for which entitled the holder to converse with this remarkable dwarf. Three years later the property, then in Chancery, was again advertised for sale, what time Mrs. Cornelys had retired with her indomitable spirit still equal to opening a rural headquarters at Knightsbridge, where she set up as a "Vendor of Asses' Milk," and received visitors to "Breakfast in Public." This was but another stage on the downward path to Avernus, otherwise the Fleet Prison, where the once fashionable purveyor of pleasure in most of its forms died at an advanced age on 19th August 1797.

THE PANTHEON

As we have seen, one of the causes which helped to militate against the continued prosperity of Mrs. Cornelys's assemblies was the erection of the Pantheon in Oxford Street. "This most elegant and superb building, which would have done honour to Greece at its most splendid period of taste," to use the hyperbolic expressions of Wilkinson,[1] was designed by James Wyatt, and opened in January 1772. Horace Walpole speaks of it as in course of building nearly two years earlier: "What do you think," he writes to Mann (May 1770), "of a winter Raneleigh erecting in Oxford Road, at an expense of sixty thousand pounds?" In the following year, he tells how he took the French Ambassador to see the progress of the work, and exclaims, "It amazed me myself. Imagine Baalbec in all its glory! The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico*. The ceilings, even of the passages, are of most beautiful stuccos in the best taste of grotesque. The ceilings of the ballrooms, and the panels painted like Raphael's *loggia* in the Vatican. A dome like the Pantheon glazed. . . . Mons. de Guines said to me, 'Ce n'est qu'à Londres qu'on peut faire tout cela!'"

A few months after the opening, a masquerade was held here, and Walpole, describing what he elsewhere calls "the most beautiful building in England," tells Mann that it was so glorious a vision that he thought he was in the old Pantheon, or in the Temple of Delphi, at Ephesus: "All the friezes and niches were edged with alternate lamps of green and purple glass that shed a most heathen light, and the dome was illuminated by a heaven of oiled paper well painted with gods and goddesses."

One of the earlier illustrious visitors was Dr. Johnson who paid a visit to the place in company with Boswell; but they did not think it so striking as

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[1] *Londina Illustrata.*

Ranelagh, although, to be sure, as the Doctor remarked, they did not see it under equally favourable conditions. Another visitor, and a frequent one, was Gibbon who, even with the weight of his *magnum opus* on his shoulders, found time to mix with the gay throng that for twenty years crowded the place and made it almost as famous as Ranelagh or Vauxhall. In the letters and plays and novels of the period (Goldsmith refers to it in *She Stoops to Conquer*, as does Fanny Burney in *Evelina* and *Cecilia*) frequent references are to be found to the Pantheon and its votaries; and during the time when the masquerade was one of the chief forms of entertainment, its vogue was immense, and soon poor Mrs. Cornelys's humbler premises in Soho Square became deserted for their new and magnificent rival. The character of these masquerades obviously doomed them, however, and even as early as 1774, a writer in the *Westminster Magazine* is found concluding a description of what he had witnessed, by the statement: "In short, I am so thoroughly sick of masquerading from what I beheld there, that I do seriously decry them as subversive of virtue and every noble and domestic point of honour." This remark was probably made in reference to the entertainment given at the Pantheon by Boodle's Club, which Gibbon mentions in a letter to Holroyd, dated 4th May 1774. It may also have been the occasion when the Rev. Dr. Campbell, whose *Diary of a Visit to England* appeared in the following year, saw at the Pantheon among other notabilities "the Prussian Ambassador, Lord Stormont, the Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor, a fine woman, lost to all sense of modesty, Lord Lyttelton, and Lady Archer, painted like a doll, but handsome with her feathers nodding like the plumes of Mambrino's helmet."

As masquerades went out of fashion, becoming, in course of time, very lax and very mixed, so the vogue of such resorts as Mrs. Cornelys's assemblies, and the Pantheon, diminished, and when the Opera House was destroyed by fire in 1789, the latter was taken over as a temporary theatre, its peculiar formation admirably lending itself to such uses. Three years later, therefore, we find the place being duly opened as an opera house. Walpole, writing to Agnes Berry, on 18th February, mentions this transformation, but from what he says, the performances do not appear to have equalled the *mise-en-scène*, and on 4th January 1792, after but a year's existence in its new rôle, the Pantheon was totally destroyed by fire, a vivid account of which is given by Angelo[1] who received it from an eye-witness.

In 1795, the Pantheon was rebuilt, but according to Wilkinson, who gives a long account of the place, it assumed a totally different appearance from what it had hitherto presented. "It was not now a theatre," he says, "but a fancy sort of large room for music, masquerades, etc. A gallery went round the sides of the room, to which there were two staircases; under the gallery were small recesses for boxes, similar to those at Ranelagh, for supper parties of about a dozen; each box being enclosed with a painted curtain till the

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[1] See the account of Angelo's visit to Townshend, the well-known Bow Street Runner, in the former's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii., pp. 331–3.

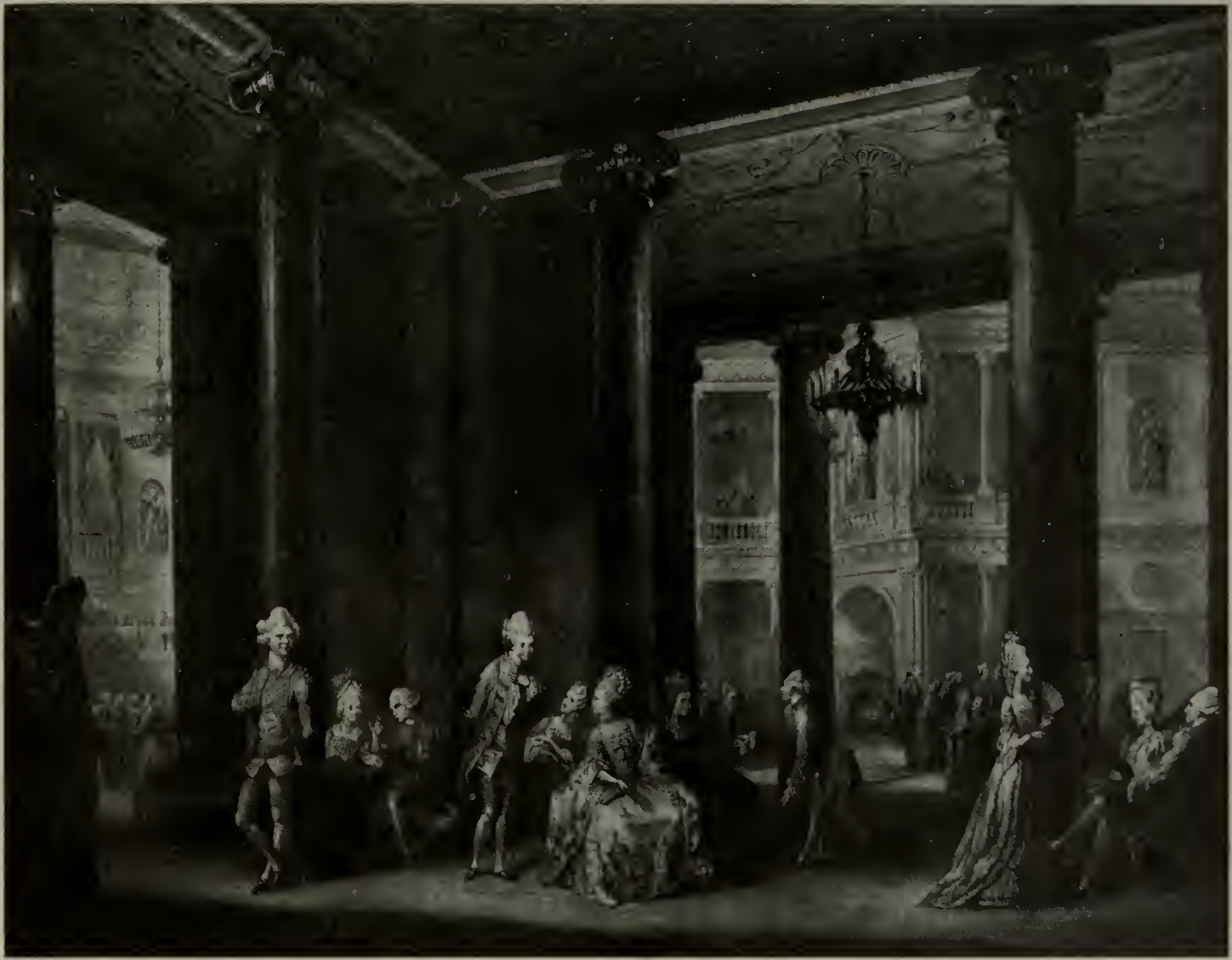

FIG. 94.—THE PANTHEON, OXFORD STREET.

From a print by R. Earlom.

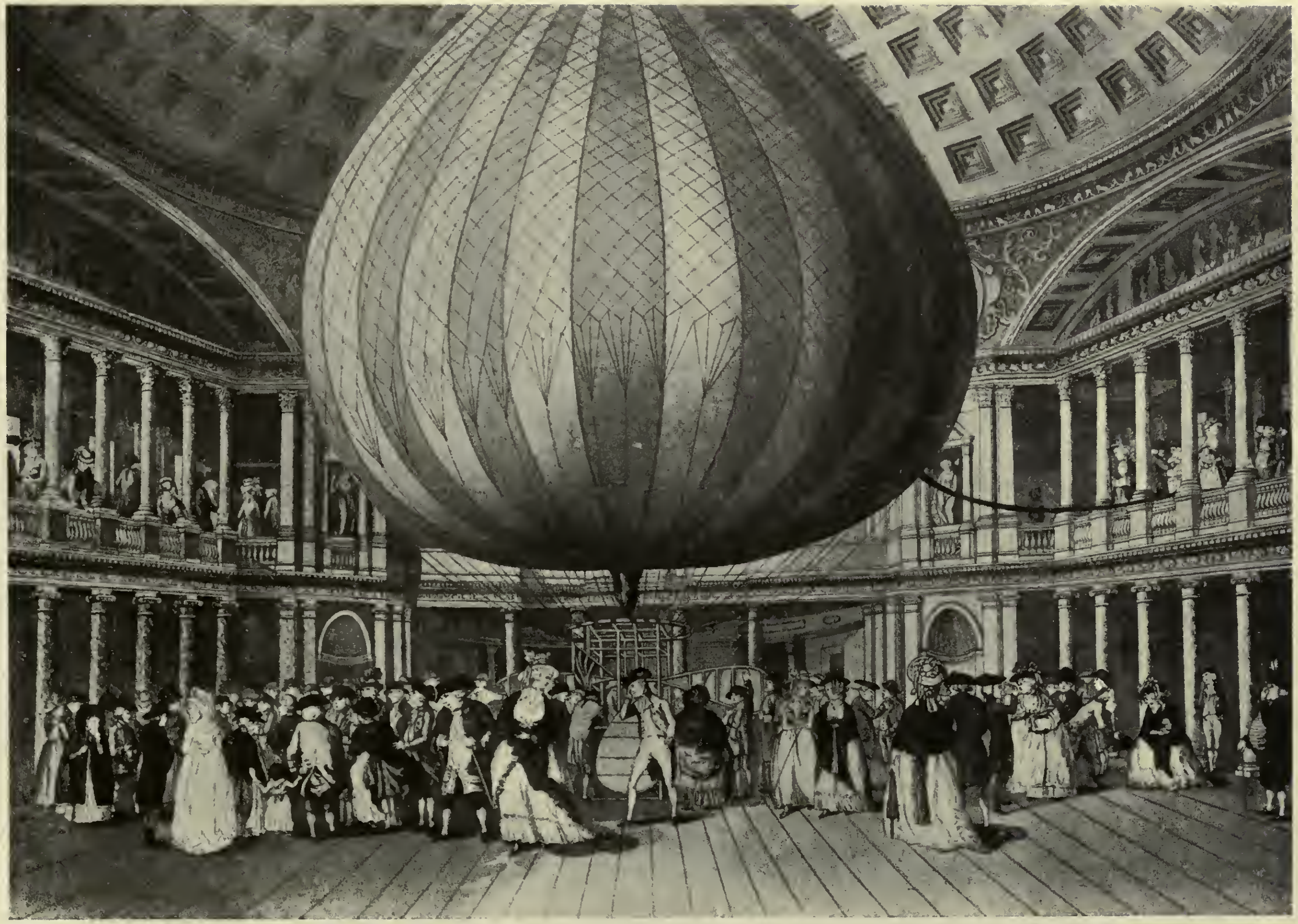

Fig. 95.—The Pantheon.
Exhibition of Lunardi's Balloon.

From a print by F. G. Byron.

supper was announced, when they all ascended." Masquerades, at one guinea, including supper and wine, and at half a guinea, with tea and coffee, and a very few concerts, were occasionally given here till 1810.[1] Its later history: how it was demolished in 1812, and a third Pantheon erected; how, in turn, this was reconstructed in 1834, by Smirke, the Oxford Street front, a part of Wyatt's original design, being preserved; and how, in 1862, it became the warehouse of Messrs. Gilbey, need not trouble us. What it was like in the days of its 18th-century splendour, which alone concerns us, may be seen from the picture engraved by Earlom in the year of its original opening, and here reproduced (Fig. 94).[2] To what strange uses it was sometimes put is evidenced by the one-time presence here of the balloon of Lunardi (Fig. 95), who made his second ascent on 13th May 1785, from the Adam & Eve Tea Gardens, in the Tottenham Court Road.

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[1] *Londina Illustrata.*

[2] There was a smaller and inferior Pantheon in Spa Fields. In the *Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine* for January 1773 is this notice:

Pantheons {The Nobility—Oxford Road.
The Mobility—Spa Fields.

CHAPTER IV

CLUBS, COFFEE-HOUSES, AND TAVERNS

GROSLEY, in his *Londres*, has some interesting observations on the clubs of his day, from his foreign point of view, which serve to remind us of the large share in the life of the Londoners of this period, filled by these centres of reunion and conviviality.

The club is an essentially British institution, but the club as we know it to-day has little in common with the club of the 18th century. Some of the most important now in being are, it is true, survivals from the earlier period, such as White's and Brooks's and Boodle's, but they have undergone as many changes in constitution as they have in architecture, or in the dress of their members. Yet salient features linking the two periods still obtain, for it was during the reign of Anne that the club, somewhat as we know it, first came into existence. In those days such meetings were held in taverns, and their primary object was, more or less, food. In the *Spectator* for 10th March 1711, we read that "The Beefsteak and October Clubs are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles," and Addison, who wrote these words, was a famous clubman and knew what he was talking about. In the same paper, a proof of the popularity of such institutions is given thus: "I remember," he says, "upon my enquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the Landlord, to recommend that quarter of the Town, told me there was at that time a very good Club in it." The *Beefsteak* has now its regular headquarters, but in the days of Addison and Steele and Swift, it met, as I have said was the custom, at various taverns or coffee-houses; at one time, even, its members met together "in a noble room at the top end of Covent Garden Theatre."[1] There was a kind of analogous society called the *Rumpsteak* or *Liberty* Club, which first foregathered at the King's Arms, in Pall Mall, on 15th January 1734; but this was rather political than social, being one of the many such set up in opposition to Walpole's Government. The *October Club* was thus chiefly political, its members were many of the protagonists of the Tory Party, and it is Swift who stands in the forefront of those who frequented the place: the Swift of politics rather than of literature. His first mention of the fraternity, in his *Journal to Stella*, hardly indicates, however, the prominence of his later connection with it: "We are plagued," he says, "with an October Club, that

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[1] The *Connoisseur* for 6th June 1754, and see *Wine and Walnuts*, vol. i., p. 110.

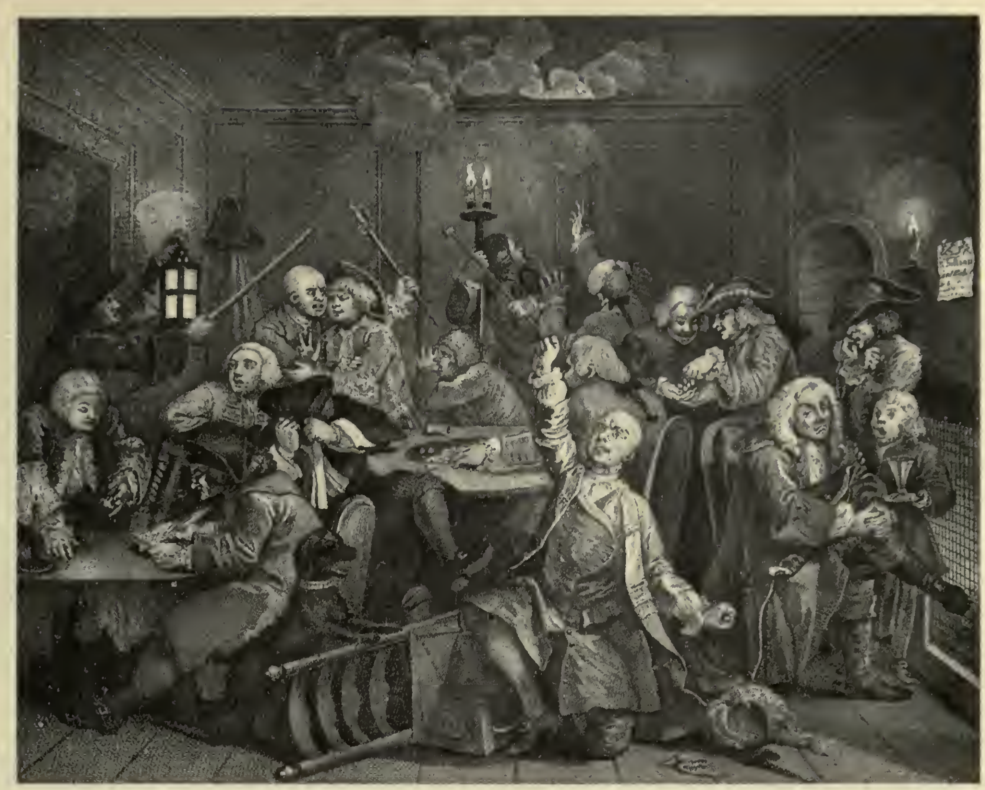

Fig. 96.—White's Club.
As depicted in "The Rake's Progress." *Hogarth.*

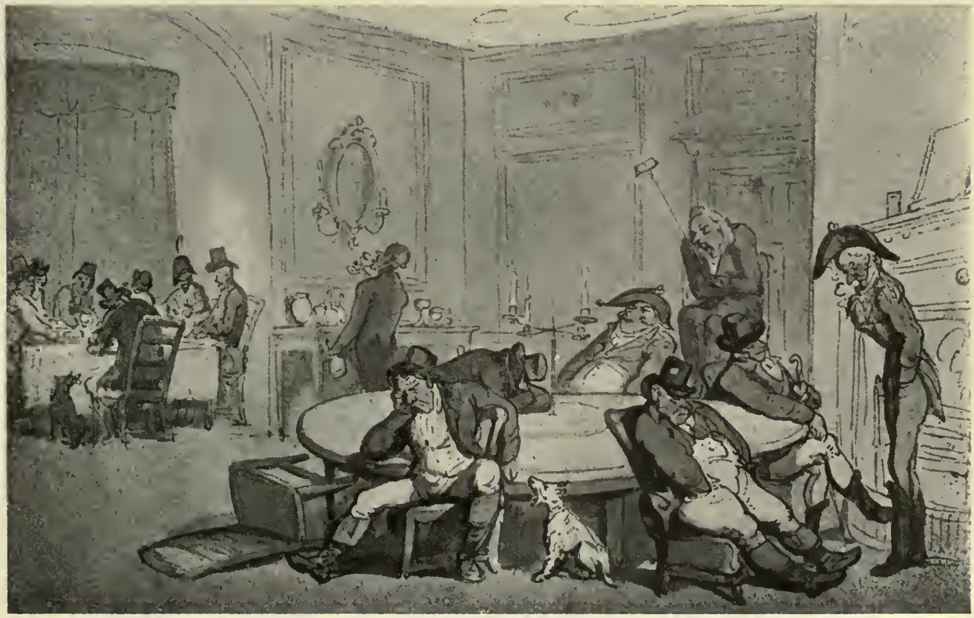

Fig. 97.—Brooks's Club.
From an original drawing by Rowlandson.

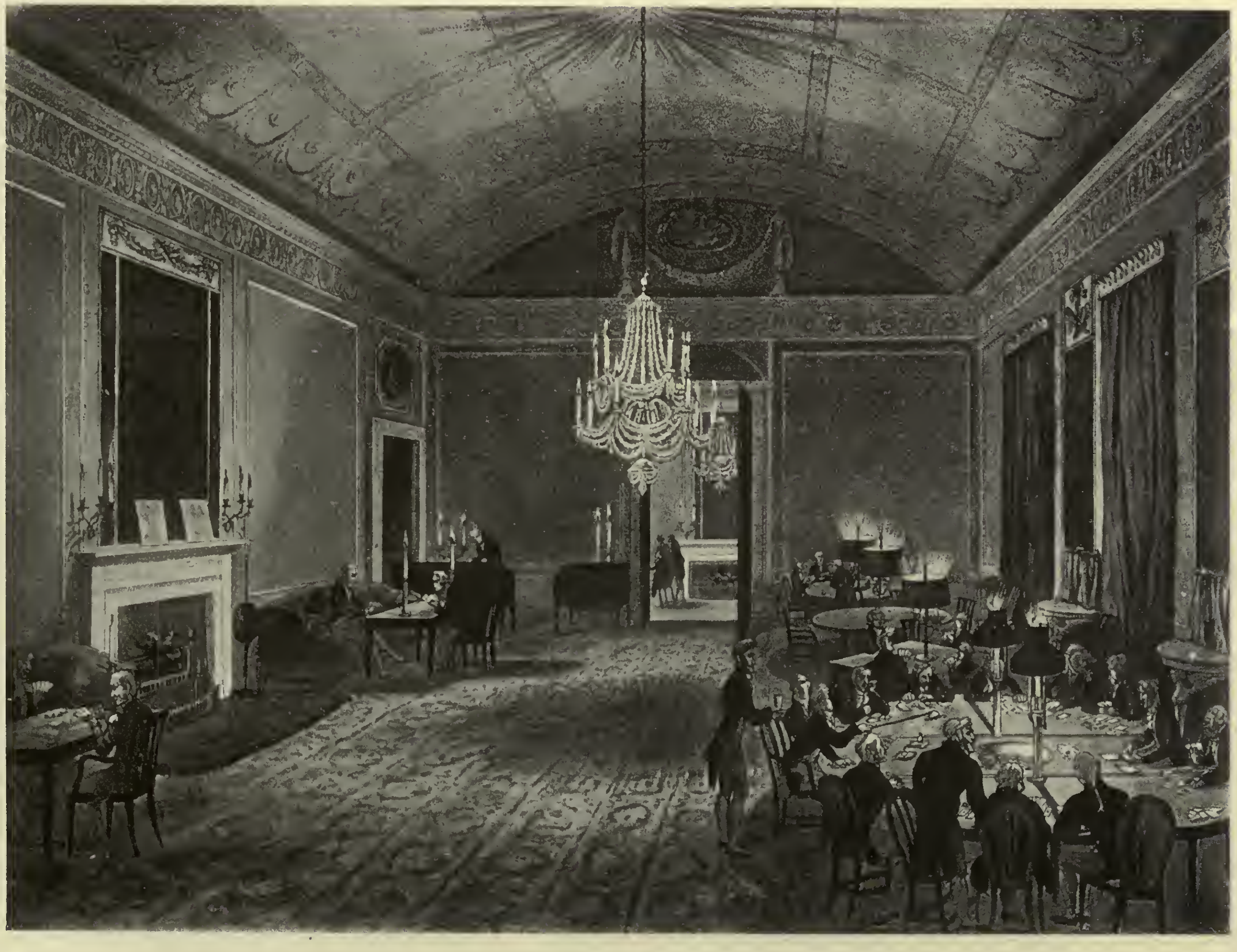

FIG. 97A.—BROOKS'S CLUB.
The Great Subscription Room.

Rowlandson & Pugin.

is, a set of above a hundred Parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern[1] near the Parliament to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs."

Swift was almost as great a club-man in his day as was Johnson at a later time, and besides the *October*, he was a member of the *Saturday Club*, which was only quasi-political, and the *Brothers Club*, which was wholly so. The latter is constantly mentioned in the *Journal*, and the writer speaks, rather grudgingly, of being made President for the week, and so being under the necessity of spending five or six pounds over the good cheer.[2] The meetings were generally held at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, close to the site on which the present club of that name has its headquarters.

Indeed, it was in this highway of fashion that many of the best known clubs first came into existence: *White's*, which enjoys so large a share in the political and social history of the 18th century, may be said to represent them, and the history of White's has already filled two massive volumes.[3] Its origin, as of many another club of the period, was in a Chocolate House, and White's Chocolate House was opened by one Francis White, in 1693, in premises on the east side of the street, where Boodle's Club now stands. White himself died in 1711, but about 1697 he had crossed the street to a house three doors south of St James's Place, on part of the site now occupied by Arthur's. Here his widow carried on the business, contemporary advertisements showing that tickets for the Opera, for the famous Heidegger's Masquerades and Balls, and for a variety of similar amusements, could be obtained there. The widow White was succeeded, in 1730, by John Arthur who had been associated with her in its management, and it was three years after that the fire took place, which is described in the *Daily Courant* for 30th April 1733, and of which Hogarth has left a well-known record in Plate 6 of "The Rake's Progress" (Fig. 96). Arthur then removed to Gaunt's Coffee-House, next door to the St. James's Coffee-House, which was the last building but one on the south-west side of the street. Three years later (1736), the Chocolate House became a private club, and in 1755, moved to its present quarters on the east side of St. James's Street. There is hardly a volume of memoirs or letters, or a diary of the period, to say nothing of newspapers and magazines, wherein mention, more or less frequent, of White's, does not find a place. Its members have included all the well-known men of the Tory Party, for close on two centuries. Its 'stories' cluster round such figures as Walpole and Selwyn, Alvanley and Brummel, and the rest; its betting book is a sight for gods and men, if not for young men and maidens. One would like to have seen the earlier one which perished in the fire of 1733. The present volume dates from exactly ten years later.

Brooks's Club (Figs. 97 and 97A), which was always associated with White's—a kind of social York and Lancaster with the blood, if not always the fury, left out—was an outcome of one of Almack's many ventures. *Almack's Club* was inaugurated in 1764, in a house in Pall Mall, and was, from the first, a hot-bed of gambling. Walpole, in his *Letters*, has many a story to tell as to the enormous stakes played for, and so it is not a little strange to find the sedate Gibbon dating letters hence, and, when Almack's had become merged in Goosetree's, to perceive the stately and solemn figure of the younger Pitt an habitual frequenter. The first mention of Brooks's occurs in a letter from Storer to Selwyn, dated 6th August 1774, but the name of Almack seems to have been associated with the club at least four years longer,[1] or till the *venue* was changed from Pall Mall to St. James's Street, where the present headquarters were erected, from Holland's designs, in 1778. The outstanding personality connected with Brooks's is, of course, that of Charles James Fox, and it is with his inordinate love of play and his genial temper unruffled by adverses, that the anecdotes clustering round the club are largely concerned.

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[1] The Bell, in King Street, Westminster.

[2] 20th December 1711.

[3] *History of White's Club*, by the Hon. Algernon Bourke.

Another early 18th-century club was the *Cocoa-Tree*, which had its origin in the Chocolate House of that name, the conversion from its public to its private character taking place probably about 1745. It was associated with the Tory interest, and Macky, in his *Journey through England* makes the remark that "A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house of St. James's."

Although *Boodle's* dated from a later period, the second half of the century, it forms one of the outstanding trio of St. James's Street clubs, and it is the only one whose headquarters, designed by the Adams in 1765 (Figs. 98, 99 and 100) still form a really decorative architectural note in the thoroughfare, redolent of a past day. It was known as the 'Savoir Vivre,' and, as its sobriquet denotes, was famous for good cheer, "to rival Boodle's dinners," as a contemporary writer[2] puts it, being a difficult matter.

Besides such clubs as these that had a more or less political flavour, there were a variety during the 18th century which were either merely social or literary or artistic—many of them combining these attributes. There was, for instance, the famous *Kit Kat Club*, formed about the beginning of the period, and including among its members such well-known men as Halifax, and Somers, and Walpole, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, and Addison. In No. 9 of the *Spectator*, where so many interesting references to the clubs of the period are to be found, the origin of the name is deduced from a mutton pie, then called a kit-kat, but it is more probable that it gained its designation from that Christopher Katt who kept a small eating-house in Shire Lane, known as the Trumpet, and at an earlier period as the Cat and the Fiddle,[3] where the club had its first meetings. Tonson, the bookseller, was at once founder and secretary, and Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits of the members in that form which has, ever since, been associated with the name of the club. In course of time, Barn Elms, where Tonson had a house and built a special room in which to hang the members' portraits, became the place of

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[1] *Memorials of Brooks's.*

[2] *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, 1773.

[3] Hatton, *New View of London.*

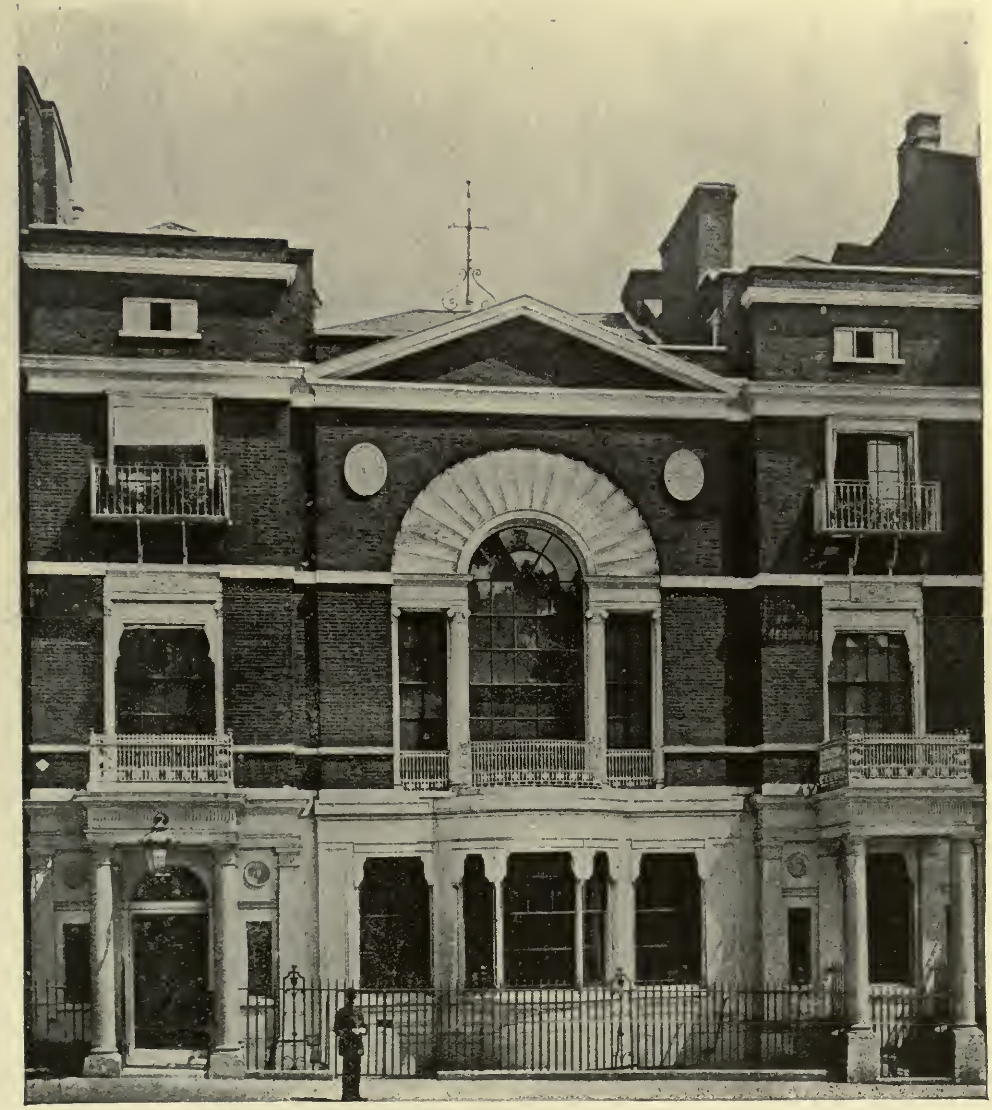

FIG. 98.—BOODLE'S CLUB.
Designed by the Adams and completed in 1765.

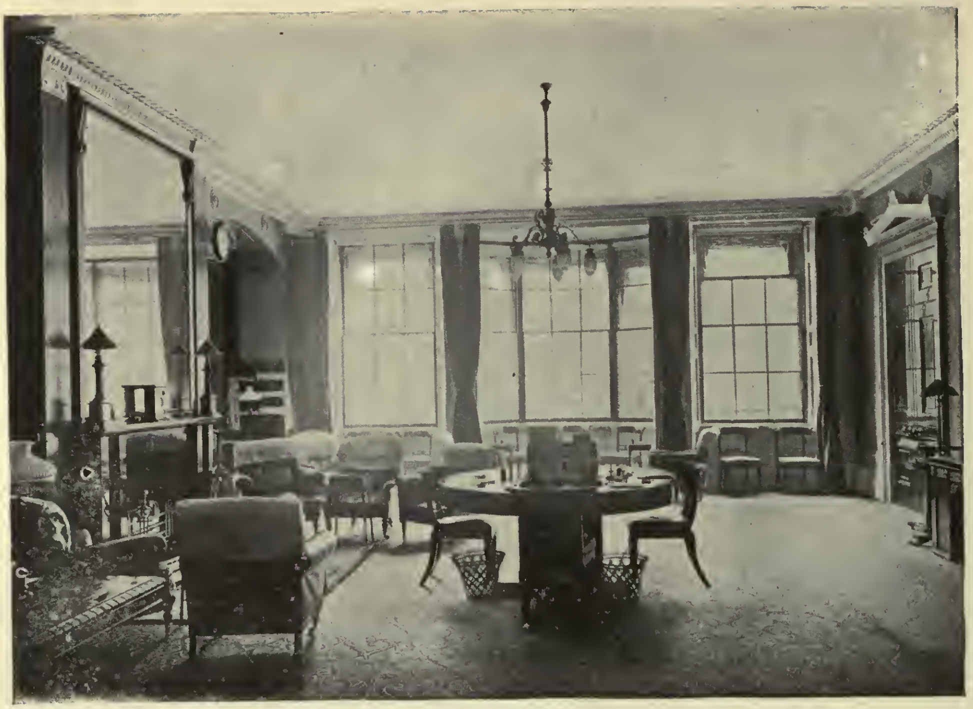

FIG. 99.—BOODLE'S CLUB.
The Morning Room.

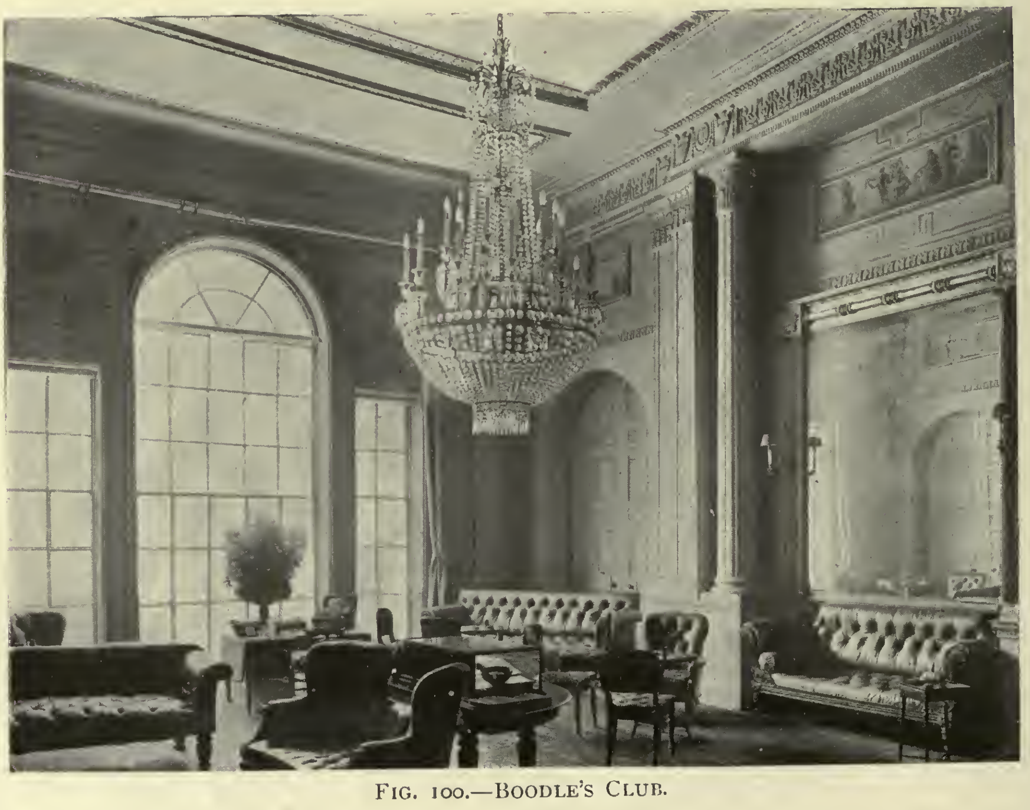

FIG. 100.—BOODLE'S CLUB.
View in the Saloon.

meeting, and sometimes the club foregathered at the Queen's Arms, in Pall Mall.

The *Scribblers' Club*, whose name appears fairly frequently in the literature of the day, was founded by Swift in 1714, and men like Lord Oxford, St. John, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Pope were members. Swift was the Martin Scriblerus of the fraternity, the name arising from the fact that Lord Oxford was wont playfully to term him Martin as being the most powerful of the Swift tribe.

The *Royal Society Club*, founded in 1743, was, as its name indicates, a scientific body which had an annual dinner at Pontack's famous French eating-house in Abchurch Lane, down to 1746, when it removed to the Mitre, in Fleet Street, and later, in 1780, to the Crown and Anchor in the Strand. Then there was the *Robin Hood Club*, given over to debating, which in George II.'s reign met in a house in Essex Street, Strand, and of which an account was published in 1751, under the title of the *Genuine Authentick Memoirs of the Speakers of the Robin Hood Society*. Goldsmith was introduced to the meetings by Derrick who was Boswell's "first tutor in the ways of London," and for whom Johnson had "a great kindness."

The mention of Johnson reminds me that certain clubs were specially associated with his overpowering personality. Of these was the *Ivy Lane Club*, which first foregathered at the King's Head in Ivy Lane, Newgate Street (where, by the bye, the *Hum Drum Club* also held its 'silent conclave'),[1] in 1749, and survived till 1765. In later years Johnson endeavoured to pick up the links and reassemble the members, but by then (1783) the King's Head was shut up, and the survivors dined at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. It was at a meeting of the Ivy Lane Club that Johnson proposed the famous dinner to Mrs. Lennox, which took place at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, when at a very advanced hour the great doctor's face "shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade."[2] Another of the clubs which owed their origin to the greatest clubman of all time, was the *Essex Head Club*, founded by Johnson, at the Essex Head, called Sam's, from the name of its host, Samuel Greaves, in Essex Street, Strand, the year preceding his death. Its members included many of the well-known Johnsonian circle, and Boswell, in replying to Hawkins's insinuation that it was merely a low ale-house association, has recorded the excellence of the talk there and the decorum that characterised it. But of all the clubs connected with Johnson's name, *The Literary Club* or *The Club*, is that which stands out most prominently. When Croker was editing Boswell, Hatchett, the secretary of the club, gave him the following data concerning its history. "It was founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Samuel Johnson, and for some years met on Monday evenings at seven. In 1772, the day of meeting was changed to Friday, and about that time, instead of supping, they agreed to dine together once in every fortnight during the sitting of Parliament. In 1773, the club, which soon after its foundation consisted of twelve members, was enlarged to twenty; 11th March 1777, to twenty-six; 27th November 1778, to thirty; 9th May 1780, to thirty-five; and it was then resolved that it should never exceed forty. It met originally at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, and continued to meet there till 1783, when their landlord died, and the house was soon afterwards shut up. They then removed to Prince's in Savile Street; and, on his house being soon afterwards shut up, they removed to Baxter's, which afterwards became Thomas's, in Dover Street. In January 1792, they removed to Parsloe's, in St. James's Street; and on 26th February 1799, to the Thatched House, in the same street."

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[1] The *Spectator*, No. 9.

[2] Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*.

The pages of Boswell are full of references to the Club and the large part it occupied in the life of its chief founder. The talk of Johnson and Burke which dominated the meetings; the unpopularity of Hawkins; the vain efforts, at last crowned with success, of Garrick to become a member; the opposition to Goldsmith's candidature; Nugent's lemons and Sir Joshua's ear-trumpet; the black-balling of Lord Camden and the Bishop of Chester; the occasional unbending of the fraternity, as when Goldsmith (become a member *pace* Hawkins, who had objected to him as a mere literary drudge—little capable of original, and still less of poetical, composition!) sang "An Old Woman tossed in a Blanket"; and, finally, Macaulay's famous word picture of a club séance; all these are known to any one who has but a slight acquaintance with the period when the great Cham of Literature perambulated the streets of London and sought recreation in, as he once himself described such associations, "an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions."

The curious will, of course, be able to find the names of numberless other clubs of the period, which sprang up, enjoyed a more or less lengthy popularity, and died, within the space of the hundred years under consideration. Many of them were merely a part of the political paraphernalia of the period,[1] just as were the ephemeral news-sheets that blossomed, and faded when their work was done; others had, if possible, a still less justifiable existence—the redoubtable *Mohock's Club*, and the notorious *Hell Fire Club* associated so closely with sylvan Medmenham and the names of Wilkes, Churchill, and Dashwood; and the hardly less edifying types recorded by Ned Ward, down to such as *Watiers*, which had a twelve years' feverish existence in Bolton Street, and of which Brummell was the leading spirit. In the days, too, when it was not safe, after dark, for a man to stir far from his own home; when people coming to London from no further than Knightsbridge, arranged to do so, for safety, in bands; when Mohocks and highwaymen and footpads, and even the youth of the better classes, flushed with wine and exuberance of spirits,[2] were a constant source of danger or, at least, grave annoyance to the peaceful citizen, certain *Street Clubs* came into existence, clubs, that is, common to particular thoroughfares where the inhabitants might "take their ease," without adventuring far from their own castles; and these, although they might be but meeting-places in a bar-parlour, should properly not be overlooked when the subject of clubs is under consideration. No doubt taverns and coffee-houses were the places chiefly selected for such gatherings, and coffee-houses and taverns play a very important part in the social life of London under Anne and the Georges.

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[1] To such may be added the various Mug House Clubs of an earlier day, and the stupid Calves Head Club.

[2] See Sir John Fielding, the Bow Street Magistrate, on such dangers, even so late as 1776.

Coffee-Houses.—As we have seen, clubs had their origin in such places, and, indeed, during the earlier years of the century, the two were more or less synonymous. Misson who visited this country at the close of the 17th century, says that "Coffee-Houses which are very numerous in London, are extremely convenient. You have all manner of news there; you have a good Fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a Dish of Coffee; you meet your Friends for the transaction of Business, and all for a penny, if you don't care to spend more"; while Muralt, a contemporary visitor, observes that the national character could be carefully studied in such centres, even by those unacquainted with the language. His further remark that it is usual to see the clergy with pipes in their mouths in coffee-houses, is confirmed at a later date, by the pencil of Hogarth and of Rowlandson.

The Coffee and Chocolate Houses of the period were as the sands of the sea in number, and those in the City were as popular as those in what are now more fashionable quarters. For instance, there was the noted *Garraway's*, in Change Alley, where tea was first sold in England, and where the speculators in the South Sea and analogous companies, congregated at the time of that mania, in large and heterogeneous crowds. It dated from the middle of the 17th century, but the hey-day of its prosperity was during the following hundred years, and its rebuilding after the disastrous fire which destroyed it and a large number of neighbouring premises, in 1748, probably gave it a fresh lease of life. The references to the place in the *Spectator*, indicate that besides being a coffee-house in the more limited acceptation of the term, Garraway's was the resort of merchants, and the centre of foreign, as well as domestic, news. But it is, perhaps, in connection with the South Sea Bubble that it is best known. So closely associated with the rise and fall of that extraordinary mania was it, indeed, that Swift in his "Ballad on the South Sea Scheme" (1721), specifically mentions those who

> "Meantime secure on Garways cliffs,
> A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
> Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs
> And strip the bodies of the dead."

It was, it will be remembered, at Garraway's, that Dr. Radcliffe heard he had lost five thousand guineas in one of the numerous ventures, and philosophically exclaimed, "Why, 'tis but mounting five thousand pair of stairs more," an answer which, says Tom Brown, deserved a statue.

Another Change Alley Coffee-House was *Jonathan's*, mentioned by both the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, as the meeting-place of stock-jobbers. The *Anatomy of Exchange Alley*, published in 1709, gives a good idea of the neighbourhood where these and kindred haunts abounded at this period. "The centre of the jobbing is in the kingdom of Exchange Alley and its adjacencies. The limits are easily surrounded in about a minute and a half—viz., stepping out of Jonathan's into the Alley, you turn your face full South; moving on a few paces, and then turning due East, you advance to Garraway's; from thence going out at the other door, you go on still east to Birchin Lane; and then halting a little at the Sword-blade Bank, to do much mischief in fewest words, you immediately face to the north, enter Cornhill, visit two or three petty provinces there in your way west; and thus, having boxed your compass, and sailed round the whole stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again; and so, as most of the great follies of life oblige us to do, you end just where you began." Its position, in the heart of the South Sea territory, so to call it, gave Jonathan's a special character during those feverish days, and its reputation as a kind of mart, perpetuated by Mrs. Centlivre, Smollett, and others, has to some extent obliterated its career as a coffee-house pure and simple.

Among other places of similar resort in Change Alley, was the *Turk's Head Coffee-house*, originally opened in 1662; but the better remembered resort, of the same name, was in Gerrard Street, Soho, where the Literary Club was founded, and where the Turk's Head Society, of which Gibbon, Burke, and Adam Smith were members, met. It was also connected with "A Loyal Association," organised for the defence of the realm, in 1745, when the Young Pretender was threatening invasion. At a later date, 1753, it is found associated with the Fine Arts, inasmuch as a body of painters met there to inaugurate a society for the encouragement of art, a circumstance which resulted eventually in the formation of the Royal Academy.

Such places as the *Jerusalem* and *Jamaica Coffee-houses*, both in Cornhill, were rather subscription houses for merchants trading in the Indies and elsewhere, than coffee-houses in the more ordinary acceptation of the word; while *Lloyds*, the predecessor of the present great institution, which was, however, not established till 1770, had also this special character. It was here that Addison humorously records the loss of one of his contributions to the *Spectator*, in No. 40 of that publication; and the letter to Isaac Bickerstaff, in the *Tatler* for 26th December 1710, is dated from Lloyds' Coffee-House.

Addison, who was acquainted with most of these resorts, refers to various others in the pages of his famous news-sheets, among such being *Child's*, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where the essayist was wont to smoke a pipe amongst the clergy with whom the house was a favourite. Other frequenters were such great scientists as Whiston, Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Halley, and Dr. Mead, to the last of whom Dr. Radcliffe addressed a letter here in August 1714, at the time when the writer had incurred public resentment by refusing to attend the death-bed of Queen Anne.

The *Chapter Coffee-House*, close by in Paternoster Row, was the great resort of publishers and booksellers. Here it was, at a meeting of the club called the Conger, that the edition of the Poets, with lives by Dr. Johnson, was

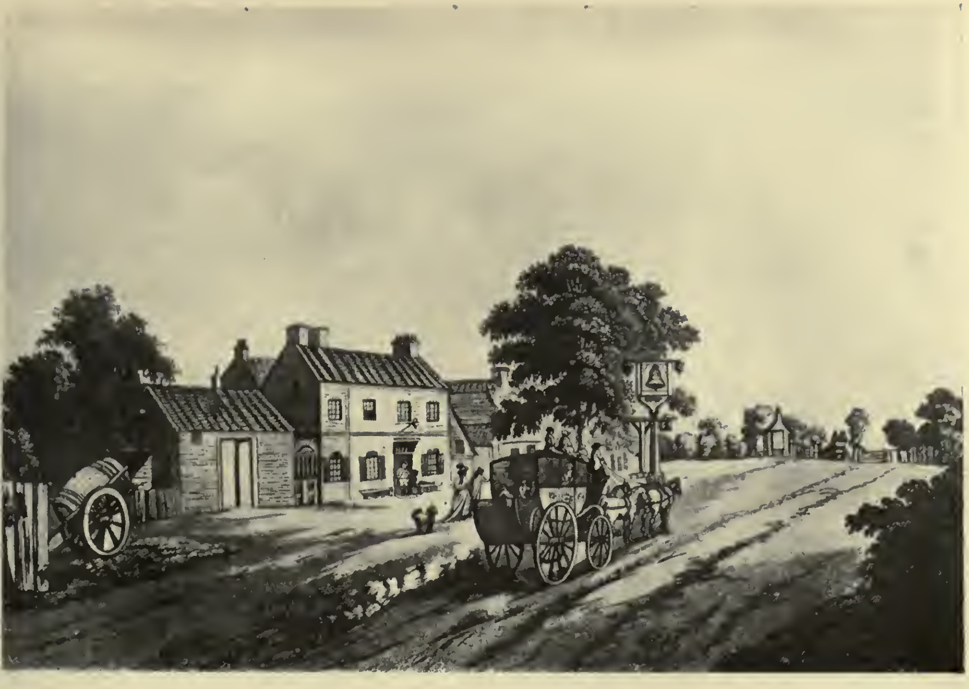

FIG. 101.—THE BELL INN, KILBURN.
From a drawing by Rathbone, 1789.

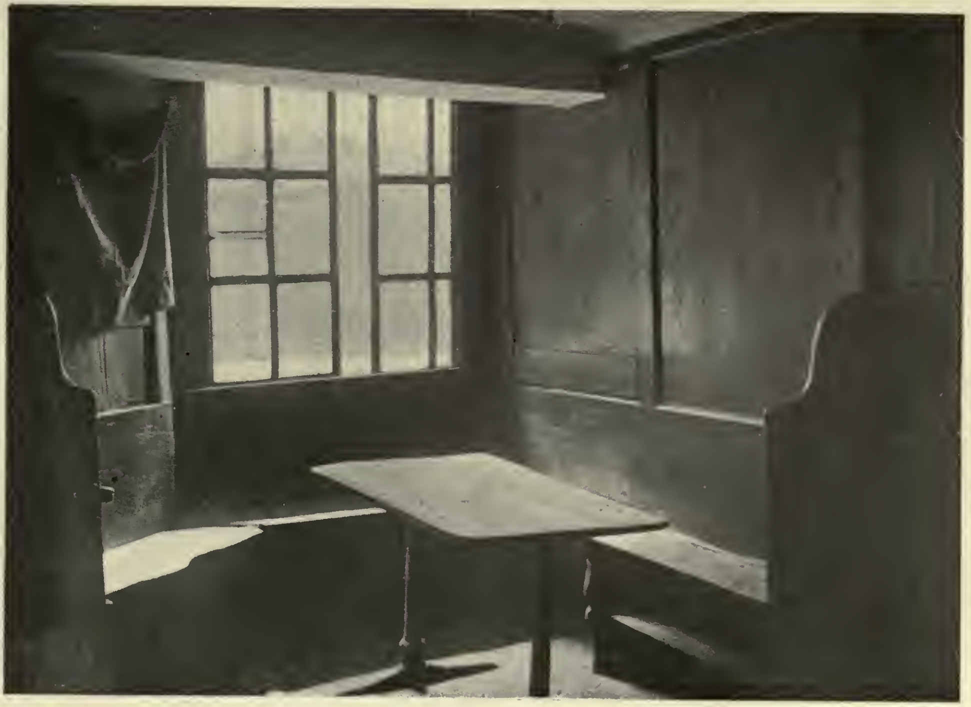

FIG. 102.—THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK.
Tap Room.

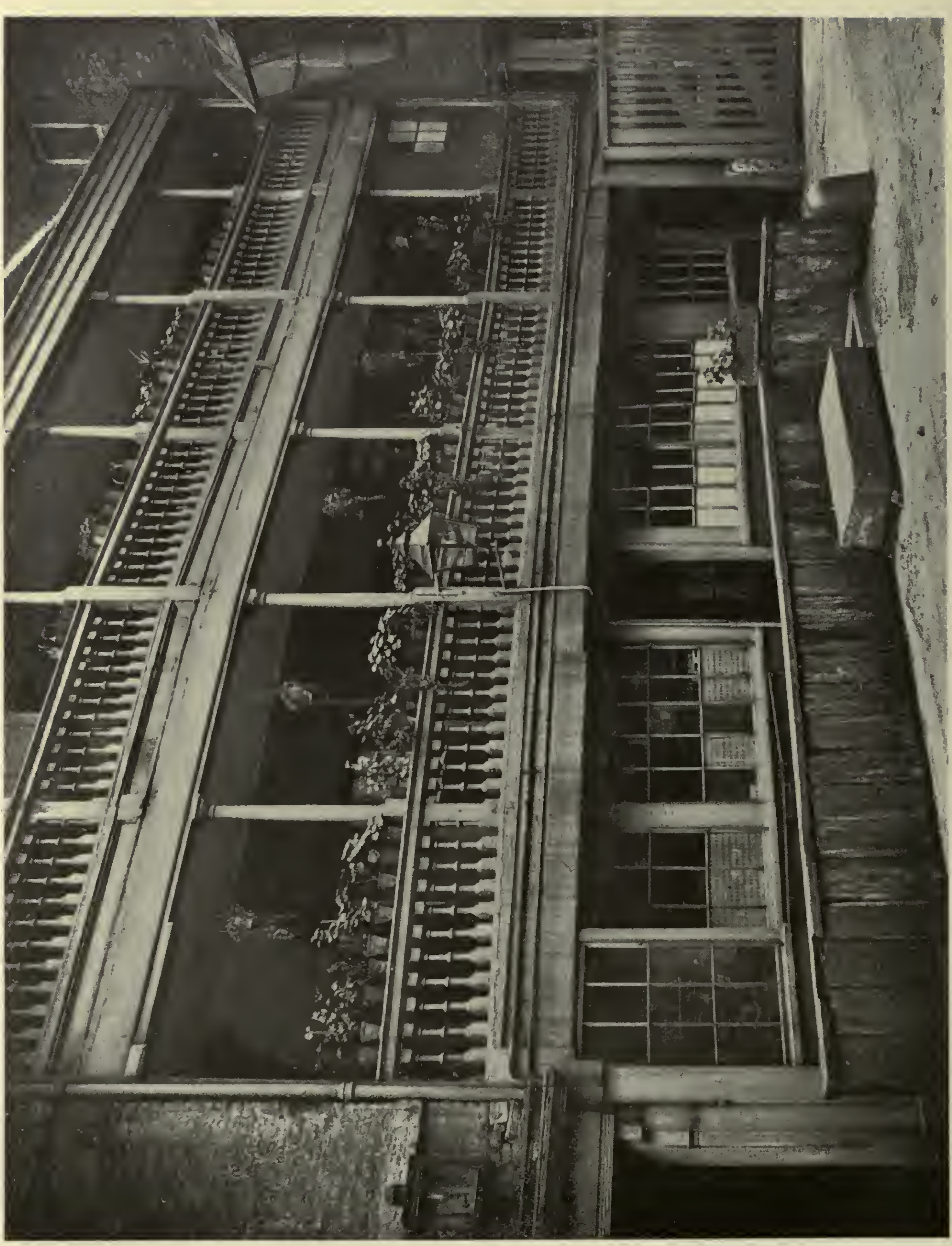

FIG. 103.—THE GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK—COURTYARD.

arranged for, and the place was a haunt of Chatterton, who writes to his mother, in 1770, that "I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-House, and know all the geniuses there."

But it was Fleet Street and the Strand, and their immediate neighbourhoods which contained, during the 18th century, the best remembered of the Coffee-Houses of the day. There, was the famous *Rainbow*, one of the oldest in London, which has a long history, both Social and Literary, but which also, on occasion, enjoyed more fashionable company, if we are to judge by the notice in the *Spectator*, No. 16, which runs: "I have received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of garters, buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow Coffee-House, in Fleet Street." *Nando's* and *Dick's*, at No. 17 and No. 8 Fleet Street respectively, are equally well known, both largely patronised by the gentlemen of the long gown, from the adjacent Temple; the presence of Lord Thurlow, before his great days, at the former, being as frequent as was that of Cowper (then living in the Temple) at the latter.

Peele's Coffee-House, at the east corner of Fetter Lane, where a portrait of Dr. Johnson, said to have been by Reynolds, used to hang over the chimney-piece, had a special character, for here were kept files of all the chief newspapers from their inception, and those wishing to look up back numbers of the *Gazette*, the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Morning Post*, *Morning Herald*, and *Morning Advertiser*, were sure of being able to find any of these. Peele's therefore, was as much a reading-room as a coffee-house, before it became, in later days, a tavern.

In the Strand, three coffee-houses stand out prominently: *George's*, the *Grecian*, and the *Turk's Head*. It was at the first named, according to Shenstone, a well-known habitué, that Sir Robert Walpole was sitting when the mob passed the windows, carrying him in effigy; a story, however, contradicted by his son Horace. The parsimonious Sir James Lowther is the hero of another story connected with George's, and Arthur Murphy was a frequent visitor there.

Any one penetrating Devereux Court may see the bust of Lord Essex let into the wall. Here was once the Grecian Coffee-House, an extant pencil drawing dated 1809 (Fig. 104),[1] showing that this head once adorned the hostelry. At the same period there was another coffee-house in Devereux Court, known as *Tom's*, and between them, lawyers and men of letters scientists and actors, divided their favours. The Grecian had an appropriately antiquarian flavour, and the *Tatler* and *Spectator* combine in recording it. Goldsmith might, too, have been sometimes seen there, winding up his 'Shoemaker's Holiday,' with a supper, and Foote was a fairly regular morning visitor; while Thoresby records meeting Sir Hans Sloane on one occasion there, and certain members of the Royal Society on another.

One of the numerous Turk's Head Coffee-Houses was situated in the Strand, at No. 142; readers of Boswell will remember various references to the place

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[1] In the Crace Collection.

—a place patronised by Johnson because, as he once said, "the mistress of it was a good civil woman, and had not much business." We may be sure that if anything was calculated to improve her trade, it would be the presence of so famous an 18th-century figure as that of Johnson.

Concerning the great Covent Garden Coffee-Houses, *Wills'*, *Button's*, *Tom King's*,[1] the *Bedford*, and the *Piazza*, the literary history of the period teems with anecdotes and allusions. Just as Dryden made Wills', so Addison may be said to have made Button's which succeeded it. Even after Dryden's death in 1701, Wills' remained supreme as the Wits' Coffee-House, notwithstanding Swift's assertion that "the worst conversation he ever heard in his life" was there. But the irascible Dean is not always to be relied on in such matters, and Macky states that "after the Play the best company generally go to Tom's and Wills' Coffee-Houses, near adjoining, where there is playing of *Picket*, and the best conversation till Midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their Quality and Degrees of distance at Home." Among such as these might, too, have been discerned the figures of Pope, and Gay, and Dennis whom Pope satirised.

Button's was opposite Wills' in Russell Street, whither, after Dryden's death, and under the ægis of Addison, much of the society which once frequented the former haunt was transferred. Button had been a servant of Lady Warwick, and when Addison married her, he set him up in the business. It was the essayist's second, and perhaps more favoured, home, and here he gathered around him those men whose names have an immortality in the *Spectator*. Here was placed, in 1713, the famous Lion's Head letter-box, designed by Hogarth, into which were dropped the contributions to the *Guardian*, and other literary wares.[2] Swift, "the mad parson," as he was called there, and his circle, Arbuthnot, Pope, Savage, Eustace Budgell, Martin Folkes, and Dr. Garth, succeeded the earlier coterie which had here gathered round the gentle Addison and the sprightly Steele. One frequenter, a tall, showy, handsome man, must have been looked on askance by the habitués, for he was no less a person than the redoubtable Jemmy Maclaine, the noted highwayman, of whom Horace Walpole has so many anecdotes to tell (he was robbed by him once), and who was hanged at Tyburn on 3rd October 1750.

The *Bedford Coffee-house* enjoyed almost as great a celebrity as Wills' or Button's; indeed, so famous was it that its *Memoirs* were published in a volume that ran into two editions, one in 1751, the other twelve years later. From this source one learns the names of some of its frequenters: Foote and Fielding, Murphy and Dr. Arne, and the rest; and by the *Connoisseur*, for

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[1] Tom King's was really one of the night-houses in Covent Garden market, and was a rude shed underneath the portico of St. Paul's Church. It is clearly shown in Hogarth's "Morning," and the character of its habitués is also indicated. Fielding mentions it as being familiar to every rake about town.

[2] See *Notices and Extracts relating to the Lion's Head, which was erected at Button's Coffee-House in* 1713, by Chas. Richardson, 1828.

1754, we are told that it was "every night crowded with men of parts," and that "every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit." One of these we know in the person of Foote, who seems to have had his special corner and to have lorded it over the rest of the company, as Addison had done at Button's and Dr. Johnson at The Club.

Although the *Piazza*, close to the Bedford, an off-shoot, as it were, of the coffee-house opened by Macklin after his retirement from the stage in 1754, is advertised as being in existence in 1756, its palmiest days were to come when Sheridan and Kemble and such bright spirits were to be found there; and it really belongs rather to the early days of the 19th century than to the period with which I am dealing.

The well-known description given by Macky[1] of such resorts in the West End will bear repetition here, because it not only gives a list of the chief coffee-houses at this end of the town, but also records the daily routine of a Londoner of the period. "I am lodged," he writes, "in a street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the King's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the Theatres, and the Chocolate and Coffee Houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: We rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's Levées, find entertainment at them till eleven. About twelve the Beau Monde assembles at several Coffee or Chocolate Houses: the best of which are the Cocoa-Tree and White's Chocolate Houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's and the British Coffee-houses, and all these so near one another that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or Sedans) which are here very cheap, a guinea a week or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters to run errands. If it is fine weather, we take a turn in the Park till two, when we go to dinner, and if it be dirty, you are entertained to Picket or Basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna and St. James's. I must not forget to tell you that the Parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-House of St. James's. The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little Coffee-Houses much frequented in this neighbourhood, *Young Man's* for Officers, *Old Man's* for Stock-jobbers, Pay Masters and Courtiers, and *Little Man's* for Sharpers. . . . At two we generally go to Dinner: ordinaries are not so common here as abroad; yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones, for the convenience of foreigners, in Suffolk Street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way, here, is to make a party at a coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, till we go to the play, except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always invited to, and nobly entertained."

Of these resorts, the *Smyrna* in Pall Mall, at the corner of Crown Court, opposite Marlborough House, and *Ozinda's*, in St. James's Street, are frequently mentioned by Swift[1] who was often at the former with Prior; while the *St. James's* close to the south-west corner of St. James's Street was, perhaps, the most famous of the Whig Coffee-Houses throughout the century, and has its association with the literature of the period, besides its frequent mention in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, in the fact that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Town Eclogues* are said to have first been read in manuscript here, and also because it was in this coffee-house that 'The Retaliation' of Goldsmith first originated, an account of which is given so graphically by Cumberland.[2] The reason for another of these haunts, the *British Coffee-House,* which was situated in Cockspur Street, being so largely frequented by Scotchmen, is to be traced, I think, to the fact that it was for long kept by a sister of Bishop Douglas, and later by that Mrs. Anderson mentioned by Mackenzie in his *Life of Home.*

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[1] *Journey through England*, 2 vols., 1722.

Besides those to which I have referred, there were, of course, innumerable other coffee-houses scattered throughout London at this period (*Squire's* in Fulwoods Rents, Holborn, was an early one), but, in a limited space, I can only specifically note one other, namely, *Slaughter's,* close to Newport Street, in St. Martin's Lane. This had an artistic atmosphere, its situation in what was then an essentially artistic quarter, naturally causing it to be the resort of painters, sculptors, and engravers. It had been opened by Thomas Slaughter in 1692, and it was only on the foundation of another coffee-house with a similar name in the same street, that the earlier establishment became known as 'Old Slaughter's,' to distinguish it from its new rival. Many of the great artistic personalities of the 18th century were more or less intimately associated with Slaughter's. Goldsmith says in one of his essays, "If a man be pessimistic, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-house." Hogarth and Roubillac were frequenters of this resort where, in fact, most of the artistic circles of the day were to be found. It is interesting to remember that before the London streets were regularly paved Slaughter's was known as "The Coffee-House on the Pavement."[3]

As affording us a foreign point of view of the subject, an interesting word picture of the London coffee-houses, during the reigns of the first and second Georges, is given by De Saussure who, writing in 1726, thus speaks of them: "In London there are a great number of coffee-houses, most of which, to tell the truth, are not overclean or well furnished, owing to the quantity of people who resort to these places and because of the smoke, which would quickly destroy good furniture. In the coffee-houses you can partake of chocolate, tea, or coffee, and of all sorts of liquors, served hot; also in many places you can have wine, punch, or ale. What attracts enormously in these coffee-houses are the gazettes and other public papers. Workmen habitually begin the day by going to coffee-houses in order to read the latest news. I have often seen shoe-blacks and other persons of that class club together to purchase a farthing paper. . . . Some coffee-houses are a resort for learned scholars and wits;[1] others are the resort of dandies or of politicians, or again of professional newsmongers; and many others are temples of Venus. You can easily recognise the latter, because they frequently have as sign a woman's arm or hand holding a coffee-pot. There are a great number of these houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; they pass for being chocolate-houses and you are waited on by beautiful, neat, well-dressed, and amiable, but very dangerous, nymphs."

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[1] *Journal to Stella.* The subscriptions for Thomson's "Seasons" are stated, in a contemporary advertisement, to be "now taken by the author at the Smyrna Coffee-House, Pall Mall."

[2] *Memoirs of Himself*, vol. i. p. 369.

[3] Timbs's *Clubs & Club Life.*

Taverns.—The same writer's remark that "London possesses a great number of taverns—big houses having apartments, some of them very clean and well kept," brings me to the last division of such resorts to be dealt with in this chapter—a division which, it is needless to say, can only be quite summarily considered, owing to the immense number of such places that existed during the 18th century, throughout the length and breadth of the city. Of course there were many taverns which were, so to speak, merely survivals from an earlier day, but even those which were more specially identified with the 18th century, were as the sands of the sea. In the east one of the better known ones was the *Pope's Head*, in Cornhill, where Quin killed, in self-defence, a fellow-actor named Bowen, a hot-headed Irishman who had provoked the quarrel and left the comedian no alternative but to draw and defend himself. The affray, which occurred on 14th April 1718, resulted in Quin's trial and acquittal.[2] Then there was the *Cock*, in Threadneedle Street, kept by an eccentric named John Ellis, and noted for the excellence of its soups, of which vast quantities were consumed. The same thoroughfare had another well-known tavern—the *Crown*—which stood where the chief entrance to the Bank of England is now, and which was a rebuilt hostelry on the site of one destroyed in the Great Fire. Others were the *White Hart* in Bishopsgate Street Within, just north of St. Botolph's, of which the original front was altered in 1787, and White Hart Court built on the old inn yard; the *Four Swans* (Fig. 105) with its picturesque inn yard, and the celebrated *Green Dragon*. The *Mitre*, in Fenchurch Street, was also a rebuilt tavern, where Isaac Fuller[3] had painted a great room in panels, during the reign of Charles II. It stood close to the *King's Head* and the *Elephant*, associated with certain pictures from the brush of Hogarth, one being a version of the famous "Modern Midnight Conversation," and not far from the *Rose*. The *King's Head*, successor to another "Rose, in the Poultry," rebuilt after the Great Fire, for long enjoyed a reputation for its turtle soup (a sort of earlier Birch's); and the *Salutation & Cat*, in Newgate Street, was much frequented by literary men, and here, on 19th June 1736, Edward Cave and William Bowyer held one of the social gatherings dear to the period, at which Richardson[1] was a guest; and, at a later date Coleridge and Lamb sat smoking, and discussing egg-flip and 'Pantisocracy.' The *Queen's Arms*, in St. Paul's Churchyard, which Garrick patronised, and where Johnson tried to catch up the threads of the Ivy Lane Club founded by him thirty years previously; and *Dolly's*, in Paternoster Row, with its sign said to have been painted by Gainsborough, one of the many taverns established during the reign of Anne, are also examples of the many hostelries which existed within the City boundaries during the 18th century.

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[1] In an MS. compiled by a member of the Southmele family, *circa* 1720, it is noted that "agents are to be found at 'Old Man's Coffee-House'; *beaux esprits* at the 'Rainbow'; the clergy at 'Child's'; chess players at 'Slaughter's'; gamesters at 'White's'; physicians at 'Tom's'; poets at 'Button's'; land officers at 'Young Man's in the Tilt Yard'; sea officers at 'Wills'; stock-jobbers at 'Jonathan's'; sharpers at 'Hippolito's'; and virtuosos at the 'Grecian.'"

[2] Doran's *Annals of the Stage*.

[3] Walpole's *Anecdotes*.

Further west, we get the *Old Bell*, Holborn (Figs. 106 and 107) and the more famous Fleet Street and Strand taverns, the *Devil*, the *Globe*, the *Young Devil*, the *Hercules Pillars*, and the *Mitre*, being in the former thoroughfare. The first is, of course, chiefly notable for its association with Ben Jonson and his circle, but even during the later period it kept up its reputation, and Swift and Addison and Garth took the place of 'glorious Ben' and Randolph and perhaps the great man himself; and the famous Apollo Room looked down on meetings of the Royal Society (1746) or re-echoed to concerts of vocal and instrumental music (1752), as it had heard and re-echoed those wit-combats which recall the symposia of 'The Mermaid.' The *Young Devil*, formed in opposition to the older institution, was for a time the meeting-place of the Society of Antiquaries when they left the *Bear* in the Strand, and before they migrated to the *Fountain*, in 1709. Here, too, was an Apollo Room, and concerts were also given in rivalry of those at the Devil. The *Globe*, which stood where No. 134 Fleet Street is to-day, is another of the taverns whose history covers an earlier period than the 18th century, but which during the latter time enjoyed an undiminished celebrity. Here Goldsmith and his friends supped after one of the 'Shoe-maker's Holidays,' and here were to be met Macklin, the actor, and Woodfall, the printer; while it was here that Goldsmith listened with delight to Gordon's singing of "Nottingham Ale," and made his famous epitaph on Edward Purdon:

> "Here lies poor Ned Purdon from misery freed,
> Who long was a book-seller's hack;
> He had led such a damnable life in this world
> I don't think that he'll wish to come back."

Strype tells us that Hercules Pillars Alley on the south side of Fleet Street, midway between Temple Bar and St. Dunstan's Church, was "altogether inhabited by such as keep Publick houses for entertainment for which it is of note." Among these was a *Hercules Pillars* Tavern, from which the Alley probably took its name. Indeed it is only necessary to examine a map ('Rocque's' for choice) of the London of the period, to realise, from the names of innumerable courts and alleys, how many must have owed their designation to a like cause. Perhaps the most noted of them all was the *Mitre*, so indissolubly connected with Johnson and his circle, that it hardly needs further mention, although I cannot resist recalling Boswell's reference to the famous

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[1] Timbs quotes the invitation sent to the author of *Clarissa* and his punctual reply, from Bowyer's *Anecdotes*.

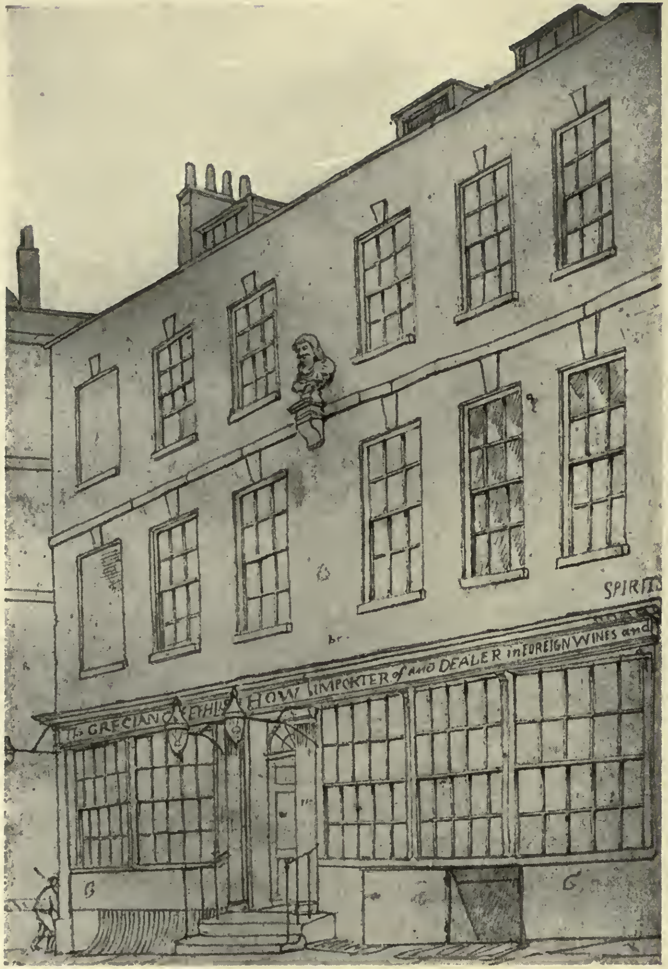
SPIRITS
The GRECIAN
HOW IMPORTER of and DEALER in FOREIGN WINES and

FIG. 104.—THE GRECIAN COFFEE-HOUSE, DEVEREUX COURT.
From an old pencil drawing.

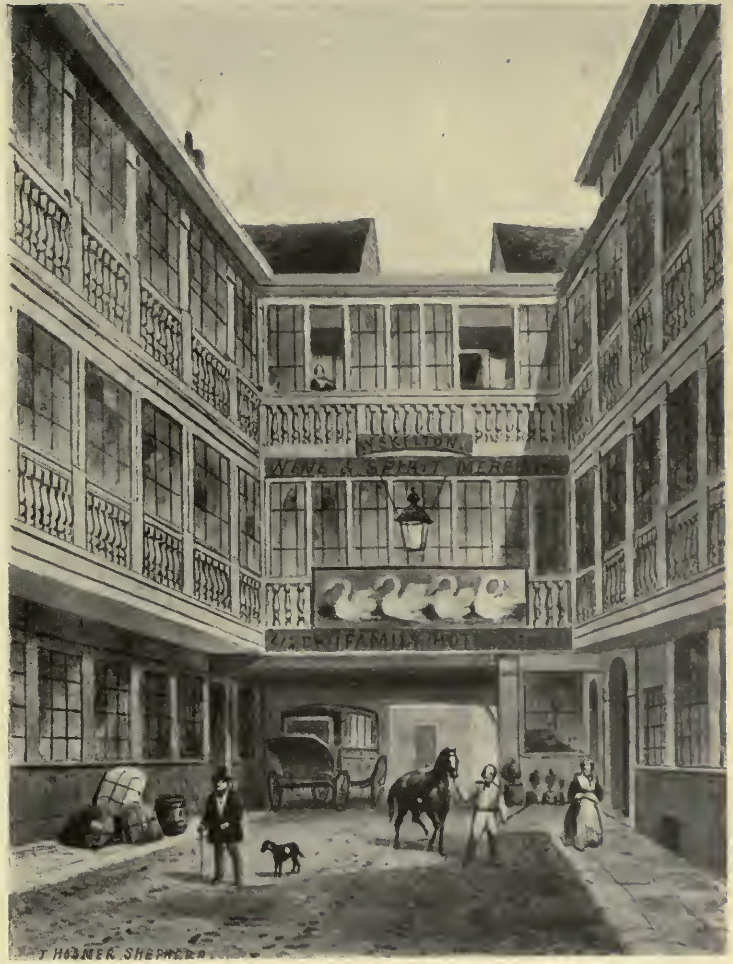
W. SKELTON
WINE & SPIRIT MERC
FAMILY HOT
T HOSMER SHEPHERD

FIG. 105.—FOUR SWANS, BISHOPSGATE.
From a drawing by T. H. Shepherd.

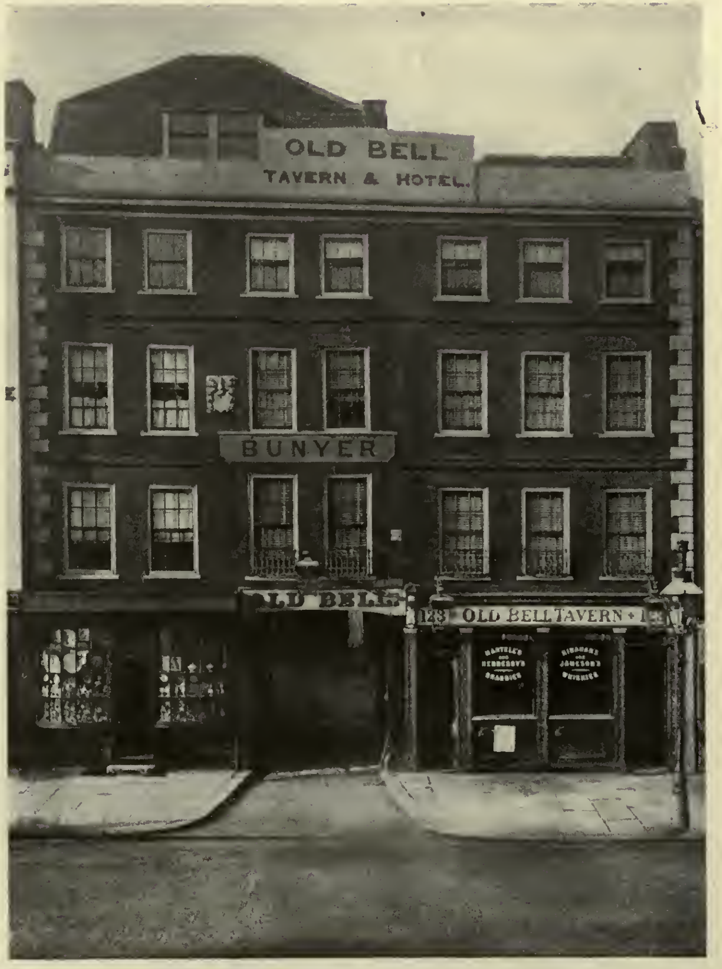
OLD BELL
TAVERN & HOTEL
BUNYER
OLD BELL
123 OLD BELL TAVERN

FIG. 106.—THE OLD BELL, HOLBORN.
Demolished 1897.

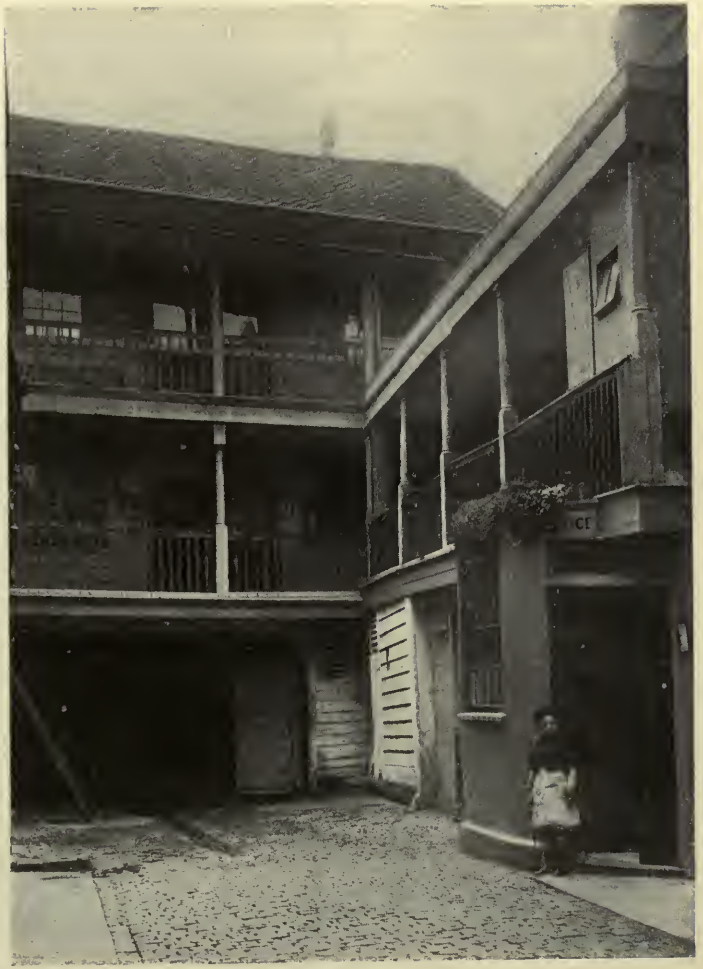

FIG. 107.—THE OLD BELL, HOLBORN.
The Courtyard.

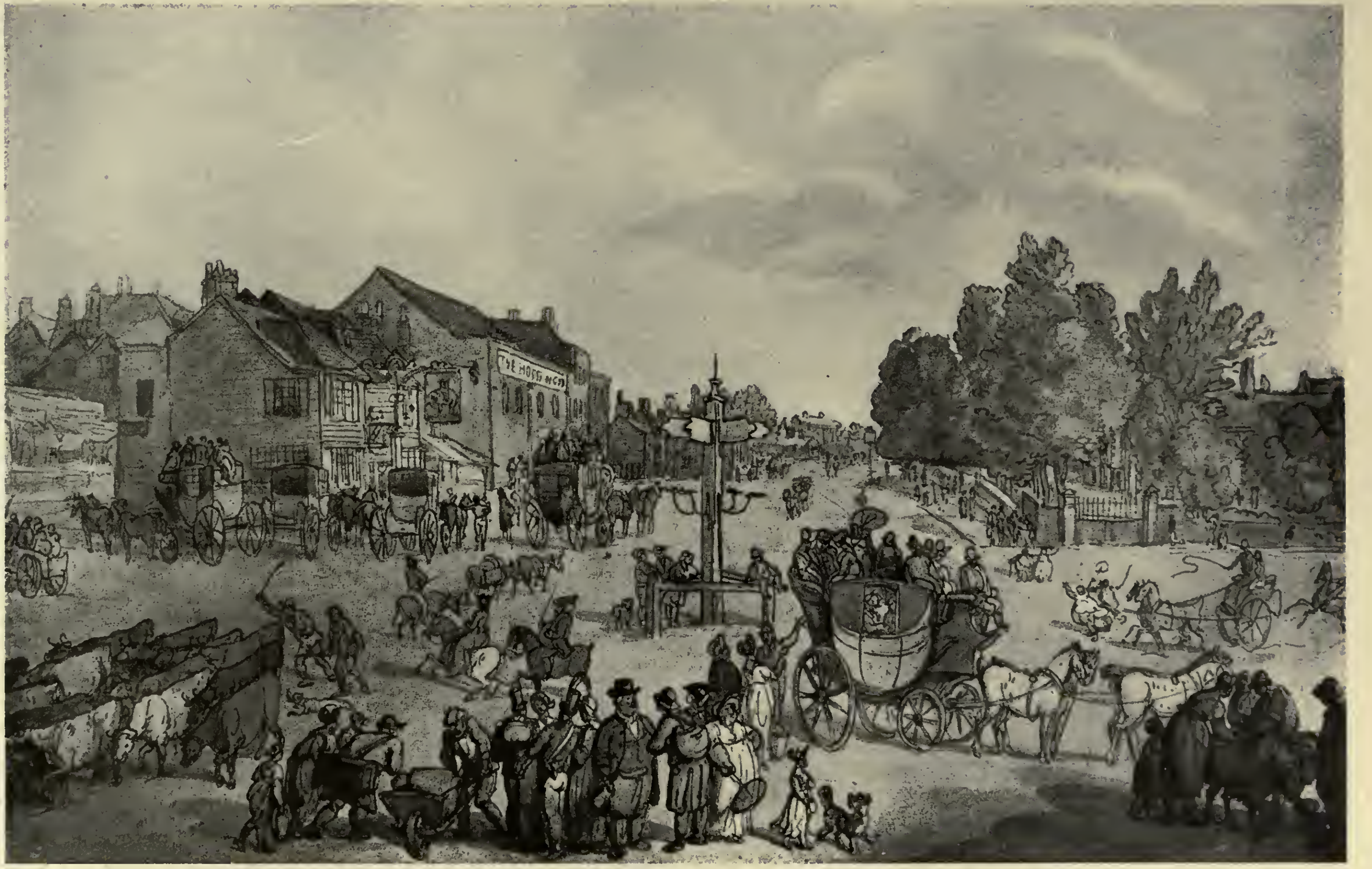

FIG. 108.—THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

From the original water-colour by T. Rowlandson.

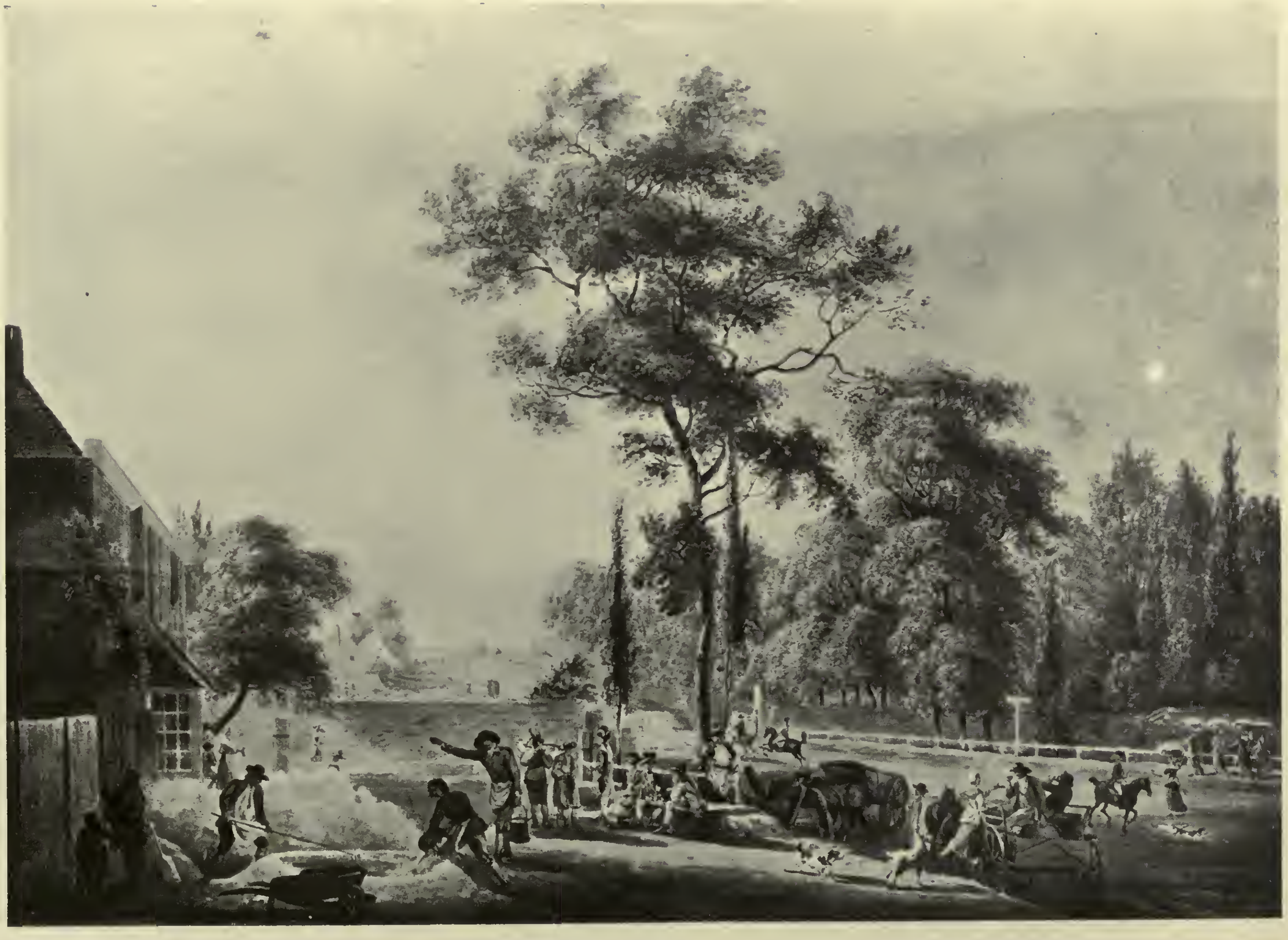

FIG. 109—THE OLD SWAN, BAYSWATER.

From the original water-colour by Paul Sandby, 1790.

occasion on which he met his hero there: "The orthodox high church sound of the Mitre—the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind, beyond what I had ever experienced." Here it was that the great Doctor decided on his tour to the Hebrides; here he told Ogilvie that "the noblest prospect a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads to England"; here he entertained the two fair Methodists, who, fresh from their native Staffordshire, had come to consult him on religious questions.

The Strand was as full as Fleet Street of taverns; I can but mention the names of some of the more outstanding, such as the *Ship*, in that Butcher's Row which disappeared in 1813; the *Palsgrave's Head* mentioned by Prior; the *Crown and Anchor* patronised by Johnson, and in 1799 the scene of the great banquet given to Charles James Fox, and once the resting-place of Kent's appalling Altar Piece for St. Clement's Church, so terribly satirised by Hogarth; the *Fountain*, favoured by Walpole's opponents, and one of Dick Steele's many haunts; as well as numberless others either in the main thoroughfare or off it, in such purlieus as Clare Market where they abounded, in Bow Street, or in Covent Garden, where the *Cock*, kept by 'Oxford Kate' was the resort of the Mohocks and rakes of all kinds; and lastly the *Rose*, patronised by a medley of men about town, actors and others, and whose principal room is reproduced by Hogarth in the third print of "The Rake's Progress"—a sufficient indication of the uses to which it was occasionally put. It should be remembered that *Evans's*, whose later associations have rather dimmed its earlier ones, was first opened in 1774, as an hotel, the first family hotel, it is said, in London. The *Salutation* in Tavistock Street, the *Constitution* in Bedford Street, and *Offley's* in Henrietta Street, can but be mentioned in a bare allusion.

Further west, the *Star and Garter* in Pall Mall was perhaps the most notable, where Lord Byron killed Mr. Chaworth in 1765, and where the first Cricket Club is said to have been founded, nine years later, by Sir Horace Mann (Walpole's friend), the Duke of Dorset and others; and where at an earlier date Swift had sometimes foregathered with his friends. Another adjacent tavern was the *Queen's Arms*, which also had a sanguinary association, for it was here that the fatal duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton was planned.

Piccadilly was, of course, another great centre for such places, some of which have died with the earlier day, for instance, the *Black Bear* and the *White Bear*; some of which the names alone remain, such as the *White Horse* and *Half Moon*, perpetuated in adjoining bystreets; some which have modern successors, such as the *White Horse Cellar*, mentioned by Strype in 1720; to which must be added the famous *Hercules Pillars* at Hyde Park Corner, where Squire Western put up on his hue and cry after Tom Jones. The *Running Footman*, in Mayfair, is interesting as recording, by its name, the usual appendage to the state coaches of the nobility of the 18th century, and the *Golden Cross*, at Charing Cross, is a prominent feature in many a print of the period. On the south side of the river they were hardly less numerous, and in Southwark, the *George Inn* was famous as a coaching hostel (Figs. 102 and 103).

It is needless to say that in more outlying districts the tavern was an essential feature. Islington, which had its strong man,[1] had also the inn at which he was mine host. *Copenhagen House* kept, in 1770, by a man named Harrington, was another Islington hostelry notable during the latter half of the period. Marylebone, Paddington, and Kentish Town enjoyed an equal share of such places: the *Jew's Harp*, frequented by no less a person than Speaker Onslow; the *Green Man*, where the painter Wilson used to play skittles; the *Mother Redcap*, of evil reputation; the *Rose of Normandy*, with its bowling-green; the *Bell*, a rural wayside tavern, of which an illustration is here given (Fig. 101); the *Red Lion* and others. Skittle-alleys and bowling-greens formed an integral part of these establishments which, in those then rural fastnesses, added tea gardens to their other attractions, and if by chance a spring was to be found, became 'wells' of more or less salubrious effect. Bayswater with its gardens, along what was then a country road where stood the *Old Swan*, of which Sandby has left a charming picture (Fig. 109), and the *Elephant and Castle* at Newington, perpetuated by Rowlandson (Fig. 108), as well as the Inns of Kensington, Brompton, and Knightsbridge all possessed the benefits of such rurality as these places then enjoyed, if benefits they could be called, where, in consequence of their frequent seclusion and close proximity to the open country, highwaymen and footpads haunted with an impunity which Sir John Fielding[2] deprecated, and which in our own day seems absolutely astounding.

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[1] Thomas Topham. In 1737 he here rolled up a pewter dish with his hand, in the presence of a large concourse of astonished spectators.

[2] Description of London and Westminster, 1775, and see his *Extracts from such of the Penal Laws as particularly relate to the Peace and Good Order of this Metropolis*, 1768.

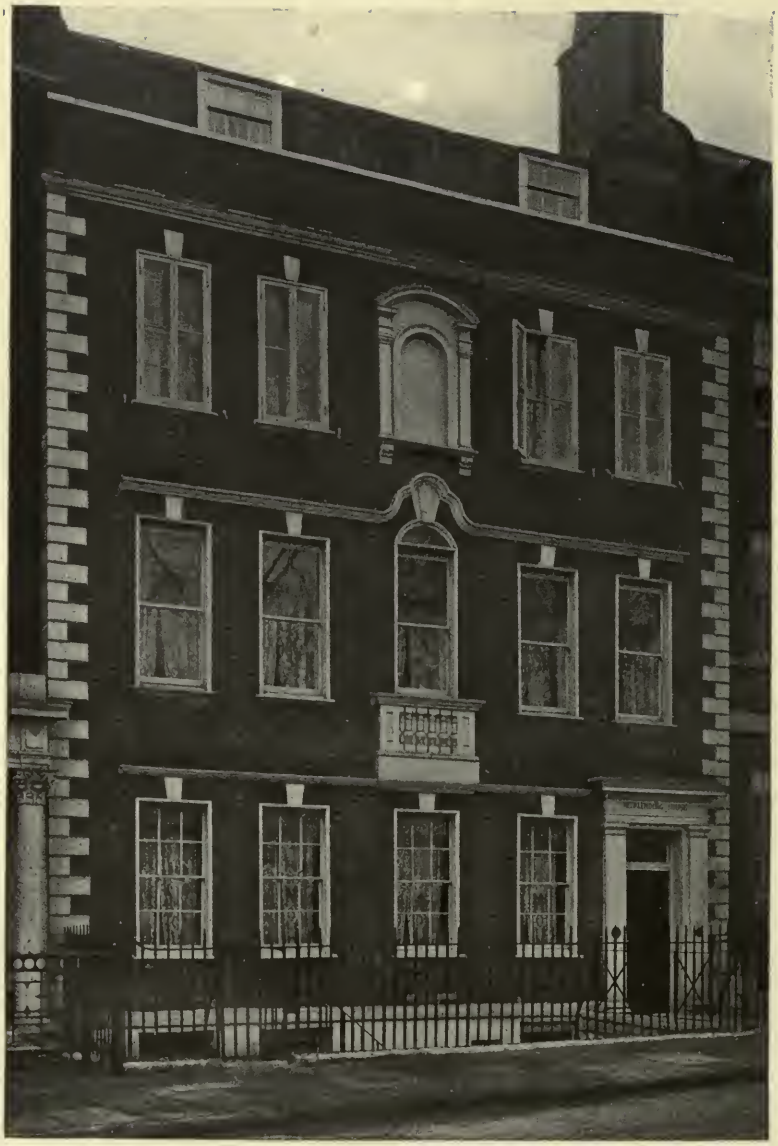

FIG. 110.—MECKLENBURG HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM GATE (1706).

CHAPTER V

GREAT HOUSES AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS

THE number of great houses, or as I once called them, private palaces, in London dating from the 18th century, which still remain to us in their original state, is less than might be supposed. There are not more than a score at most, and to reach that small figure one would have to stretch a point by including one or two not properly to be designated under so high-sounding a title.

Four important houses in London stand as characteristic of the beginning of the period: Newcastle House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which dates from a few years before the beginning of the century, *i.e.* 1686; Schomberg House (although of it but a relic remains) in Pall Mall, erected about 1699; Harrington House, Craig's Court, built in 1702; and Marlborough House, dating from 1709–10. All of these are constructed in red brick with stone facings, and the first three may be traced either directly or indirectly to that Captain Wynne who was responsible for Buckingham House—the red-coated predecessor of the Palace, and to whose credit also stands the long since demolished Craven House, near Drury Lane. Wynne did actually design Newcastle House, and both Harrington House and Schomberg House are so much in the same style, that I think either his own hand or his influence on some contemporary architect can be traced in these buildings. A house which has a certain affinity to these, though on a smaller scale, is Mecklenburg House, Buckingham Gate (Fig. 110), which dates from 1706. Wynne was engaged on Buckingham House about this time, and it is not improbable that he had some share in, if he did not actually design, the smaller structure. It certainly possesses something of the Dutch character which is apparent in all his productions.

Marlborough House, as is well known, was designed by Wren who was selected by the Duchess of Marlborough, in order to mortify Vanbrugh with whom she had had her famous quarrel. The house cost some fifty thousand pounds, but the Duchess commenting on this then enormous expenditure, remarked that it was not so extravagant as it appeared, because the mansion "is the strongest and best house that ever was built." Maurer's well-known print shows what it was like at the time of its completion. Since then the addition (by the 3rd Duke) of an upper story and of some extra rooms on the ground floor, has changed its appearance a good deal.

Another of the great houses in London, although considerably later than those mentioned, dating from this period, is Chesterfield House, Mayfair, which Isaac Ware erected for the third Earl, in 1748 (Figs. 111 and 112). Ware, who had commenced architecture by converting Lanesborough House, at Hyde Park Corner, into (the since greatly enlarged) St. George's Hospital, and might have built the Mansion House had there been no Dance, published and edited more on architecture than he actually achieved himself. However, Lord Chesterfield selected him to design the new house which he had determined to erect on the outskirts of the town, and after much delay, pathetically referred to in some of his Lordship's unpublished letters, the residence was completed, and the great house-warming, described by Walpole in a well-known passage, took place in 1752.[1]

It would be a little unfair to judge of Ware's achievement by the present appearance of Chesterfield House (Fig. 112), for it is to-day shorn of much of its significance by the lopping away of its two wings, and by the changed direction of the two colonnades (from Canons), which instead of running parallel on each side of the house, are now brought forward at right angles to it. When Mr. Magniac purchased the property from the then Lord Chesterfield, in 1869, he made these alterations in order to develop the property by the erection of adjacent houses, and he also cut up the quite extensive grounds running down Curzon Street, in order to build Chesterfield Gardens. The illustration given, shows not only what Chesterfield House looked like when "the glass of fashion" took possession of it, but also reveals its then rural character (Fig. 111), although, as we can see, there was already a row of houses on the south side of Curzon Street, with Grosvenor Chapel at its west end, a foretaste of Sir Richard Grosvenor's development of the property.

The interior of Chesterfield House (Figs. 113 and 114), is characteristic of the methods of so many of the 18th-century architects; the upper floors bear the burden of the splendour of those on the ground and first floors, the reception rooms being magnificent enough for princes, the bedrooms (that occupied by the great Earl especially) hardly conforming with the requirements of what we, to-day, regard as quite moderate luxury. When all is said, however, Chesterfield House is at once splendid and comfortable and compares very favourably with other great houses of the time which labour under still greater disadvantages in the direction of domestic comfort.

As Ware was first draughtsman, and then secretary, to the Board of Works, it is probable that much of his work exists unidentified among some of the older public buildings, but little is extant in London which can be actually traced to him. He had a hand in the Horse Guards, erected from Kent's designs; and Lindsay House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, has been, I think, erroneously, attributed to him. He is known also to have sent in an unsuccessful design for the building of Blackfriars Bridge. There is, however, one house in London doubly associated with Ware, for he not only designed, but lived in, it. This is No. 5 Bloomsbury Square. Together with No. 6, in which Isaac Disraeli once resided, it appears to form a single house, but it was always divided. The influence of Ware's favourite Palladio is plainly visible here, and although somewhat sombre, the house is dignified and internally commodious and well arranged. It dates from about 1750, and is an excellent specimen of one of London's lesser mansions of that period. It is interesting to compare it with an exactly contemporary house, No. 61 Curzon Street, as well as with some of the houses in Dover Street, notably Nos. 5 and 6, the work of Sir Robert Taylor, dating from the same year.

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[1] It was on this occasion that the Duke of Hamilton made violent love to Miss Gunning, and married her, with a curtain ring, two nights later.

Although Chesterfield House seems to claim for a variety of reasons the chief place among the London palaces of the 18th century, several others really take precedence, so far as dates are concerned. Thus Burlington House (Fig. 117) was built by the architect Earl, in 1724; Devonshire House was planned by Kent, on the site of an earlier structure, in 1733; and Crewe House was erected by Edward Sheppard, whose name survives in the adjacent Sheppard's Market, in 1735. None of these can claim any striking architectural features. Burlington House, as it was and as it is, exhibits a great metamorphosis, and both Devonshire House and Crewe House are without many redeeming features from an external point of view. Indeed Kent, that Jack of all trades, was as heavy in his lines at the former, as he was in the *rococo* furniture, borrowed from Italy, which he designed to fill the principal rooms. Sweetness and light had not dawned on his mental vision, and he would seem to have outdone Vanbrugh in the weights he laid on a long-suffering earth, without the merit of Vanbrugh's occasional flashes of exquisite architectural thought. With regard to Kent's achievement, it is but fair to say that his internal decorations (Fig. 116), heavy as they often are, were less open to adverse criticism than his exteriors. What he could do in the more ambitious way is visible in the salon at Devonshire House; what he compassed, when dealing with residences on a smaller scale, is to be seen in various London houses, such as 31 Old Burlington Street, Lord Yarborough's in Arlington Street, and No. 44 Berkeley Square (then belonging to Lady Arabella Finch), the staircase of which, considering the limited space at his disposal, was really a masterly contrivance, and deserves Walpole's well-known eulogy.

Burlington House has been reconstructed and added to so elaborately that little of its original appearance can be said to survive. What it looked like when first built, with its wall along Piccadilly—the most expensive piece of wall in England, it was called—may be seen in old prints. There is no doubt that, notwithstanding Hogarth's sneers, it was far in advance, architecturally, of the majority of large London houses, when the Earl, in collaboration with Colin Campbell and others, designed it, in 1724 (Fig. 117). The interior must have been gorgeous with the embellishments of Giacomo Leoni and Marco Ricci, Gibbs, and Kent. The first named probably designed, too, the famous colonnade about which Walpole waxed eloquent. It is a moot point as to what share Lord Burlington had in the planning of the mansion; he, probably, indicated his ideas—ideas easily traceable to the influence of

Palladio—and left their carrying out to his more technically able lieutenants. About 1702–4 Knyff drew, and Kip engraved, an excellent representation of the original Burlington House, which was built of red brick. Lord Burlington's improvements included the complete covering of the brick-work in a design borrowed from Palladio's Viericati Palace at Vicenza. The addition of the semicircular colonnade round the fore-court, and the elaborate wall with its three gates, screening the house from Piccadilly, gave a homogeneity to the place which must have been very effective, and the loss of which we owe to the year 1868, when both were demolished.

In spite of Hogarth's attacks—in 1724 he produced his "Taste of the Town" as well as other pictorial satires—and Hervey's antagonistic quatrain, it is probable that few houses have been so lauded and by such illustrious writers. Gay's eulogium beginning—

> "Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains ;
> Beauty within, without proportion reigns,"

is well known. Pope in verse and Walpole in prose echoed this praise ; and even if Lord Burlington received the eulogies which should have been shared, if not wholly appropriated, by Colin Campbell, there is no gainsaying that the splendid residence which sprang into existence in Piccadilly deserved the encomiums showered upon it, and little of the blame which it also received.[1]

About five years after Lord Burlington's palace was completed, the present Devonshire House was erected from the designs of Kent. The earlier mansion, where the Princess Anne lived for a time, had been purchased by the first Duke of Devonshire in 1698, and here he died in 1707, having entertained much in this house, famous, since, for much entertaining ; his guests including Marshall Tallard and the 'little Dutchman' himself. On 16th October 1733, a disastrous fire, a long and graphic account of which is given in the *Daily Journal* for the following day, broke out here, owing to the carelessness of some workmen, and completely destroyed the building which had been designed by Baptist May. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Guards who came to help under the direction of Lord Albemarle, and the presence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, who had hurried over from Leicester House and encouraged the crowd to save the contents, the place was gutted. The Duke lost no time in rebuilding, but Kent was not inspired when he designed the new palace. Ralph, whose sarcastic pen spared little in London, was not unduly severe when he wrote of it : "It is spacious, and so are the East India Company's Warehouses, and both are equally deserving praise," and he speaks of the "horrid blank of wall" in front, "cheerless and unsocial by day, and terrible by night."[2] The place cost, according to Pennant, about £20,000, Kent receiving £1000

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[1] In the *Architectural Review* for October 1904, *et seq.* : the late Mr. Phène Spiers wrote an elaborate account of the place, an account illustrated by many excellent views of its exterior and interior.

[2] The comparatively recent insertion of the beautiful gates from Chiswick, has helped to take away the sting of this remark.

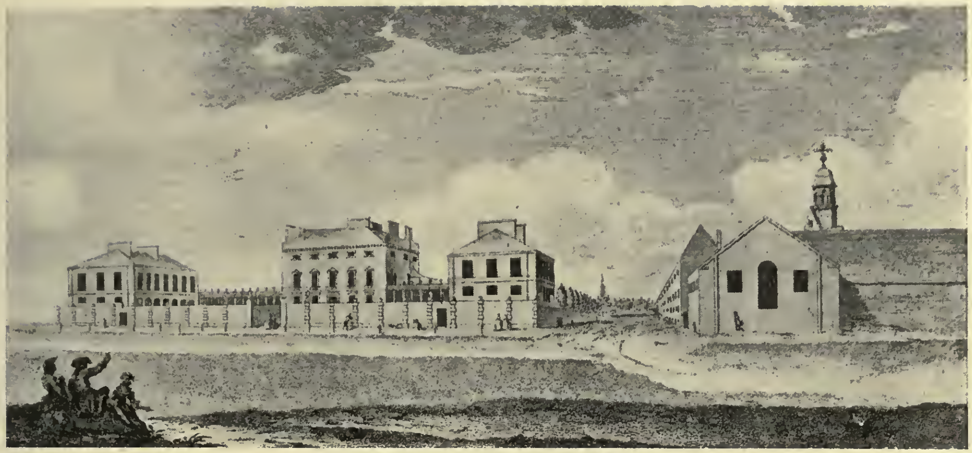

FIG. 111.—CHESTERFIELD HOUSE, AS IT APPEARED IN 1750.

From a print by E. J. Eyre.

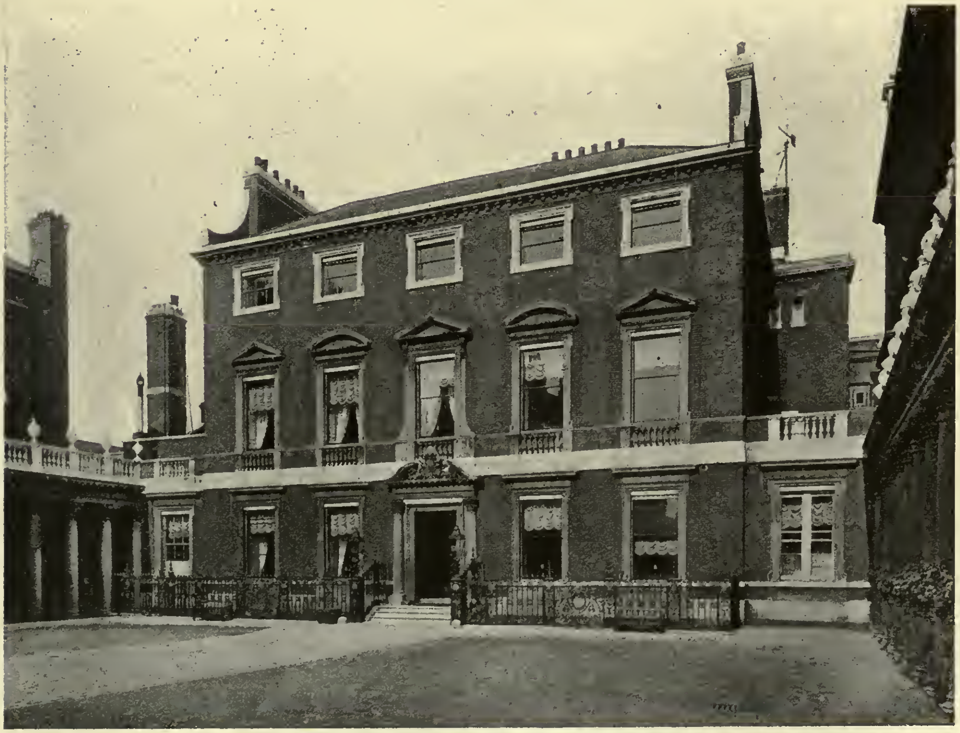

FIG. 112.—CHESTERFIELD HOUSE (1748).

Architect, Isaac Ware.

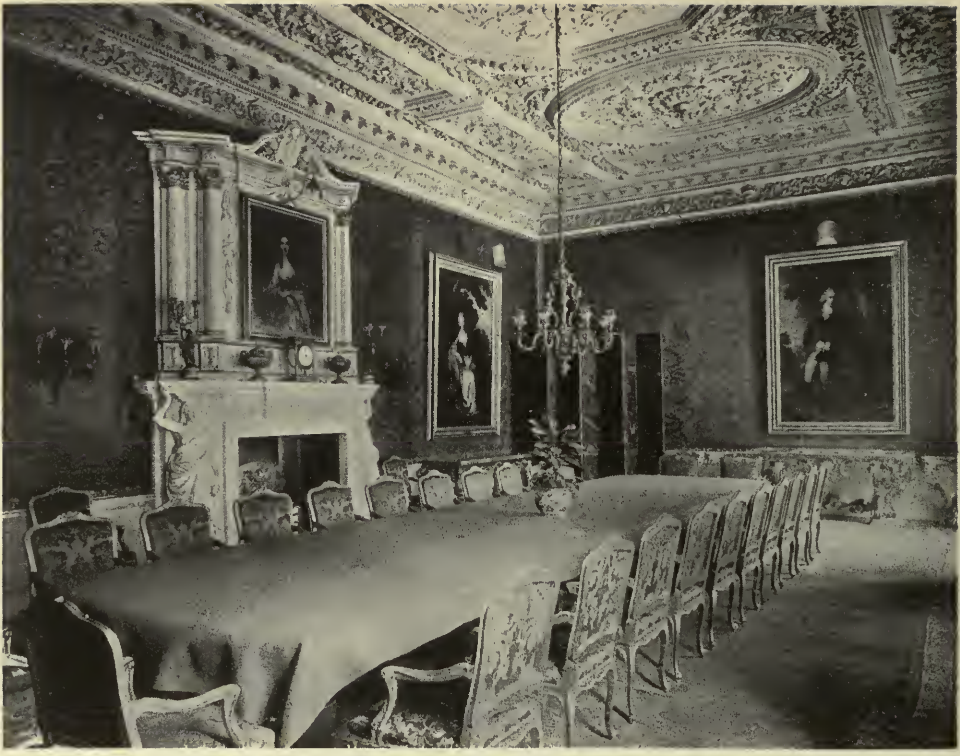

FIG. 113.—CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.
The Dining-Room.

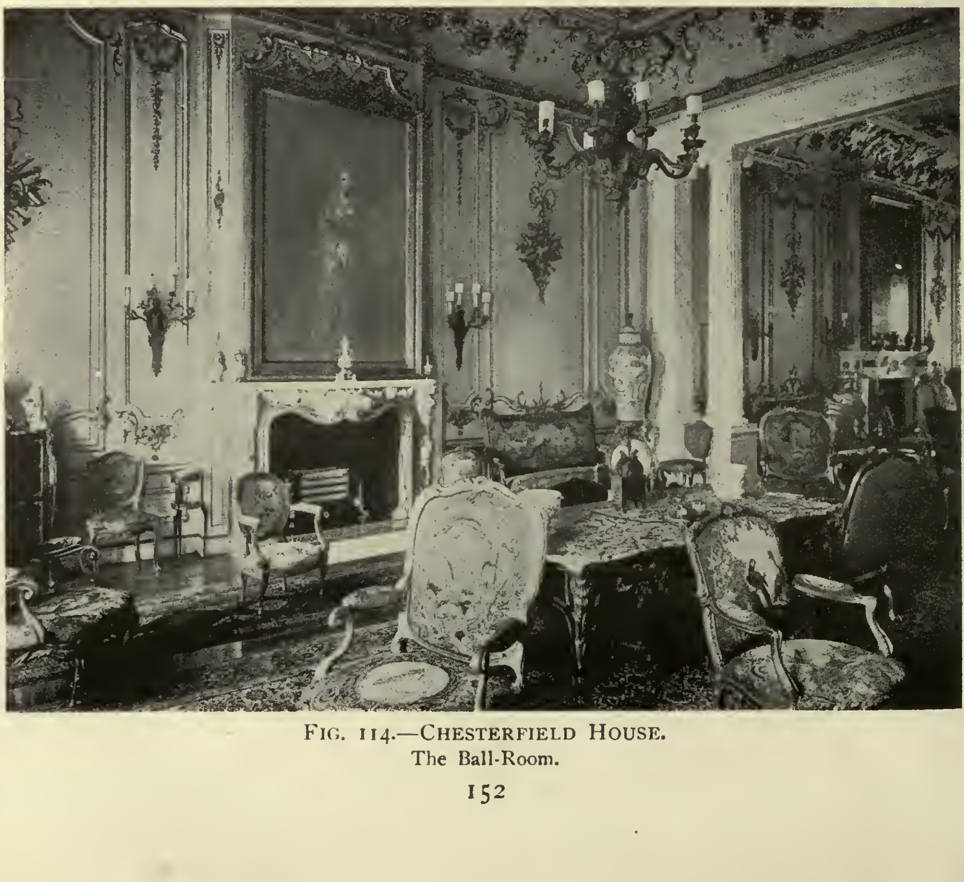

FIG. 114.—CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.
The Ball-Room.

for his plans and elevations. Since Kent's day many alterations have been made here. Thus Decimus Burton added the great semicircular bay containing the famous staircase with its glass (*not* crystal—as has sometimes been affirmed) handrail, and Crace, the architect, later, did a good deal of reconstructive work on the building; but nothing can ever make the exterior of Devonshire House effective, as not many private palaces can compare with the splendour of its rooms or the wealth of their contents.

Crewe House dates from 1735. It is no more architecturally notable than is Devonshire House, but the fact that in such a fully built over thoroughfare as Curzon Street, it stands back in its own grounds, surrounded by 'umbrageous trees' (as they would have been termed in the 18th century), gives it something of a unique character. Edward Sheppard, whose name survives in the neighbouring Sheppard's Market, erected it. He was responsible for many other buildings in Mayfair, where he was a landlord of consideration. He lived, during the earlier years of the century, in a small house on the site of the present mansion, and in the latter he died on 24th September 1747.[1] The ground on which the house stands belonged to Sir Nathaniel Curzon of Kedleston, from whom Sheppard obtained the lease—a lease apparently renewed to his widow, who executed a fresh one to Viscount Fane, who lived here till his death; *his* widow occupying the place down to 1792. So that the 18th century saw but two families in possession of a house which has since then passed through the hands of Lady Reade, Lord Carhampton, Lord Wharncliffe (after whom it was called for a time), and its present owner, the Marquis of Crewe.

The mansion is a wide-fronted building with Ionic pillars in the centre and large semicircular bays at either end, and is eloquent of the earlier Georgian days when young men of family made the grand tour, and returned to apply the architecture of Greece and Rome to domestic uses at home—the days when the Society of Dilettanti was a power, when Brettingham and Gavin Hamilton purveyed antiques for lordly patrons, from calmly indifferent lands, and Nicholas Revett and 'Athenian' Stuart helped to transfer classic ideals to a somewhat alien soil. Of course, Crewe House cannot, like Spencer House for example, be regarded as a particularly notable specimen of the classic convention; but, at least, it serves to remind us of the tendency which set in and was followed up with such eagerness at this period. As a matter of fact, it, and similar buildings, probably helped to guide the taste which at the beginning of the following century was to come to full prominence under the hands of Nash and Holland. The name of the architect of Crewe House has not survived, nor is this of much consequence, for characteristic as it is of a certain phase in architectural art, it cannot be regarded as specially important for itself.

Spencer House, on the other hand, dating from about twenty years later, is in an altogether different category. Care, time, and money, were all expended on the erection of this notable example of the mid-eighteenth century classic style, and on the whole it is, perhaps, the most charming and successful of London's great houses. It owes its genesis to John Spencer, son of the 3rd Earl of Sunderland, who became the 1st Earl Spencer in 1765. Its builder is known to bibliophiles as the collector of probably the finest private library which, before the advent of American dollars, was ever assembled by a single man. That library was never closely associated with Spencer House, however, as its resting-place was at Althorp, until Mrs. Rylands bought it.

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[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1747.

As an active and early member of the Society of Dilettanti, Lord Spencer's attention had long been drawn to the classic convention which was becoming fashionable largely through that Society's enthusiasm and energy. It was therefore natural that when he wished to create a town house, it should have been erected on lines which Revett and Stuart had made popular. The place owes its design and arrangement to several hands. Colonel George Grey, an amateur architect (in those days it was almost part of a cultured man's education to know more than a little about architecture) is said to have been responsible for the general design, although it seems more probable that John Vardy, a pupil of Kent's, had the main share in it: while 'Athenian' Stuart designed the St. James's Place front. The house was begun towards the end of 1755, and Mrs. Delany records the fact, adding that it "will be superb when finished." In accordance with the leisurely manner of the 18th century, the building was not hurried, and it was certainly not till four years later that Stuart completed his design for the façade with which he was entrusted. The shell of the mansion alone is said to have cost over £50,000, and the expenditure on the interior decorations (Fig. 115) must have been enormous. We have Sir Reginald Blomfield's great authority for saying that the internal arrangements are remarkable, and more modern than those of any town mansion of the time. Spencer House may be regarded by some purists as exhibiting a little too much conscious effort after exterior decoration—the figures which surmount it give it somewhat the appearance of a 'memorial' building, but, seen from the Green Park, it is a beautiful object and one can imagine the 18th century calling it 'chaste' and 'classic,' and the early 19th almost making one out of humour with its charm by terming it 'elegant.'

Five years before Spencer House was begun, Brettingham had created Norfolk House, St. James's Square, for the 13th Duke of Norfolk, but as Mrs. Delany only speaks of it as being finished in 1756, in which year the Duke died, he could have had but a few months' enjoyment of his new home. I say his new home, for, as a matter of fact, he found himself, when he succeeded to the title in 1743, in possession of a residence more or less on the same site. Indeed, although some portions seem to have been pulled down to make room for the new erection, the bulk of the old fabric still remains behind the present mansion. That old house is one of the most interesting in London for here, on 4th June 1738, George III. was born. It happened in this wise. When in the previous year, Frederick, Prince of Wales, had his famous quarrel with his father, George II., the 10th Duke of Norfolk lent Norfolk House to him, and he remained here till 1741, when he went to Leicester House, in

Leicester Fields. Students of old maps (Faithorne and Newcourt's, for instance) will observe a house closely adjoining Tart Hall, near where Buckingham Palace stands. This was known as Stafford House (the name is perpetuated in Stafford Street, Pimlico), and belonged to the Howards, and hither the Duke came to live during Prince 'Fritz's' tenancy of Norfolk House.

It seems probable that the older Norfolk House dates from between 1710 and 1722, when the Duke of Portland owned the property; but who built it for him is not known, nor, considering that it has no architectural merit, is this important. Originally two houses stood on the site of the present Norfolk House, in one of which Lord St. Albans, who created the square, lived. The whole, rather complicated, history of these various residences is given in my book on the *Private Palaces of London*, so I need not further enter into the matter here. Suffice it to say that Norfolk House, as we know it to-day, was the mansion familiar to the later half of the 18th century, except that since that day the balcony has been added. In the diary of Lady Mary Coke, in that of Mrs. Delany, and in Walpole's *Letters*, are innumerable references to the balls and card parties here, and to the scandal that was talked at them. Lord Rockingham being asked who was at one of these semi-regal entertainments, replied that "there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duchess afraid of all the Company." Not a bad picture, as Horace Walpole, relating the anecdote, remarks.

Matthew Brettingham, who was responsible for Norfolk House, built No. 1 Stratton Street (Fig. 186), an excellent example of his less ambitious style. He also began Kedleston Hall, which Paine and later, Robert Adam, were to continue. This collocation conveniently carries us from the chief of Brettingham's London houses to the most complete example of his coadjutor's labours in the Metropolis—Lansdowne House.

This remarkable mansion was designed by Adam in 1760, and remains the most ornate specimen of his style that London possesses, for even Stratford House cannot quite compare with it, and Ken Wood, reconstructed about 1764, is outside our area. In the Soane Museum are preserved the original plans and drawings of Lansdowne House, and from them it is obvious that the first conceptions of the architect differed materially from those actually carried out (Figs. 118 and 119). To take a single instance: where the present Sculpture Gallery stands, it was first designed to build a noble library in three divisions. The house was erected for Lord Bute who, however, never lived in it, but sold it, in 1765, to the Earl of Shelburne, for £22,500. It is probably unique to find a house built and occupied by two of the most unpopular ministers who have ever directed the destinies of a great nation. That this was the case with Lansdowne House, however, any one knowing something of the history of Bute and Shelburne, will readily realise. While the latter came to enjoy the fruits of Adam's genius, the former was content with a humbler residence, for in 1764 he went to reside in Albemarle Street, and later, till his death in 1792, at 73 South Audley Street.

Whatever may be said of Lord Shelburne (afterwards 1st Marquis of Lansdowne) from a public point of view, as a private man he showed his acumen and tact not only by lodging Priestly within the walls of his new house (which fact Brougham characteristically said was his chief claim to remembrance), but by filling it with a magnificent collection of Pictures and Books, and with that unrivalled assemblage of Sculpture which he had, with the help of Gavin Hamilton and others, brought together from Greece and Italy. Luckily, the 2nd Lord Lansdowne, who sold the books and pictures, had sufficient sense to keep the statues and busts which his father had collected at such pains and expense, and the Discobolus and the seated Juno, the wonderful Mercury and the great bust of Hercules, can be seen to-day as they were seen by those of the 18th century who had the *entrée* to this stately palace.

I have incidentally mentioned Stratford House (Fig. 121) as another great example of the Adams' work, and so, although it was not erected till 1772, I will say something about it here, before dealing with several other great houses which chronologically take precedence of it. The little Stratford Street (Fig. 120), which connects Stratford House with Oxford Street, was built by Edward Stratford, later 2nd Earl of Aldborough, and although no working drawings for the mansion by the Adam Brothers are known to exist,[1] there seems to be no doubt that the place is due to them, or to the greatest of them—Robert. Indeed, a drawing in the Crace Collection proves as much, and the exterior and interior decorations can hardly leave us in the least uncertainty on the point. Since Lord Derby succeeded Lord Colebrooke, its former occupier, however, the dining-room, according to Mr. Swarbrick, remains the only room containing the original decorations unaltered. The ballroom, with its wonderful ceiling decorations and paintings by Angelica Kauffmann, and its remarkable fireplace, is very characteristic of the Adams' convention, while the entrance hall strikes the same note in a more subdued manner.

Notwithstanding its date, however, Stratford House is not nearly so identified with the 18th century as Portman House, better known to the student of an earlier day as Montagu House, the mansion which Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the famous blue-stocking, erected, at the north-west corner of Portman Square, and in which 'Athenian' Stuart and Robert Adam, and perhaps others, for Mrs. Montagu seems to have asked advice from all and sundry, had a hand. It dates from the earlier years of George III.'s reign, and appears to have first been ready for occupation in 1781, for Mrs. Boscawen writes, in that year, that "Mrs. Montagu is very busy furnishing her new house, and part of her family is removed into it." The building and adornment of her new 'palace' was to its owner a labour of love. When completed, it seems to have taken London by storm, and even the fastidious Horace Walpole is found calling it 'a noble, simple edifice.' "That excellent house, finely situated, and just such as I have always wished, but never hoped, to have," as Mrs. Montagu herself described it, is, indeed, as good an example of

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[1] See Mr. J. Swarbrick's important work on the Adams, p. 248 *et seq.* (Batsford).

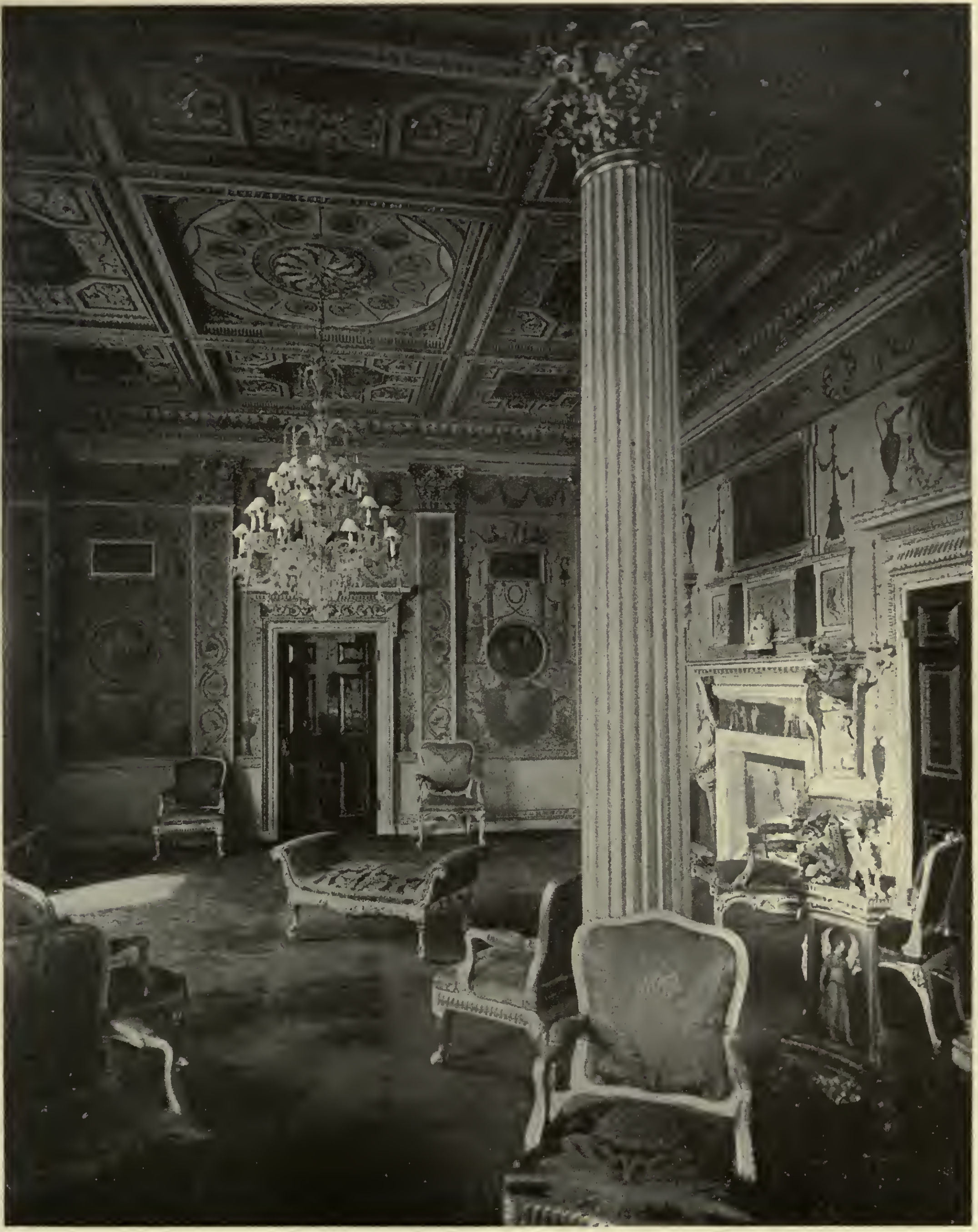

FIG. 115.—SPENCER HOUSE.
The Painted Room.

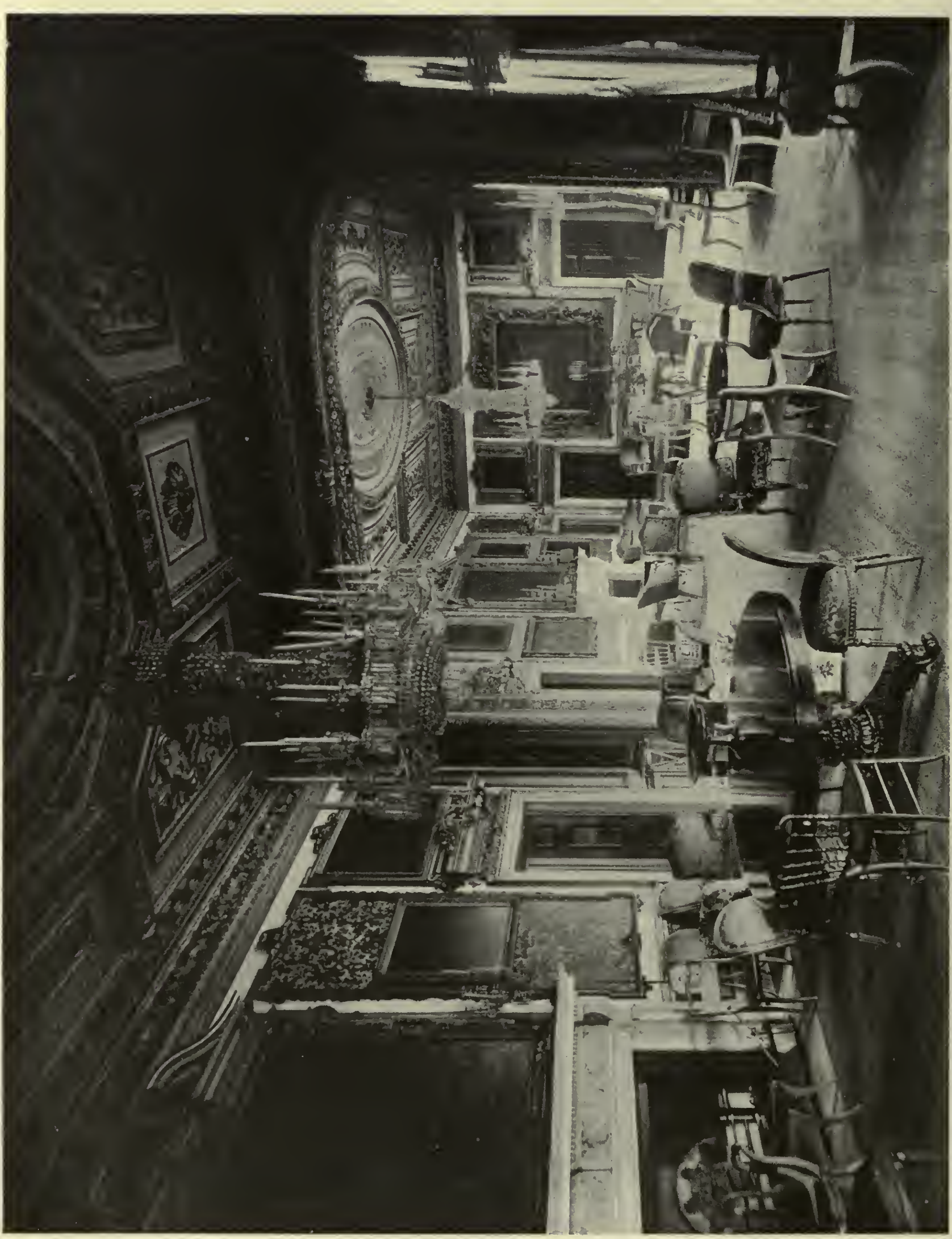

FIG. 116.—DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

The Ball and Concert Room.

Architect, Kent.

the large Town House of the period, as is to be found in London. The solidity of the shell is set off by the light and airy decorations with which Angelica Kauffmann, Zucchi, and Cipriani embellished the interior. Fanny Burney speaks of 'Miss Angel's' work in the house in 1781; and we know how Mrs. Montagu herself superintended the beautiful adornment of her plaything, buying here and there, in this toy-shop or that sale, articles of virtu with which to fill it. One of her 'fads,' if so superior a mind as that of the authoress of the *Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare* can be said to have had fads at all, was the decoration of a room with feather hangings, and to this end she begged birds' plumage from all her friends; to one hinting that "the brown tails of partridges are very useful though not so brilliant as others"; to another remarking that "the feathers of a goose may be better adapted to some occasions than the plumes of the phœnix." Cowper, one of these friends, may have contributed something from his rural Olney, besides the lines he wrote on this novel form of wall-hanging in which, as he sings,

"The birds put off their every hue
To dress a room for Montagu."

As might have been expected, after a time the moth played havoc with these feathery adornments, and, sad to relate, the walls had to be stripped of their plumage.

Another 'fad' was the room of 'Cupidons' painted with roses and jessamine amidst which sported Cupids of such decorative audacity that dear Mrs. Delany could not refrain from remarking her wonder, how such a genius as Mrs. Montagu, and at her age, could think of covering her walls "with little cupids in all their wanton ways." [1]

If the 'Chateau Portman,' as Mrs. Delany called it, was as good as money and taste could make it, the assemblages there of interesting people were even better. Every one who was any one, seems to have been welcome to what Walpole called "a charming poetic familiarity," otherwise the famous blue-stocking fraternity. Among its more prominent members were, besides Mrs. Montagu herself, Mrs. Boscawen, and Mrs. Carter the learned translator of *Epictetus*, and Mrs. Vesey; Mr. Pulteney, and Horace Walpole, and Mr. Stillingfleet, through whose tyrian-coloured hose the 'set' took its name; Mrs. Chapone, who corresponded with Dr. Johnson and Miss Pinkerton, Lord Chatham, David Garrick, Fanny Burney, and her father, Seward famous for his anecdotes, and Lord Lyttelton famous for his ghost story. Into this 'salon,' the earliest attempt to copy the example set in France by a succession of great ladies—indeed, Mrs. Montagu has been called the Madame du Deffand of England—sometimes came the great figure of Dr. Johnson; but although he once said he did not remember "to have passed many evenings with fewer objections" than in Portman Square, he never seems to have quite appreciated his hostess, and certainly his hostess could not tolerate many of his habits, and became frankly hostile when his *Life of Lyttelton*, which made her very angry, came out. Another outstanding feature of Montagu House was the annual fête its châtelaine gave to the chimney sweepers of London on May Day, which was continued practically till the year 1800, when, having become "almost wholly blind and very feeble," according to Dr. Burney, Mrs. Montagu died, and her nephew Mr. Matthew Montagu inherited, but never occupied, the famous house.

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[1] It is not improbable that this room was in Mrs. Montagu's former house in Hill Street.

Before Mrs. Montagu took up her residence in Portman Square, three other important London Houses were a-building: Melbourne House, now known as The Albany, Gwydyr House, in Whitehall (Fig. 124), and Apsley House. All these date from the second half of the 18th century, but it would be difficult to find three mansions more unlike in their architectural features, although it must be remembered that Apsley House was originally of red brick, and had a certain similarity with The Albany.

The latter was erected in 1770, from the design of Sir William Chambers, and forms, with the splendid Somerset House, an example of his remarkable versatility. For its purpose as a private dwelling, it is wholly admirable, both in design and execution, and the pity is that the intervening shops in Piccadilly so largely hide its façade from the public. Originally on the site of The Albany, there were three residences. These, during the earlier part of the 18th century, were acquired by the 3rd Earl of Sunderland who already lived in the most easterly of them. He converted these houses into one, although he does not appear to have gone beyond merely joining them up and building an additional room in which to house his famous library.[1] Macky, in 1714, speaks of the "Palace of the Earl of Sunderland where you will see the finest private library in Europe, and which surpasses many of the public ones," and thirty years later, in a book entitled *The History of the Present State of the British Isles*, the following description of the place is to be found: "Next to Burlington House is the Earl of Sunderland's, with a high wall likewise before it, which hides it from the street, and tho' it be inferior to the former in many respects, yet the library is looked upon as one of the completest in England, whether we regard the beauty of the building, or the books that fill it. This edifice is an hundred and fifty feet in length, divided into five apartments, having an upper and a lower range of corridors and galleries that go round the whole, for the convenience of taking down the books. . . ."

In course of time, the 5th Earl became Duke of Marlborough, when Sunderland House, as it was then called, passed to the Hon. James Spencer, brother of the new Duke, and father of the 1st Earl Spencer. Later the place was sold to Henry, 1st Lord Holland, who resold it, in 1770, to the 1st Lord Melbourne who had received his peerage in that year. Lord Melbourne pulled down the house and erected the present one on its site, employing Sir William Chambers, as before mentioned. He did not remove the wall which Ralph, in his *Critical Remarks on London*, mentions as being only less objectionable than the one in front of Burlington House, in that it was smaller. Of the new mansion the same critic asserts that it was deserving neither censure nor praise, which for him may be regarded as a not unfavourable judgment. The interior was elaborately decorated by such masters of mural painting as Cipriani, Wheatley, and Rebecca. Lord Melbourne lived in Melbourne House, as it had now been rechristened, till 1791, in which year he exchanged it with the Duke of York for Dover House, Whitehall, which was then renamed after its new owner: Melbourne House becoming York House. In course of time the Duke began, at the instigation of his friend the Duchess of Rutland, the building of Stafford House, which he never lived to complete. During the progress of that stupendous work, he removed to a house in Audley Square, and York House was soon after converted into sets of chambers, in which form it has remained till the present day. In the Crace Collection is a plan for dividing 'Albany,'[1] and adding additional blocks at the back. This was carried out, and the gardens were built over with the curious covered way, giving access to the new suites from Vigo Street. In Horwood's plan of 1809, the body of the house is still called York House, and the additions only are termed "The Albany."[2] Its later history, when it sheltered at different times such great ones as Byron and Macaulay (appropriately settled here on the site of a famous library), Canning and Glenelg, Sir Charles Napier, and Sir William Gell, Lord Lytton with his 'Solitude,' and Henry Luttrell, polishing his epigrams, need not be pursued, for it takes us beyond the London of the 18th century.

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[1] It passed to the Marlborough family, and was dispersed about thirty years ago.

Gwydyr House (Fig. 124), the second of the two which arose towards the end of the 18th century, is to-day the only one of the many great houses which once clustered in Whitehall—Richmond House, Carrington House (Figs. 122 and 123)—one of Chambers's achievements—Portland House, Fife House, Rochester House, and Stanhope House having all disappeared, and Dover House and Wallingford House having been altered out of all knowledge, although the Circular Hall of the former and Adam's screen masking the latter, happily survive. Gwydyr House owes its existence to Sir Peter Burrell (created Lord Gwydyr in 1796). In 1769 Burrell was Surveyor-General of the Land Revenue, and having in his care the safety of the books and manuscripts connected with his department, applied for the grant of "a small piece of land and some useless ground adjoining the Lamplighter's office in Whitehall . . . on which a house might be erected." He obtained a lease in the following year, as well as one for an additional piece of ground to the north. He employed John Marquand to build a residence for him on this site, and Gwydyr House came into existence soon after, serving both as Sir Peter's official and private headquarters. Additional leases followed the original one, and it was not till 1871 that the interest of the Burrell family in the place ceased. In that year the Commissioners of Woods and Forests took it over, and since then it has served as the home of various Government departments. A wing has been added, but with that exception the mansion remains in appearance substantially as it was when it was erected.

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[1] So called from the Duke's full title "York and Albany."

[2] In the earlier edition of the plan, dated 1799, it is given as York House, *tout court*.

Apsley House, on the other hand, does not. When first built, it exhibited the red bricks which are now hidden under their stone covering, and even down to the earlier years of the last century, it appropriately wore its red coat, as Thackeray remarks in *Vanity Fair.* It is often forgotten that it was originally designed by the Adams, and occupied some seven years (1771–8) in building, or during the exact tenure of office of Lord Chancellor held by Lord Apsley, for whom it was erected.

Before its advent its site was occupied by the lodge of the Ranger of Hyde Park, adjoining which was the famous apple-stall belonging to one Allen, whom George II. recognised as having fought at Dettingen and who, in consequence, received a tenure of the piece of ground on which the stall stood, as a mark of royal appreciation. On Allen's death, the stall having fallen down, the Crown again took possession of the site, and a lease of it was granted to Lord Apsley, afterwards Lord Bathurst. Allen's son, however, who had become an attorney, set up a claim to the ground on behalf of his widowed mother, and was so successful that, after much wrangling, a ground rent of £450 a year was awarded him. There was a saying current at the time, that it was "a suit by one old woman against another, and the Chancellor had been beaten in his own Court." There is no doubt that Lord Bathurst was not one of the most distinguished of the Woolsack's occupants, and Lord Campbell even goes so far as to assert that the erection of Apsley House was the most notable act of his life.

From a contemporary drawing we see what was the appearance of the Ranger's Lodge (Fig. 41), and the apple-stall, with the toll-gate close by, in 1750. The well-known posting-house and inn called "The Hercules Pillars," where Squire Western stabled his horses, when in pursuit of Tom Jones, and which Lord Granby often frequented, was close by. At the time (1828) Decimus Burton put up the gates and screen to Hyde Park in place of the wooden entrance which formerly existed here, Apsley House was encased in stone, and the portico and picture gallery added, under the direction of Sir Geoffrey Wyatville. Before then, it had changed ownership: in 1794 Lord Bathurst died, and his son sold 'No. 1, London,' as it has been called (1810), to the Marquis of Wellesley who, ten years later, resold it to his brother, the Duke of Wellington with whom it will always be indissolubly connected, and in whose family it remains. It will thus be seen that Apsley House's most stirring memories are connected with the 19th century, and the only incident of note of an earlier time connected with it, was when, in 1789, Queen Charlotte came from Kew, to see the illuminations on the occasion of George III.'s recovery from his first serious illness, and stayed here.

Within the twenty years that elapsed after the building of Apsley House, three other large London residences were erected, notably Hertford House, Manchester Square, in 1776, Dover House, Whitehall, in the same year, and Grosvenor House, in 1790. The first of these stands in the 'quadrate,' which had been contemplated so early as the reign of Queen Anne, but which did not

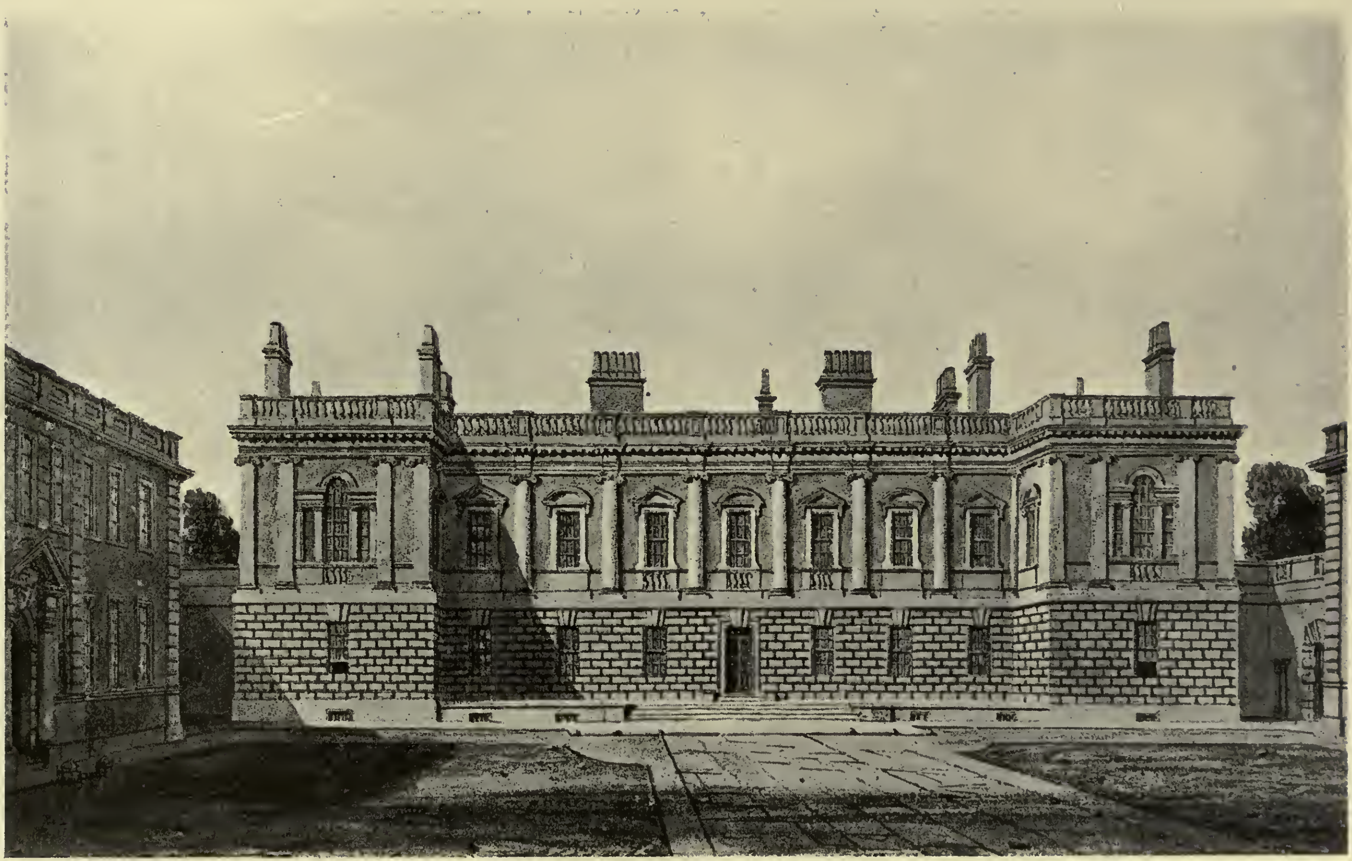

FIG. 117.—BURLINGTON HOUSE.

From a drawing by J. Buckler.

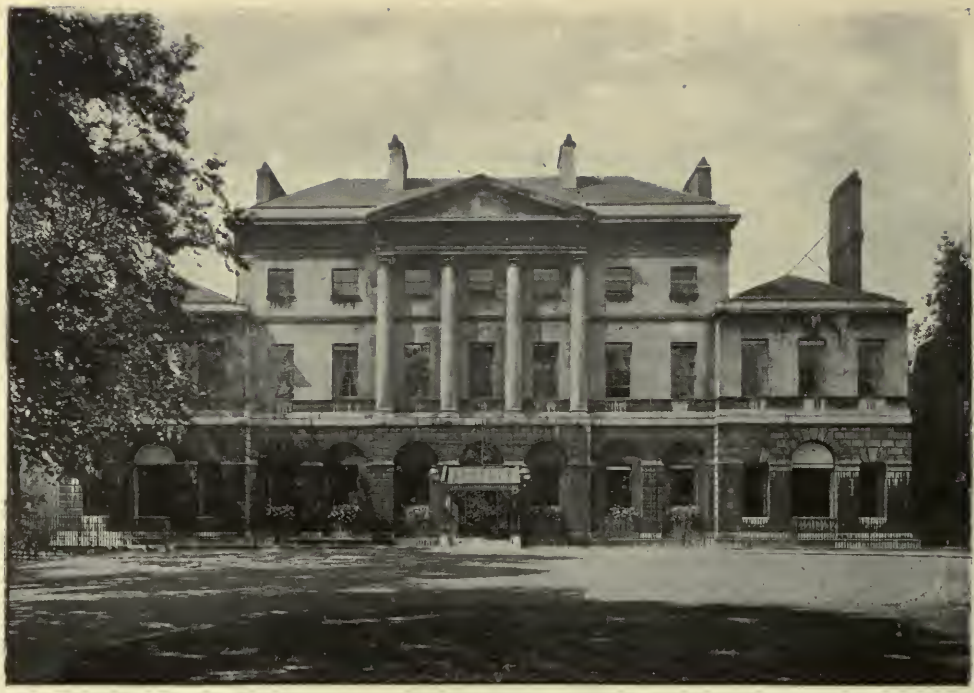

FIG 118.—LANSDOWNE HOUSE.
Architects, The Brothers Adam.

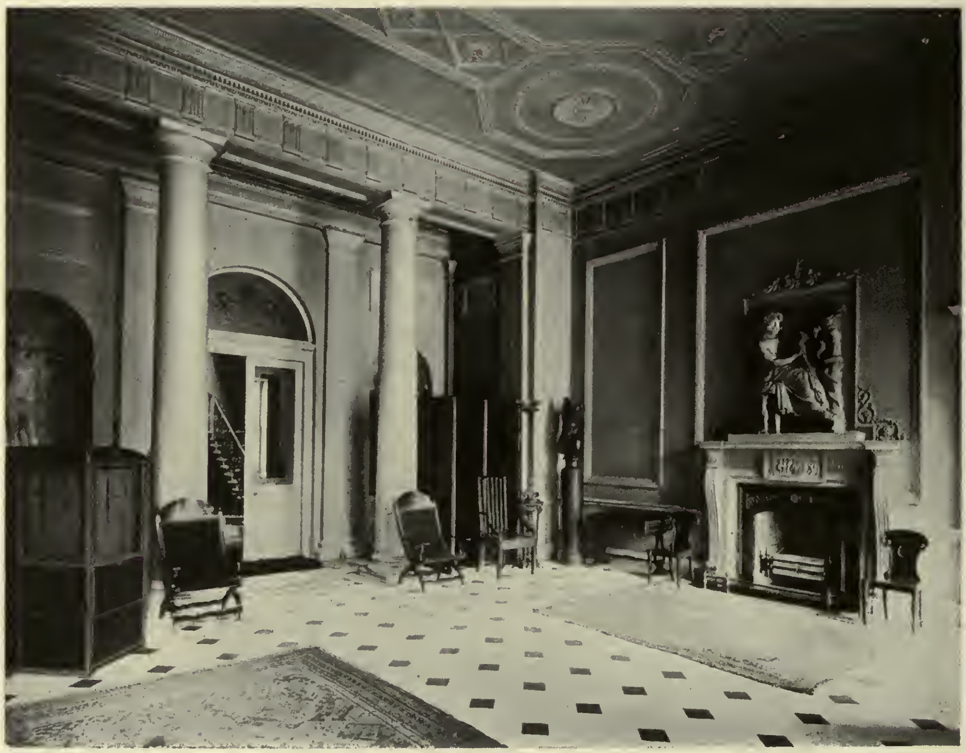

FIG. 119.—LANSDOWNE HOUSE.
Entrance Hall. *Architects, The Brothers Adam.*

get itself formed till 1770. One of the first to obtain ground leases here was the 4th Duke of Manchester, who took practically the whole north side of the new Square which was named after him. Six years later the Duke began the building of his new house. It is not improbable that the Adams may have had a hand in the mansion, for it is known that they superintended the erection of other residences in Manchester Square, and indeed were among the first to obtain leases when the ground was developed. The house has been greatly altered since it was first built, and the additions made before 1875, by Sir Richard Wallace, to contain his vast collections, have taken away much of the character of the original residence. What it looked like during the 18th century, may be seen in a view by Sheppard, in the Crace Collection. There is nothing specially remarkable about its architecture, which is in the classic style which Leverton affected with success, and to that architect it may be attributed with as much reason, perhaps, as to the Adams. At the death of the Duke of Manchester in 1788, it was purchased by the Spanish Government as an Embassy, and in 1795 the name of the Marquis del Campo is given, in the Court Guide, as the then resident Ambassador. During this time a piece of ground, at the north-east corner of the Square, where Spanish Place now runs, was secured for the erection of a Roman Catholic Chapel, which Bonomi designed for the Spanish Government. When Lord Palmerston was looking out for a London residence in 1808, he speaks of Manchester House as then being available, so it would seem that the Embassy had been removed before that date; but the house did not remain long untenanted, although Palmerston found it too much out of the way for his purpose, as the second Marquis of Hertford purchased it, and lived here till his death in 1822. During those days the Prince Regent was a constant visitor here, oftener to Lady Hertford than to the master of the house; indeed, according to Romilly, not a day passed without "the old yellow chariot" (as Moore termed it) of the Prince making a journey between it and Carlton House, and a scurrilous advertisement once appeared in the daily prints: "Lost, between Pall Mall and Manchester Square, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

Just as Manchester (or Hertford) House is now a museum, so Dover House has passed from private ownership to the possession of the State, and serves as the headquarters of a Government department. The earliest mention we have of a house here is in 1717, when a lease was granted to Mr. Hugh Boscawen, Comptroller of the Household, from 1714 to 1720, who later became Lord Falmouth. In 1720 he applied for, and obtained, a fresh lease, together with one of certain adjoining premises, and of some unoccupied ground. In those days the famous Holbein Gateway was in existence, and abutted on the property obtained by Boscawen, power being reserved by the Crown to pull down the gateway, which act of vandalism was duly perpetrated in 1759. Lord Falmouth died in 1734, and, four years later, his widow, a great-niece of Marlborough, secured a fresh lease of thirty-seven years as from 1752. In 1754, however, this lease was sold to Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh who, having obtained a still further extension of it, commissioned

James Paine, the architect, to rebuild the house, the work occupying some four years.

In 1787, Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh, son of Sir Matthew, sold the leasehold interest to the Duke of York for £12,600, and in the following year the Duke reconstructed the mansion, adding a new front to Whitehall, consisting of the Dome and Portico, as well as a grand staircase designed by Henry Holland.[1] Apropos of the Circular Hall, Lord North's *mot* is well known: "Then the Duke of York, it would seem, has been sent to the Round House, and the Prince of Wales is put in the Pillory," an allusion to the pillars fronting the new Carlton House (Fig. 61), which had been reconstructed, also by Holland, a few years earlier for the Prince. The Duke of York obtained a further extension of lease (fifty years from 1791), and gave the place the name of York House; but only a year after, he exchanged it, as I have before mentioned, for Lord Melbourne's residence in Piccadilly, and it then became known as Melbourne House. Its present title of Dover House came to it when, on the death of Melbourne in 1830, his executors assigned his interest in the property to the Rt. Hon. James Agar-Ellis, afterwards Lord Dover. It was taken over for Government purposes in 1885.

One more large mansion dating from the 18th century remains to be noticed—Grosvenor House. It dates from the last years of the century, although the verandah gives it the appearance of being younger by some twenty or thirty years when this sort of addition was made to many existing houses. The massive west end, which T. Cundy designed in 1842, the year in which he erected the beautiful gates and screen in Upper Grosvenor Street, also helps to militate against the older appearance of the main portion of the building. Designed in the classic style, and splendid as it is when taken by itself, this addition is a curiously inappropriate appendage to such a building as Grosvenor House. What ought to have been done, and in these more enlightened days would undoubtedly have been done, was to reface[2] the whole structure in harmony with the new building. At present we have a late Georgian house with a magnificent mausoleum (for it has much this appearance) tacked on to its west side. There is some obscurity about the earlier history of the mansion. It seems to have been built for William, Duke of Gloucester, a younger brother of George III., who was born in 1743, and died in 1805, and is known chiefly for having married, in 1766, Maria Walpole, Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, and thereby to have incurred the anger of George III., when the union was made known in 1772, on the passing of the Royal Marriage Act. The Duke was obliged, for a time, to live abroad, and it was on his return to the country that he caused Gloucester House, as it was then called, to be erected. At his death the property was taken over by the 2nd Earl Grosvenor, who had succeeded to the title three years earlier—a some-

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[1] In the Crace Collection is a view entitled "The Duke of York's House, as altered by Holland, 1787."

[2] The houses in Hamilton Place are good examples of the advantage of refacing when there is no marked architectural characteristic worthy of preservation.

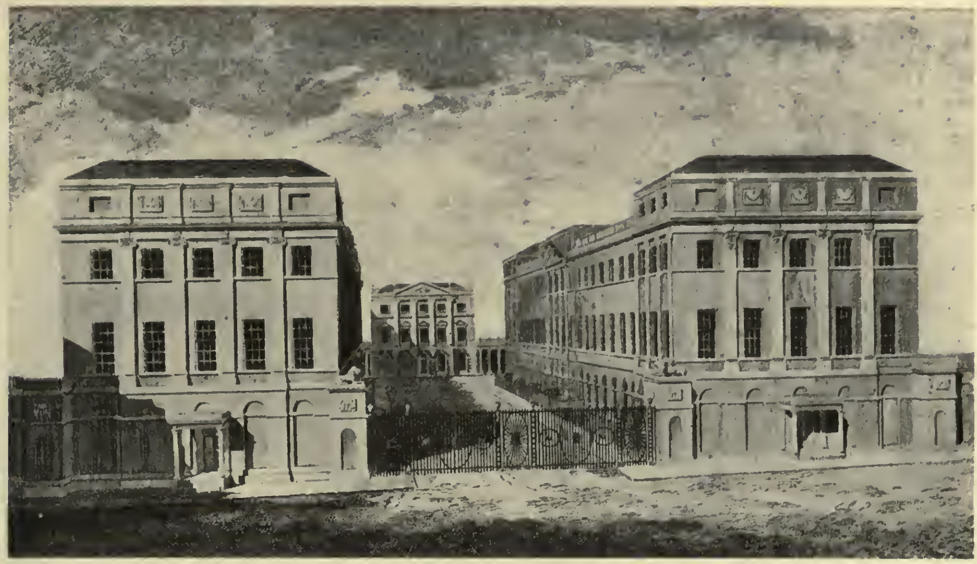

Fig. 120.—Stratford Place as it appeared when first built in 1780.

From an old print.

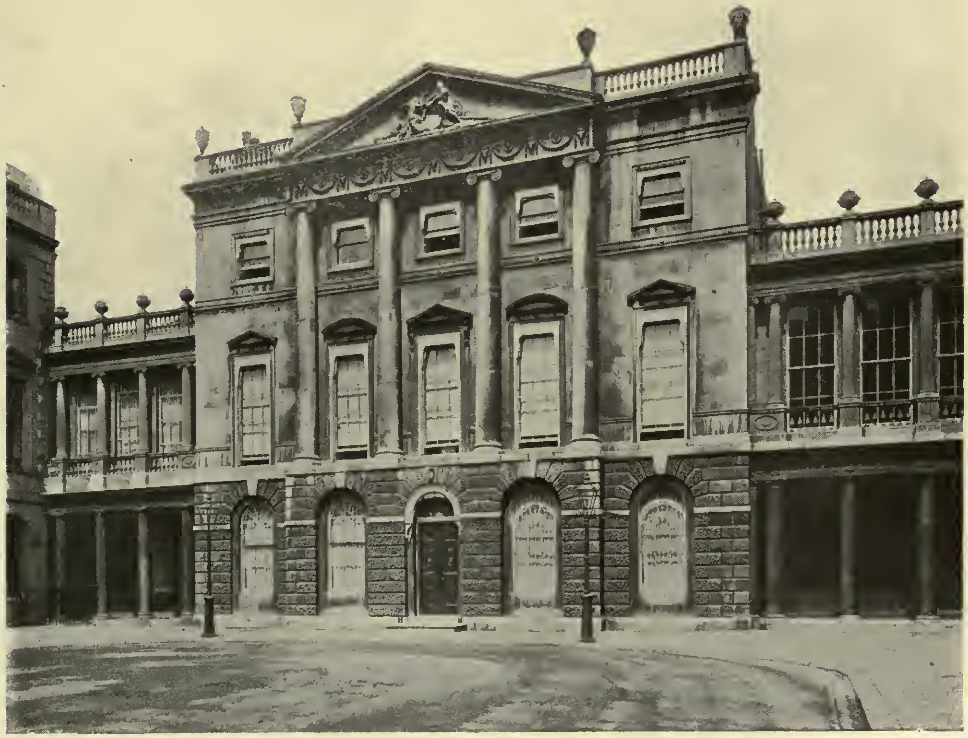

Fig. 121 —Stratford House, Stratford Place.

Architects, The Brothers Adam.

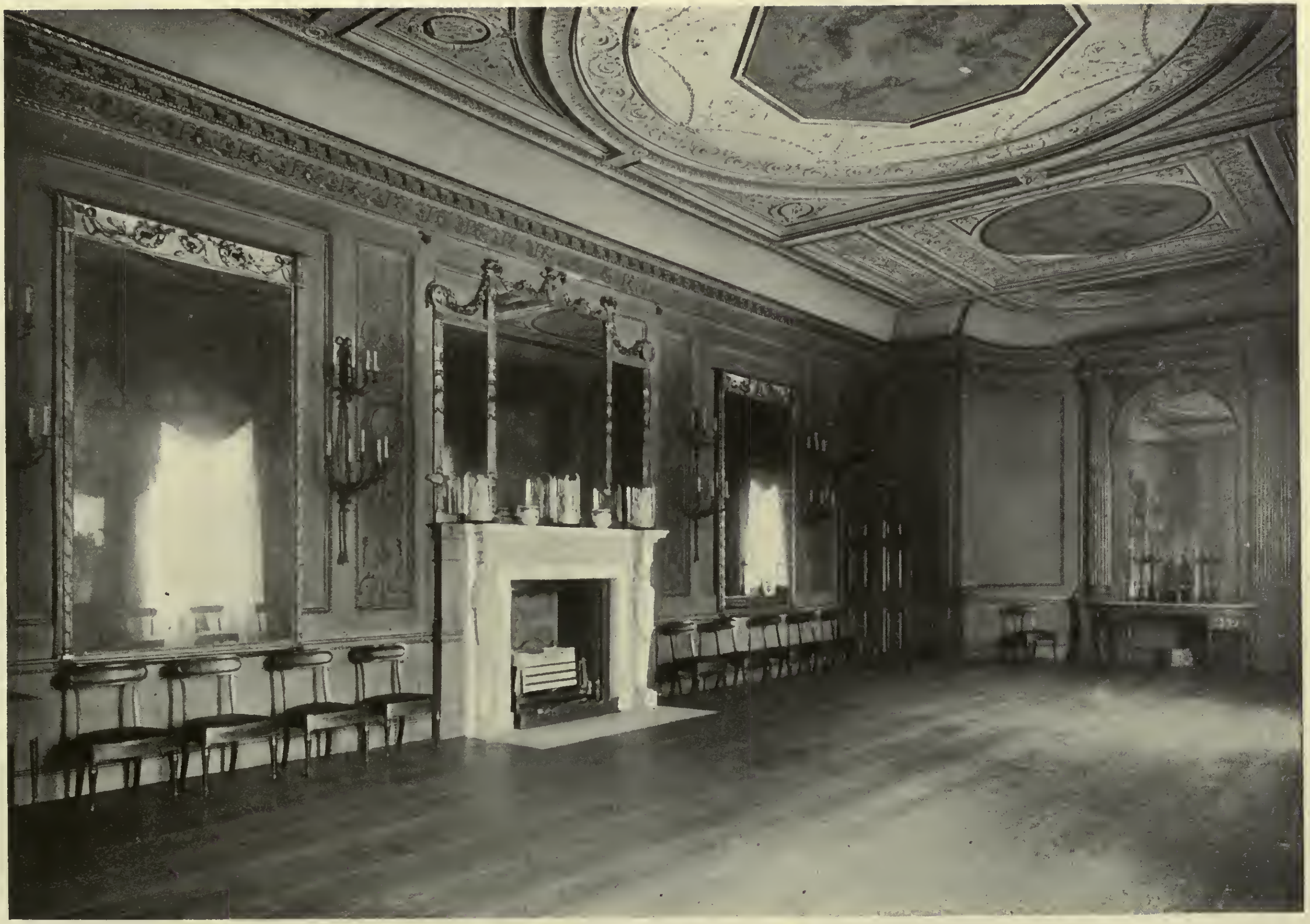

FIG. 122.—CARRINGTON HOUSE.
Ball Room from South End.

Architect, Sir Wm. Chambers.

what similar case to that of Montagu House, Portman Square, where the ground landlord became possessed of the largest house on his estate. All this region belongs to the Grosvenors as the result of the marriage of Sir Thomas Grosvenor with Mary, daughter and sole heiress of Alexander Davies, of Ebury; and the enterprise of that mighty builder, Sir Richard Grosvenor, covered it with the streets and squares in which are still happily preserved so many fine structures dating from the earlier half of the 18th century. There was so much land to be developed that Grosvenor Square (Fig. 184) was able to be endowed with more than ample space, and Grosvenor House to stand in grounds of (for London) princely extent.

Still another mansion ought to be included among the private palaces dating from the 18th century, namely Uxbridge House, in Burlington Gardens, which was erected on the site of old Queensberry House in 1790–2, from the combined designs of John Vardy, probably a son of the well-known man of the same name who died in 1769, and Joseph Bonomi. It is now a branch of the Bank of England, but was formerly the residence of the Earl of Uxbridge, better known as the Marquis of Anglesey who commanded the Cavalry, and lost a leg, at Waterloo. The earlier mansion had been erected by Giacomo Leoni, in 1726, and a contemporary print of it by Picart, gives an excellent idea of its elevation, when the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry lived here, and Gay and Prior were favoured guests.

There are, besides, various mansions sufficiently important in size and associations to claim a place at the close of this chapter. Such, for instance, as Cambridge House, Piccadilly, which Dodsley, writing in 1761, speaks of as then being the last house built in this street. Its name comes from its connection with the Duke of Cambridge (George III.'s son) who died here in 1850; but during the 18th century it was the town house of the Earls of Egremont, the second of whom also died here in 1763, his son, the 3rd Earl, living in it till 1792, when he went to Grosvenor Place where Walpole's Lady Ossory lived, and which was then considered as being almost in the suburbs.

Two other Piccadilly houses still remaining which also date from the 18th century are Barrymore House, now the Isthmian Club, and Coventry House, the St. James's Club. They both stand on the site of one of the statuaries yards (in this case that of Van Nost), which at one time were scattered about this part of Piccadilly. The former was erected in 1780 for that Lord Barrymore (the Hellgate of the Regency) whose love of practical jokes, Thespian attainments which caused Selwyn to dub him an *étourdi*, and extraordinary ability for running through money, have made him as notorious as was that other Piccadilly notoriety 'Old Q,' who afterwards bought the house, in another direction of misguided effort. The fact that twelve years after its erection Barrymore House was dismantled and sold by auction, is a sufficient commentary on the ways of its builder.

The original Coventry House dates from a somewhat earlier period, and was purchased from Sir Hugh Hunlock in 1764, by the 6th Earl of Coventry soon after his second marriage to Barbara St. John. It stood on the site of an inn called "The Greyhound," and after purchasing it, Lord Coventry erected the present mansion in which he died in 1809. The "grave young lord" of Walpole's letters, had married earlier, the more beautiful of the lovely Gunnings, but she was in her grave, prematurely, owing to the use of cosmetics, according to the generally received account, four or five years before her husband came to live in Piccadilly.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ETC.

If we turn to public buildings and other memorials dating from the 18th century, we shall find that London is, to-day, rich in such things; indeed, in Somerset House, to take a notable instance, we have probably the finest example existing in this country, and it is the 18th century which bequeathed it to us. Besides this, there is the Bank of England and the Custom House, the Horse Guards, and the façade of the Guildhall, Chelsea Hospital[1] and Bethelem Hospital, together with a variety of lesser buildings of a public character which have descended to us from those days. But many and important as these are, a large number of such edifices as were known to the Londoner of Anne's reign and of the times of the Georges, have disappeared, and are as forgotten as Tadmor or Nineveh.

For instance, the citizen of the 18th century was met on all sides by those old gates which had either come down to his day from remote antiquity, or had been rebuilt in the preceding century. These gates—Aldgate, Moorgate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate,[2] and the rest, remained standing till the beginning of George III.'s reign, when they were gradually demolished, their names alone surviving in the Wards to which they belonged. One such erection survived to our own times, in Temple Bar (Fig. 125), which divided London from Westminster, and which was not, thus, of exactly the same character as those which gave access to the heart of the City. The Temple Bar many of us remember, dated from 1670–2, and was designed by Wren; four royal statues occupied niches in it: Charles I., and Charles II., in Roman costumes, facing west; and Elizabeth and James I., looking east. During the 18th century, Temple Bar had a gruesome interest in that the heads of traitors were exhibited on it, as in an earlier day they had been on London Bridge. Of one of these —the head of Counsellor Layer, who was executed on 17th May 1723, at Tyburn—Nichols[3] tells the following anecdote: "When the head of Layer was blown off at Temple Bar, it was picked up by a gentleman in the neighbourhood (Mr. John Pearce, an attorney), who shewed it to some friends at a public house, under the floor of which I have been assured it was buried. Dr.

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[1] The works here were actually completed in 1702, although, of course, the structure dates from a decade or two earlier.

[2] This particular one was rebuilt so late as 1735.

[3] *Literary Anecdotes*; see also for the Metropolis as it was affected by the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, Doran's *London in Jacobite Times*.

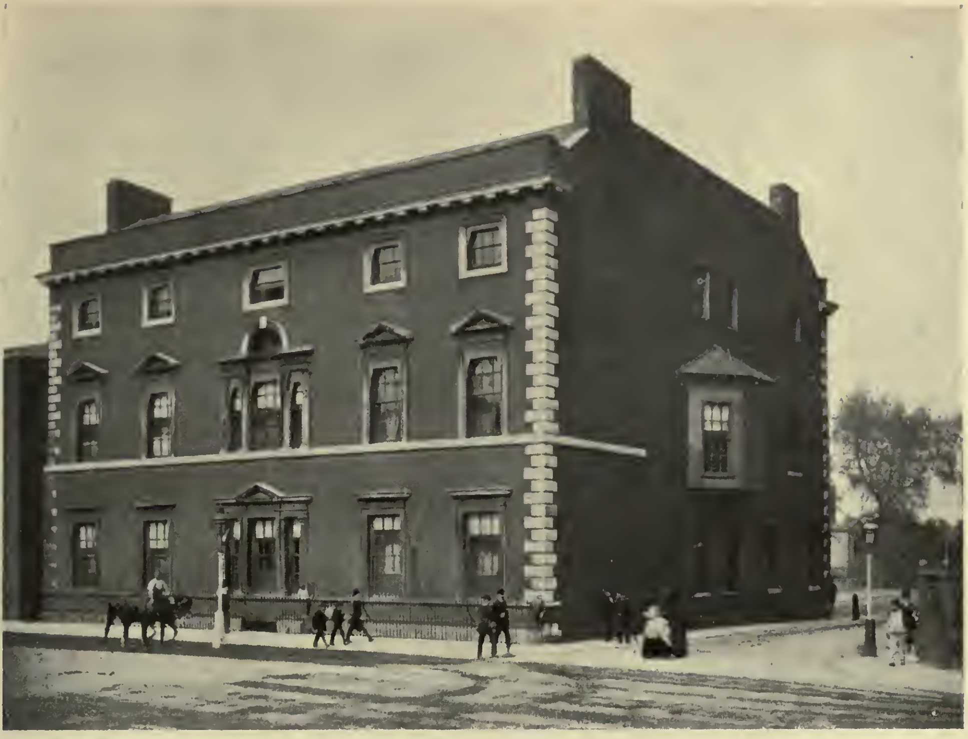

FIG. 123.—CARRINGTON HOUSE, WHITEHALL.
Architect, Sir Wm. Chambers.

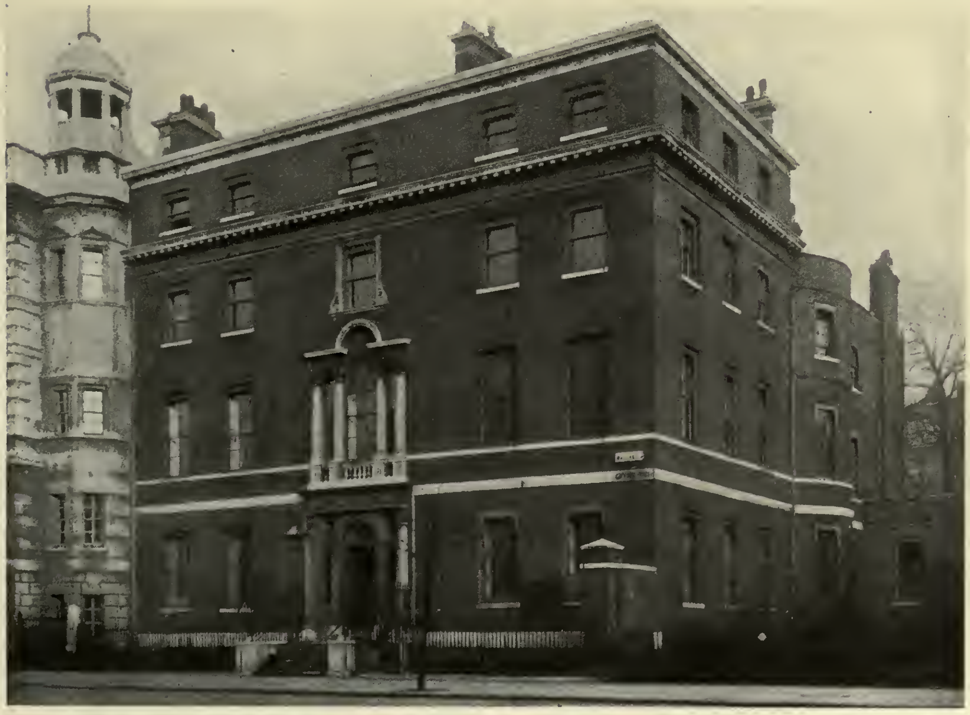

FIG. 124.—GWYDYR HOUSE, WHITEHALL (1796).
The Attic Story is later. *Architect, John Marquand.*

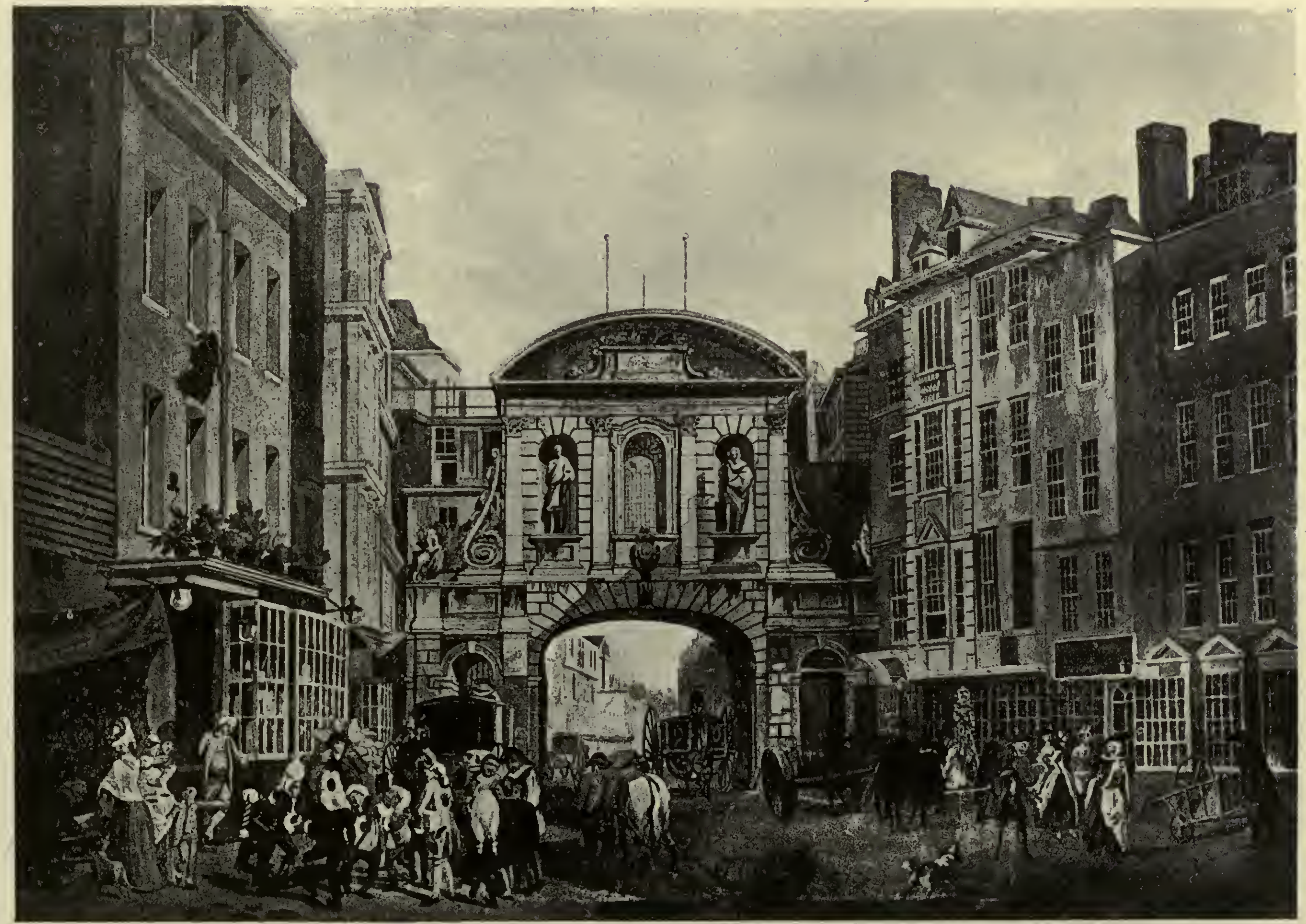

FIG. 125.—TEMPLE BAR.

From an original drawing by J. W. Archer.

Rawlinson (the antiquary and non-juror) meanwhile, having made inquiry after the head, with a wish to purchase it, was imposed on with another instead of Layer's, which he preserved as a valuable relic, and directed it to be buried in his right hand." The last head to be exhibited on Temple Bar was that of Simon, Lord Lovat, who was executed on Tower Hill in 1747.[1] No one can read of these unsavoury exhibitions without recalling the story of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith. The two were in Westminster Abbey, and passing the Poets' Corner, Johnson repeated the well-known line: "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis"; as they returned, by way of the Strand, Goldsmith pointed to the heads on Temple Bar, and slyly repeated:

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*,"

a covert allusion to Johnson's well-known Jacobite tendencies. It is indeed with the outstanding figure of the great Cham of Literature, that the Temple Bar of the 18th century seems to be indissolubly connected. We picture him passing beneath it constantly, either from his lodging in Middle Temple Lane, or from Johnson's Court, or Gough Square; and with its removal in our own day, his ghost, as well as those of his famous circle, seems finally to have fled from the thoroughfare.

Besides the City Gates, there were certain public buildings, dating from this period, which are no longer in existence; and before speaking of those that have come down to us, it will be convenient to say a word concerning these.

The chief of them were the old Royal Exchange, the earlier Bank of England, Sion College, the old East India House, Fishmongers' Hall, the Fleet Prison, the Royal Mews, and old London, Westminster, and Blackfriars Bridges, to which may be added such lesser buildings as the Stocks Market, the earlier Government offices in Whitehall, old Leadenhall, and Bridewell, as well as some statues and such-like memorials as have disappeared before the inrush of modern ideas and modern improvements.

The Royal Exchange (Figs. 126 and 127) which the 18th century knew, and which the graphic pencils of Malton, Sandby, Rooker and others have preserved for us, was that designed by Edward Jarman, which was opened on 28th September 1669. This building, adorned with figures by Caius Gabriel Cibber, the father of Colley Cibber, remained till 1838, when it was destroyed by fire. It followed, in its outlines, Gresham's earlier Exchange, being quadrangular in form with a clock tower on the south side, and an inner cloister around which were shops, above being what was called a *pawn*, for the sale of fancy goods, these upper shops being reached by a staircase of black marble. Misson[2] calls it one of the finest buildings in London; while Addison, in No. 69 of the *Spectator*, has the following reference to the structure: "There is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and, in some measure, gratifies my Vanity, as

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[1] See *The Official Diary of Lieutenant-General Williamson, Deputy-Lieutenant of The Tower*, 1722–1747, issued by the Camden Society.

[2] *Travels in England*, 1719.

I am an Englishman, to see so rich an Assembly of Country-men and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of Emporium for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. . . . I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an Inhabitant of Japan and an Alderman of London, or to see a Subject of the Great Mogul entering into a League with one of the Czar of Muscovy. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede or Frenchman at different times, or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, on being asked what Countryman he was, replied 'that he was a Citizen of the World.'"

This allusive extract gives a good idea of the cosmopolitan bustle which, in the early years of the 18th century, seethed about the Walks and the Pawn of the Royal Exchange.

It was in the Grocers' Hall, Princes Street, that the Bank of England first began its business. This was not the present building which, by the bye, was designed by Thomas Leverton, in 1798, and much altered by Gwilt in 1827, but its predecessor erected some years after the Great Fire. Here the Bank remained till 1734, when it was transferred to its own headquarters, designed by Sampson, these being a portion of the present structure to which were added, between the years 1766 and 1786, under Sir Robert Taylor, various wings (Fig. 129), the whole being reconstructed by Sir John Soane, who had designed the Rotunda in 1795. It was in the earlier Bank that occurred the famous 'run' on 'Black Friday,' 1746, when strange devices to gain time had to be resorted to. The second serious run on the Bank was on 26th February 1797, when fear of a French invasion caused a panic, which was only prevented from becoming a national calamity by the order in Council prohibiting the paying of notes in cash, till Parliament should make a pronouncement on the subject. It is interesting to remember that the site on which the Bank stands was once occupied by the house and garden of Sir John Houblon, the first Governor, from whom it was purchased. The premises were then surrounded by the church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, three taverns, and several private houses, all of which have been absorbed in the Bank buildings.[1]

The mention of St. Christopher-le-Stocks reminds us that the old Stocks Market once stood close by, in fact its site is approximately that which the Mansion House occupies. This market had been in existence from the close of the 13th century, and took its name from the fact that the stocks had stood here at an earlier date.[2] The Great Fire destroyed the market, but it was rebuilt, and was used for the sale of fruit and vegetables in place of the meat and fish originally vended. The picture by Josef van Aken[3] (Fig. 53) shows

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[1] Note in the Catalogue of the Crace Collection.

[2] Stow.

[3] He painted figures and costumes for landscape painters, and Hogarth drew his supposititious funeral attended by the artists he worked for, one of the chief being Hudson. He died in London on 4th July 1749.

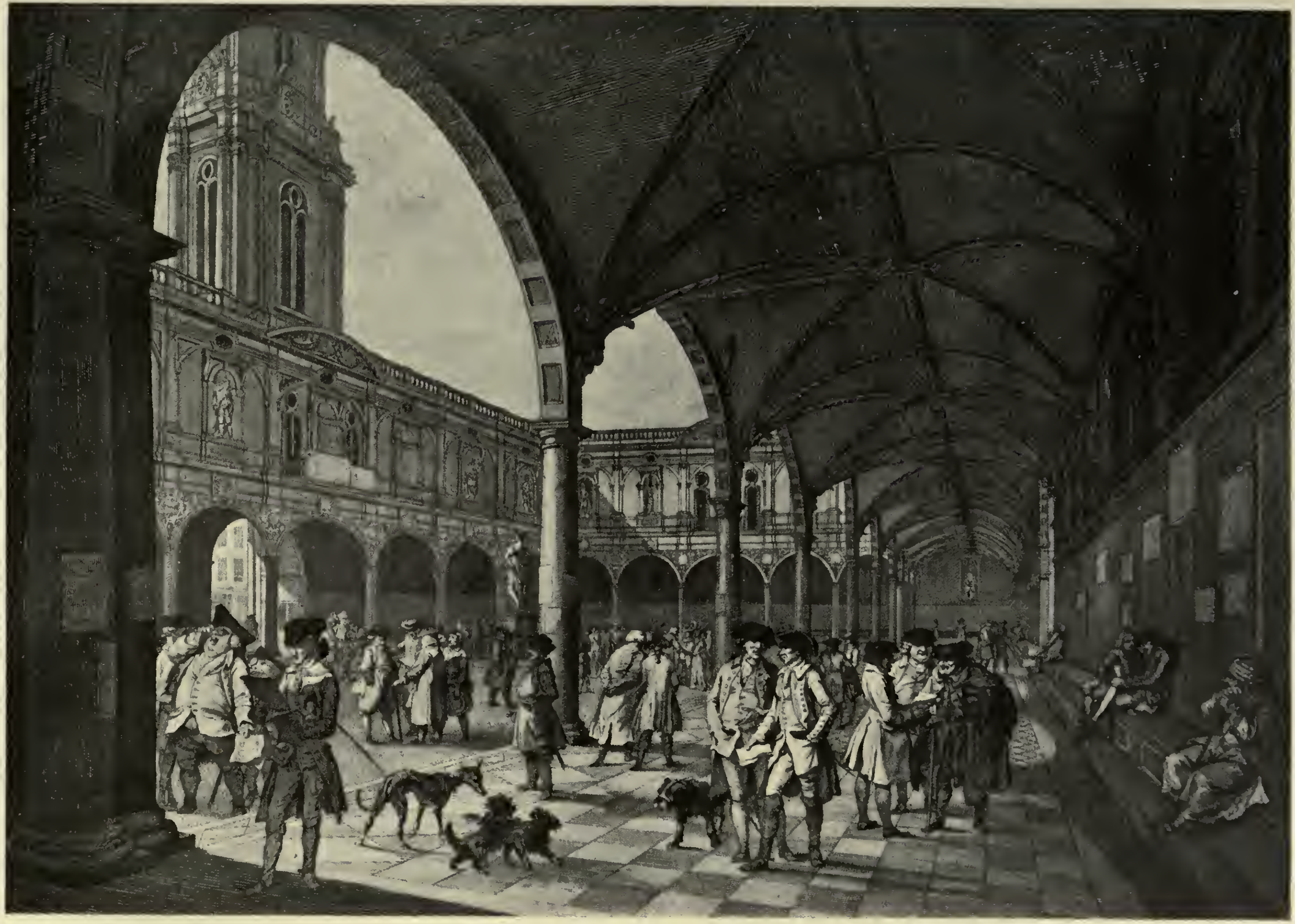

Fig. 126.—Courtyard of the Royal Exchange.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi, 1788.

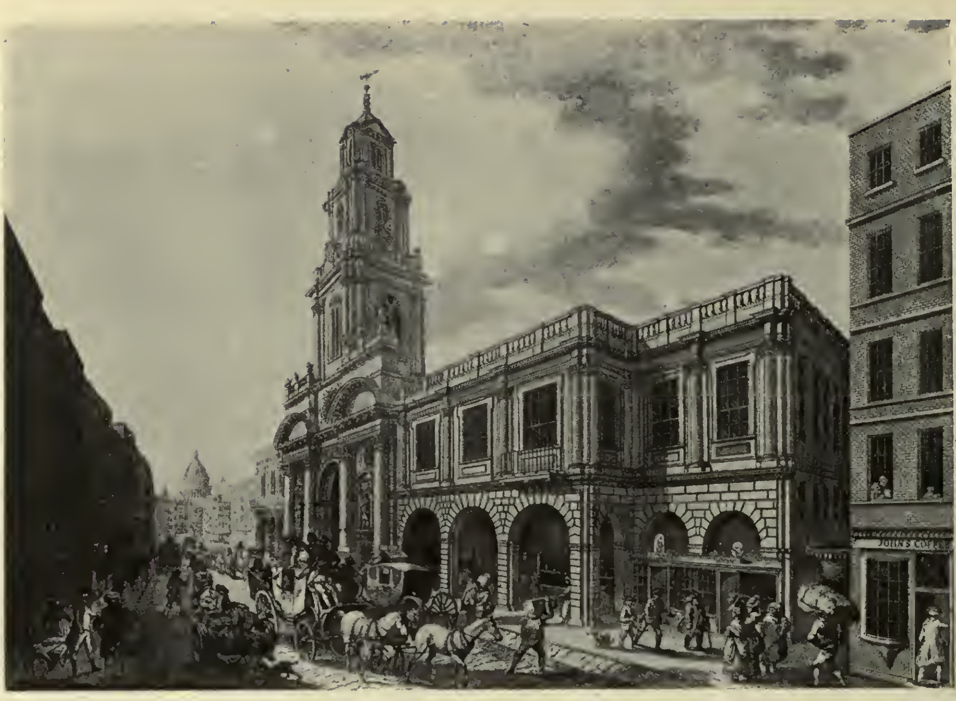

FIG. 127.—ROYAL EXCHANGE.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi.

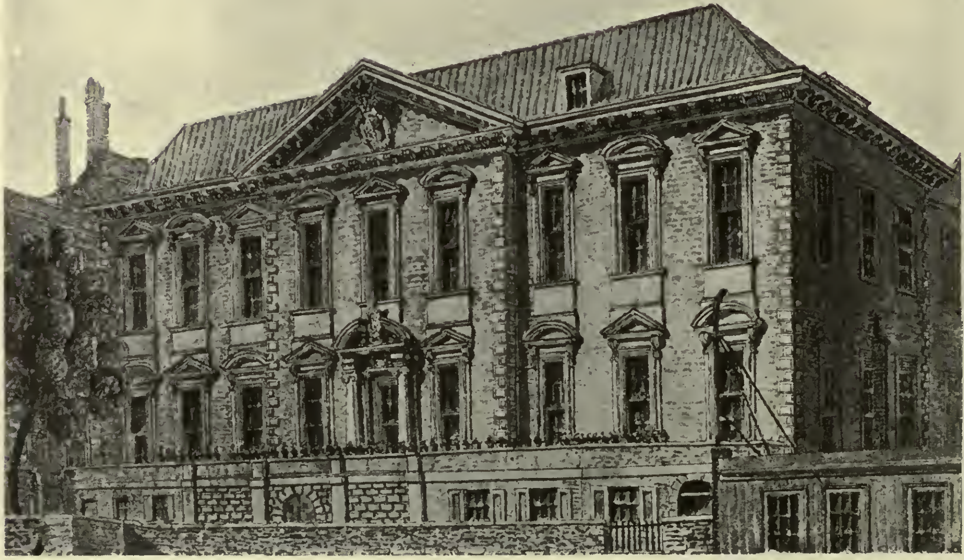

FIG. 128.—OLD FISHMONGERS' HALL.

From a water-colour by Wilson, 1750.

the appearance of the place with St. Stephen's, Walbrook, in the background, and the famous statue of Charles II., surrounded by people engaged in marketing. When the Mansion House was projected, in 1737, the Stocks Market was removed to what is now Farringdon Street. At that time the Fleet Ditch was open, and its northern portion, between Fleet Street and Holborn, had become an intolerable nuisance, being used as the receptacle for all sorts of rubbish and offal. It was therefore decided to arch this portion of it over, and on this the Market was constructed by George Dance, who published a "Plan and Elevation" of it in 1737. It consisted of two rows of shops with a covered arcade between them, lighted by skylights. This market, which was a centre of commercial activity during the latter part of the 18th century, remained until 1829, when the formation of Farringdon Street blotted it out of existence. The Fleet Stream with its four stone bridges, its quays, and its wharves, was never a profitable speculation, and was chiefly remarkable for its dirt and its mud—"the black canal of mud," Gay calls it, although the poet bids the loiterer linger to partake of the oysters which "in rows are ranged beside the posts"; Pope, too, tells how the stream "rolls its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames"; while Swift, in his "City Shower" closes that poem with a triplet descriptive of the sewage of all kinds that defiled the stream. There must, however, have been a kind of picturesqueness about this part of the town, which to some extent recompensed the Londoner of the day for the disadvantages proclaimed, not only by poets, but by all contemporary writers who have dealt with London's history. That portion of the stream which ran between Fleet Street and the River was less open to censure, and the picture, by Scott, showing the mouth of the Fleet River, has something of a Venetian air (Fig. 157).

In what is now Farringdon Street and Bridge Street, two prominent buildings existed at this period, and only disappeared about the middle of the following century: the Fleet Prison and Bridewell. The former was situated on the east side of Farringdon Street, and its rules extended round it as far as Ludgate Hill on the south, the Old Bailey on the east, and Fleet Lane on the north.

A whole literature has grown up round the Fleet Prison, and a book[1] has been dedicated to the consideration of its many associations. In the history of the 18th century it bulks largely, for it was at once the meeting-place of all classes who had run into debt, whether it was for thousands or for quite insignificant sums. Indeed, its name is as suggestive of the period as are those of Ranelagh or Vauxhall, and although it existed much earlier,—"Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet," says the Chief Justice in *Henry IV.*—yet it is by its later history that it is best remembered, and its existence under Bambridge and Huggins, and their congeners, its exorbitant 'fees,' its tipstaffs and its bowls of punch, its squalor and degradation, reproduced by the pencil of Hogarth, and still to be read about in the famous 'Report' of 1729, are an unhappy but insistent part of the social history of period. The stocks were used for the punishment of disorderly people, and those futilely attempting escape were placed in a tub at the gate for the citizens to stare at; while the inmates were allowed to appeal to public compassion, by asking alms through a hole in the wall. All sorts of once well-known people have been incarcerated in the Fleet: Richard Savage and Robert Lloyd; Parson Ford, whose 'ghost' Dr. Johnson believed in, and Parson Keith, of the notorious Mayfair Chapel, and Mrs. Cornelys, at the close of her variegated career, among them. In the chapel of the prison were celebrated those illegal Fleet marriages, which had been inaugurated so early as 1613, and which *pace* an attempt to stop them in 1711, were only finally put an end to by Lord Hardwicke's Act of 1774. The Prison itself was destroyed in the Gordon Riots, but was rebuilt during 1781–2. Its career finally closed in 1844, when it was purchased by the Corporation, and the structure demolished.

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[1] *Annals of the Fleet*, by J. Ashton.

Bridewell stood on the west side of what is now Bridge Street, just north of Tudor Street, and, with its burying ground, extended back to Dorset Street. It was an outcome of the royal palace which had existed since the days of John, but which, having become ruinous, was, during the reign of Edward VI., at the instance of Bishop Ridley, converted into a house of correction for vagabonds of both sexes. Its intention was charitable, as it was hoped to lead misdemeanants into a better course of life, but the methods employed hardly fulfilled these pious aspirations, and Hogarth, in the famous print in 'The Harlot's Progress,' has shown the degradation that obtained there, and Rowlandson and Pugin have combined in perpetuating the horrors of the 'Pass Room.' Flogging and the beating of hemp were the staple forms of bringing harlots and other wrong-doers to a sense of their iniquity, with the result that the whole system became a scandal. The plays issued during the 18th century have many references to the place, and it enters almost as largely into contemporary literature as does the Fleet Prison. It is interesting to remember that one of Johnson's pensioners, Robert Levett, who was an inmate of the hospital connected with the institution, died there in 1782, and was buried in the cemetery.

The later history of Bridewell is merged in that of Bethlehem Hospital, with which it became united. This was not the Hospital as existing to-day, but its predecessor which faced London Wall, and looked northwards over Moorfields, a building that had been designed by Robert Hooke in 1675–6, and was demolished in 1814. The illustration given (Fig. 130) will show that when Grosley speaks of it as being "one of the largest and finest buildings" in London, he does not protest too much. Over the entrance were placed the two famous figures of Melancholy and Madness, by Caius Gabriel Cibber, which Pope refers to in the well-known lines:

> "Where o'er the gates by his famed father's hand,
> Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand."

Grosley gives us an account of a visit he paid here, too lengthy to quote, but interesting when read in conjunction with similar descriptions to be found in

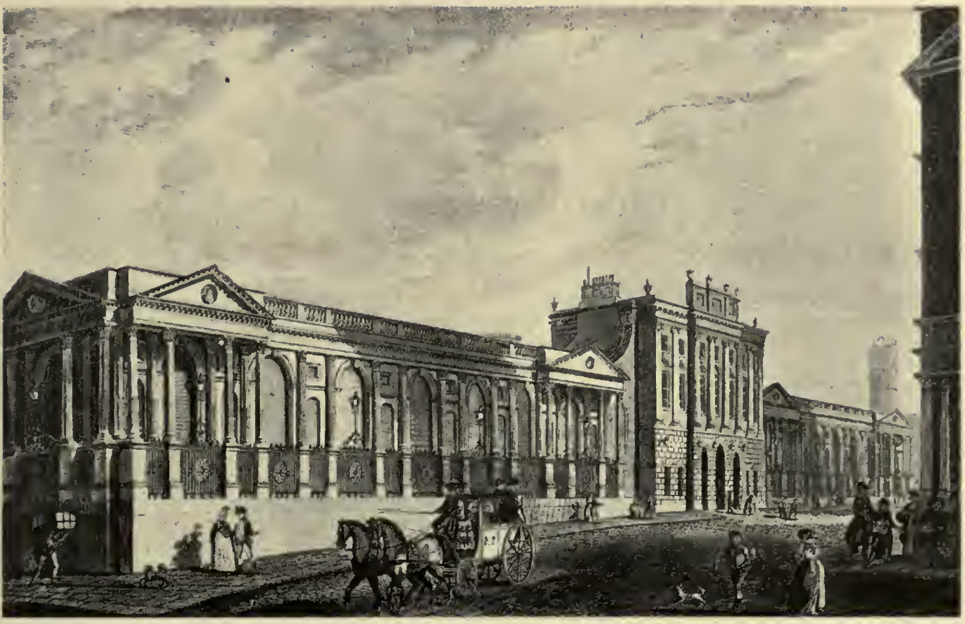

FIG. 129.—THE BANK OF ENGLAND, THREADNEEDLE STREET.
Central feature erected by Sampson, 1733, the Wings by Sir R. Taylor, 1766.
From a print by Bowles & Carver, 1797.

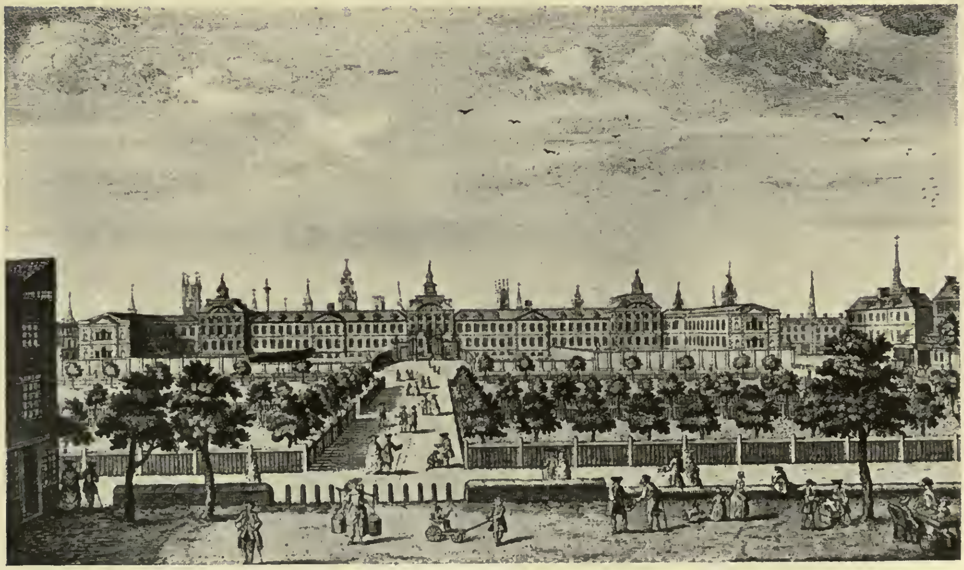

FIG. 130.—BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.
From a print by Bowles, 1747.

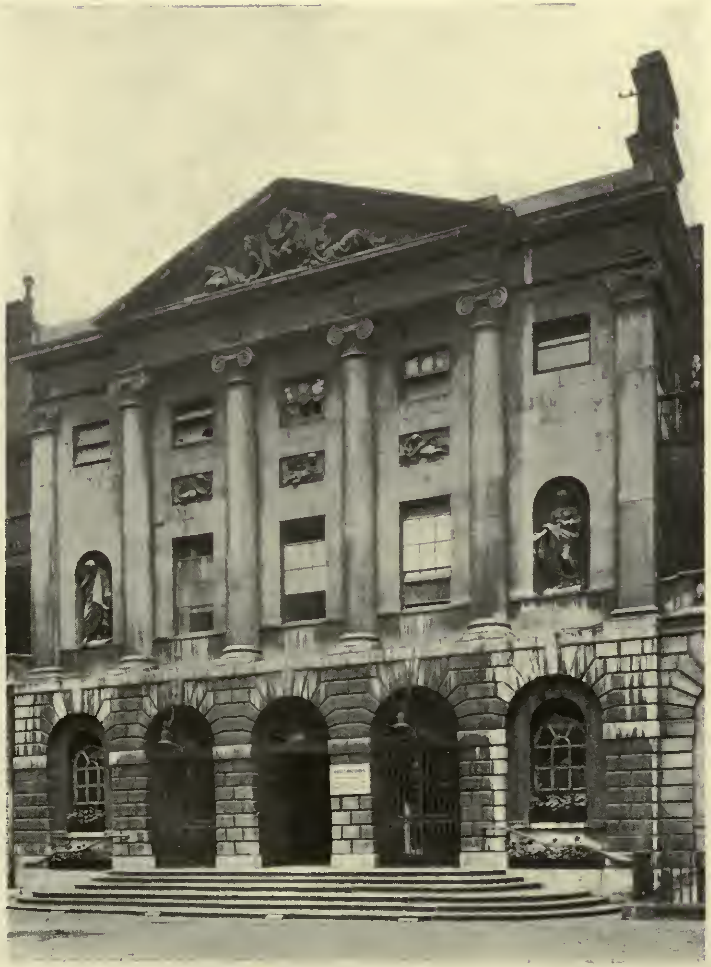

Fig. 131.—Guy's Hospital.

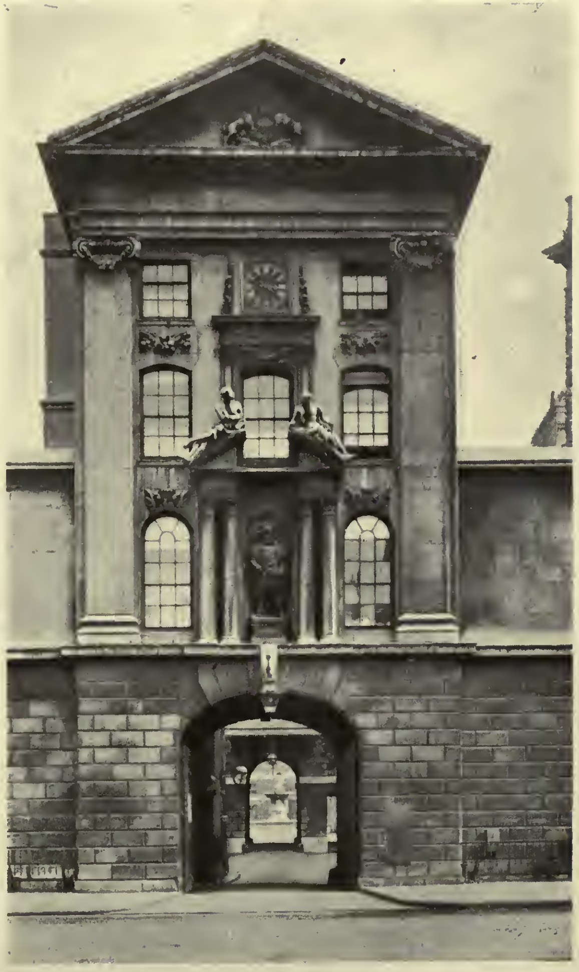

Fig. 132.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield.

Boswell, who went there with Johnson in 1775, in the *Tatler*, the *World*, and other contemporary sources. As usual, however, it is from the pencil of Hogarth that we get the most vivid idea of the place which, in addition to its functions as a madhouse, was, till late in the century, one of the sights of the Town, where women of fashion, attended by their gallants, went to laugh at the ravings of the lunatics, and to look with curious eyes at the brainless exhibitions of the unhappy inmates. It was not till 1810 that the Hospital's removal to its present site was sanctioned by Act of Parliament.

The East India House, as known to 18th-century London, was not the building with which the citizen of to-day is familiar, for the original structure, erected in 1726, has been enlarged and much altered, the first improvement including the erection of an east wing and the central portico, from the designs of R. Jupp in 1799. Here, in the earlier building, it was that Charles Lamb began, in 1792, to "come late but leave early," and on its walls were, as he once said, his true works in the form of many folio volumes of commercial entries.

Another building which has disappeared to be replaced by something far less picturesque, was Fishmongers' Hall, which, after the earlier one had been destroyed by the Great Fire, was designed by Edward Jarman, not Wren as has often been supposed. Its red-brick stone front facing the river is familiar to us in 18th-century views (Fig. 128), and certainly has much affinity to the domestic work of the greater architect. It was in this Hall that Hogarth places the scene depicted in No. 8 of his "Industry and Idleness."

Such places, too, as Sion College, in London Wall, rebuilt after the Great Fire in 1669, and of which a good illustration is given by Wilkinson,[1] and Gresham College in Gresham Street, which was demolished in 1768; the Royal Mews,[2] where the National Gallery is now, rebuilt, on the site of an earlier and very ancient structure, by William Kent in 1732, and standing till 1830; old Leadenhall Market where "mighty beef" according to Gay,[3] might be obtained, are but a tithe of the many structures with which the 18th century was familiar, but which have long since disappeared. The same may be said of the three bridges which alone, at that day, gave access to the southern side of the river. London Bridge, when the century opened, was essentially the picturesque structure known to us from innumerable prints and drawings (Fig. 156). Its old houses, culminating in Nonesuch House; its many arches; its great breakwaters; its shops—those of Herbert & Ames, the printsellers, Allan, the wigmaker, and Baldwin, the haberdasher, the last named having been originally the Chapel of St. Thomas; its associations with the Arts in the persons of Peter Monamy and Dominic Serres, who lived and worked on it, and the suicide of the unfortunate Eustace Budgell, who jumped into one of the rapids and was drowned; and with Literature through the visits of Swift and Pope to the shop of Crispin Tucker, the bookseller, who let out a studio in which Hogarth once worked; all these matters are associated with the Bridge as it was known to the early 18th century which looked askance on the whitening heads of traitors exhibited on the drawbridge, and later on the bridge-gate at Southwark removed in 1726, some years after the gruesome practice had been discontinued. In 1757 the houses on the Bridge were demolished, and other necessary improvements were made, but it was not till 1824 that the new structure was begun, not quite in the same position as the earlier one. In the 18th century "shooting London Bridge" was a dangerous feat—a feat which, indeed, when the tide was on the flow, was impossible.

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[1] *Londina Illustrata.*

[2] Payne, the great bookseller, had his shop at the Mews Gate.

[3] "Trivia."

Until 1738 London Bridge was the only roadway over the river, but in that year Westminster Bridge was begun, from the design of Labelye, although not opened till 1750. There was a rather high parapet on either side, and this caused Grosley seriously to assert that it was placed there to prevent people from committing suicide. In appearance the old Bridge can be judged by many representations of it which have come down to us, among the most interesting being the beautiful pen-drawing by Canaletto (Fig. 153). The third bridge known to the citizen of the period, was that at Blackfriars (Fig. 5), designed by Robert Mylne, of which the first stone was laid in October 1760, it being completed nine years later. Originally, a toll was exacted—a halfpenny for foot passengers on week-days and one penny on Sundays. This was, however, resented, and a riot which broke out on 7th June 1780 resulted in the destruction of the toll-houses, and the abstraction of the money. In 1785 the Bridge was made a free one. Although Mylne's design was selected, that of Gwynn, his competitor, had many supporters, among them Dr. Johnson, who wrote various letters to the press in favour of his friend's scheme.

The existence of only three bridges during the 18th century resulted in the necessity for much ferry-work, and the innumerable stairs which were dotted along the river bank each of which had its own complement of watermen; this in its turn caused the river to be used for boating purposes (other than mere transit from one bank to the other), in a way little dreamed of now, and many are the pictures and the prints of the period showing it studded by barges and pleasure boats. People 'took boat' to all sorts of places: a party of pleasure to Ranelagh, or to The Folly, a barge moored near the Savoy, or to Vauxhall, or across the river (near where Waterloo Bridge is now) to Cuper's Gardens. The Lord Mayor went to Westminster in his State Barge. Royalty was not infrequently to be encountered (with Handel's water-music floating on the evening air) on the stream, whereon the citizen from Houndsditch, and the man of fashion from Mayfair met, and where, now, the noisy steamer or the lumbering barge almost alone cut the water with their blunted edges.

Besides the actual disappearance of many landmarks known to the period, there must also be noticed various conversions of older spots and buildings into forms necessary to the growth of a large city. For instance, what we know as Trafalgar Square is a very different place from what it was in the 18th century when the Royal Mews and other buildings covered the north side, so that the statue of Charles I. stood practically in a triangle of surrounding shops and houses. The 'squares' of a residential character have changed, not only in the architecture of their houses, but also in the reconstruction of their central spaces, and where we have trim gardens of lawns and shrubs and trees, were formerly open spaces of gravel or of grass surrounded by posts and rails of a quite archaic character. Again, the general appearance of the City was a red-brick one, relieved by the stone churches of Wren and his followers, until towards the latter years of the century such great buildings as Somerset House and Carlton House and Buckingham Palace replaced the former structures which stood clothed in a warmer hue. Much the same may be said for the congeries of buildings in Whitehall, where the Government Offices were lodged in all kinds of scattered and diversified structures of the kind still familiar to us in Downing Street; while the formation of Parliament Square, and the erection of Barry's great pile, have changed all this area past the recognition of an 18th-century citizen, the Abbey alone, and the church of St. Margaret's, standing as landmarks by which he might still guide his uncertain steps. The bareness of the present Westminster Hall, relieved only by its statuary, is in marked contrast with that same Hall, surrounded formerly by book-shelves and stalls, where clients met counsel learned in the law, and crowds thronged it, as they once thronged the walks of St. Paul's, only to be disturbed when carpenters were busy fitting it up for some State trial, as when the rebel lords were arraigned after the '45, or Lord Byron was tried for killing Mr. Chaworth, in Pall Mall, or Lord Ferrers for murdering his steward, or the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy, or when Warren Hastings stood, in the sight of Fanny Burney and all London, to answer the eloquent charges of Burke and Sheridan.

Although so many contemporary buildings and other landmarks have disappeared, there happily remain not a few which, if they do not appear to us exactly as they did to our forefathers, exhibit, at least, essential similarities. The differences are chiefly in their environment, and whereas during the period under consideration such structures were cheek by jowl with the picturesque houses and shops so closely associated with the reign of Anne and the Georges, they are now surrounded by buildings which, if more commercially convenient, are certainly not nearly so artistic. This may be well illustrated by Somerset House. The earlier palace which had come down from the 16th century faced the Strand with a considerable façade between rows of 18th-century houses. When Chambers built his mighty pile between 1776–86, perhaps with the exception of St. Paul's and the Abbey, the finest individual structure in London, his street frontage was shorn away, but he was able to expand on the river front and to produce that notable façade which the advent of the Embankment desecrated, but could not entirely spoil.

The presence of Waterloo Bridge, although from it you can obtain a glorious view of Chambers's masterpiece, has, naturally, to some extent detracted from its once solitary splendour, while the great hotels which line the riverside at this point have helped to dwarf the building by their greater height. More markedly have they affected the Adelphi which the Adams wrung from a declivity to which clung shanties and tumble-down structures of all sorts. When erected in 1768 and the following years, the Adelphi appeared a stately and imposing pile, although Walpole, never friendly to its builders, likened it to "warehouses laced down the seams like a soldier's frill in a regimental old coat"; to-day, it seems comparatively insignificant, at least in size, and is chiefly interesting as exhibiting examples of the Adams' system of internal and external decoration, and for the memories of its once famous inhabitants—Garrick, Beauclerk, Robert Adam himself, and the rest.

Perhaps, considering the use made in the 18th century of the river, nothing has changed the aspect of the London of that day so much as Bazalgettes Embankment. As the citizen was rowed on the stream between Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges, he looked on a north bank with houses and gardens running to the water's edge, intersected at frequent intervals by the stairs and lanes giving public access to it. The old Palace of the Savoy stood in gradually increasing ruin, with, notwithstanding, its congeries of buildings, given over to all sorts of purposes, as instanced by Strype writing in 1720. From Morden & Lea's plan of 1682, and from Kip's bird's-eye view, *circa* 1710–20, one can see at a glance how different was then the appearance of the river-banks, and, incidentally, how much closer was the association of the City with the stream that splits its vastness, than is the case to-day; although even then Grosley complained that it was hidden from the citizen.

From Kip, we see, too, the Abbey in its pristine state before Hawkesmoor's inappropriate Gothic towers were added during the first half of the century.[1] But after all, these towers were known to the better part of the period, and fitly lead us to such important outcomes of the architectural activity of the time as remain with us to-day. Of such the Mansion House (Fig. 52) is one of the most outstanding. It owes its genesis to George Dance, the City Surveyor, and the first stone was laid on 25th October 1739. The well-known story of Lord Burlington sending in a design by Palladio, and the question by one of the Common Council, as to whether Palladio was a Freeman of the City, may have had its origin in fact, but was more likely the outcome of some West End wit. The foundations presented an initial difficulty, as the ground was found to be full of springs, and the structure was, therefore, built on piles. It was not till 1753 that it was ready for habitation. With the exception of certain internal alterations carried out by George Dance, junior, and the removal of the attic-story, popularly known as the Mare's Nest, the Mansion House remains in much the same condition as it was when Lord Mayor Gascoigne first took up residence in it in the year of its completion.

Another building dating from this period which remains essentially unaltered is The Admiralty (Figs. 133 and 134), which was erected on the site of old Wallingford House, by Thomas Ripley, during the years 1722–6. For thirty odd years it presented to Whitehall its uninspired outlines, till Robert Adam was commissioned to put up his delicate, but not very appro-

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[1] Ralph, writing in 1734, says that "there is a rumour that the Dean and Chapter still design to raise the towers" (*Critical Review of the Public Buildings in London*).

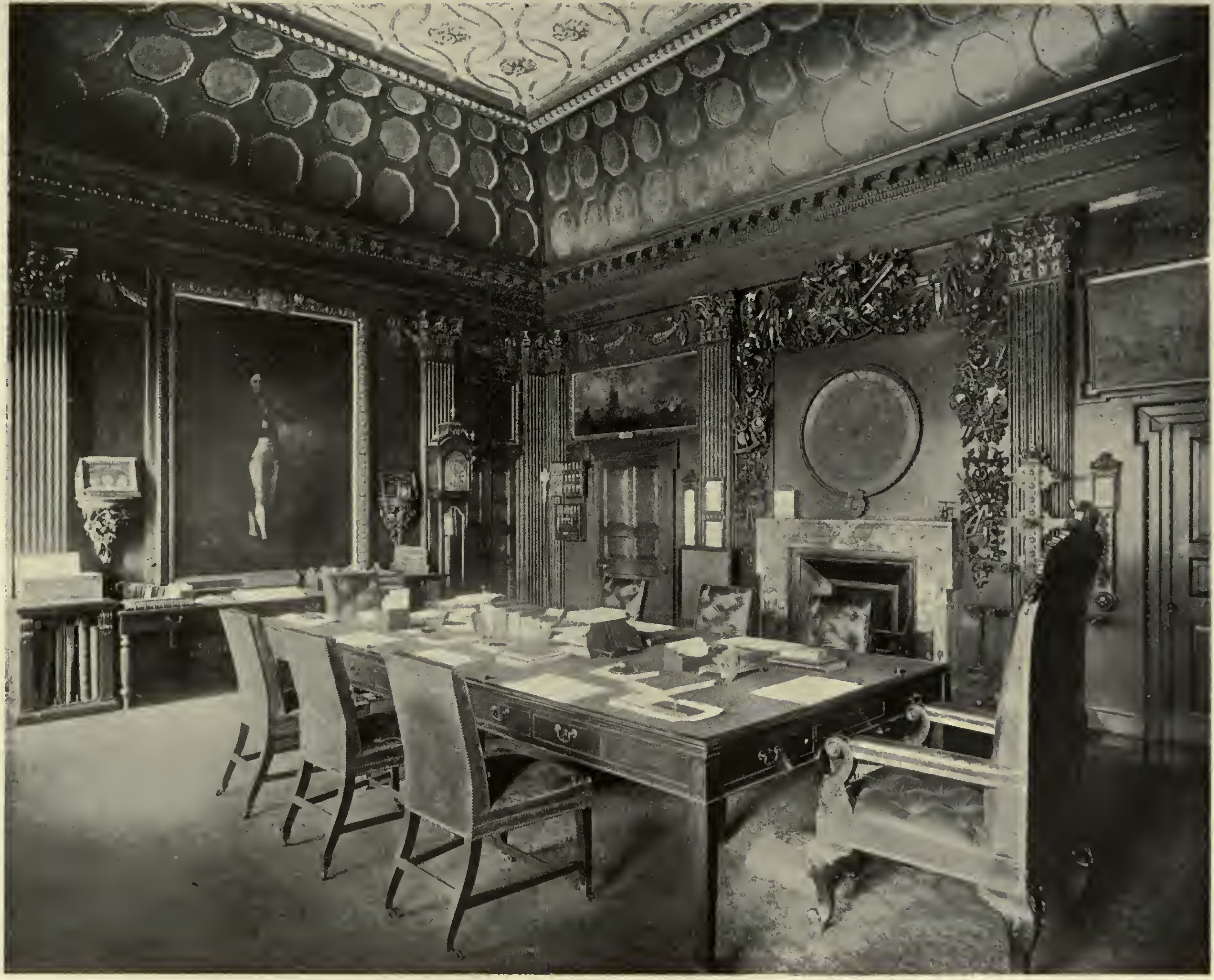

FIG. 133.—ADMIRALTY BOARD ROOM.

Architect, Thomas Ripley, 1722-6.

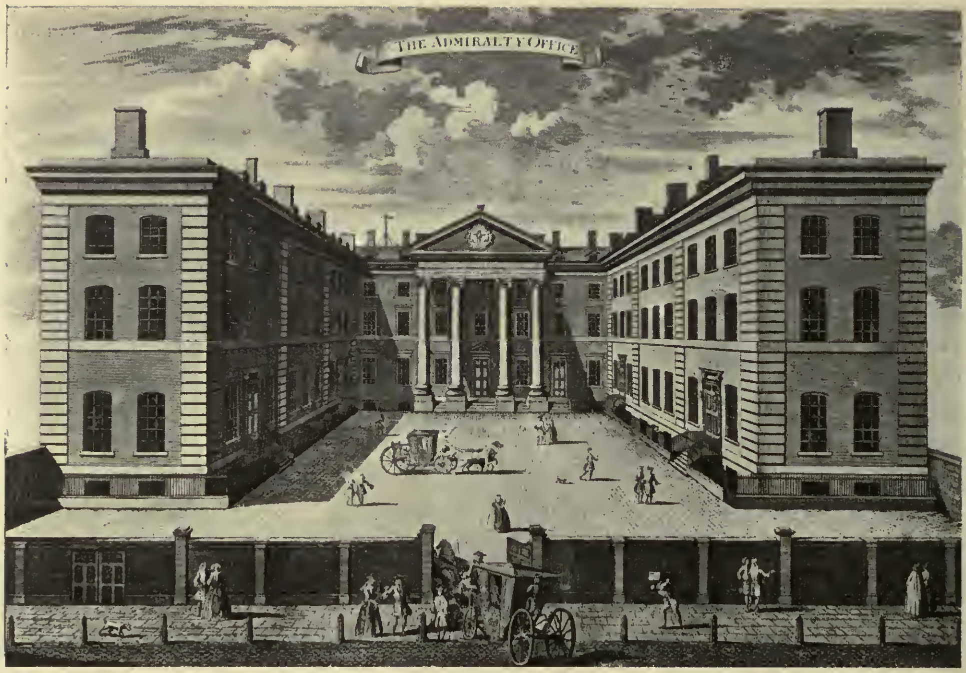
THE ADMIRALTY OFFICE

FIG. 134.—THE ADMIRALTY OFFICE.
East Front, erected 1722-6.

From a print by J. Bowles, 1731.

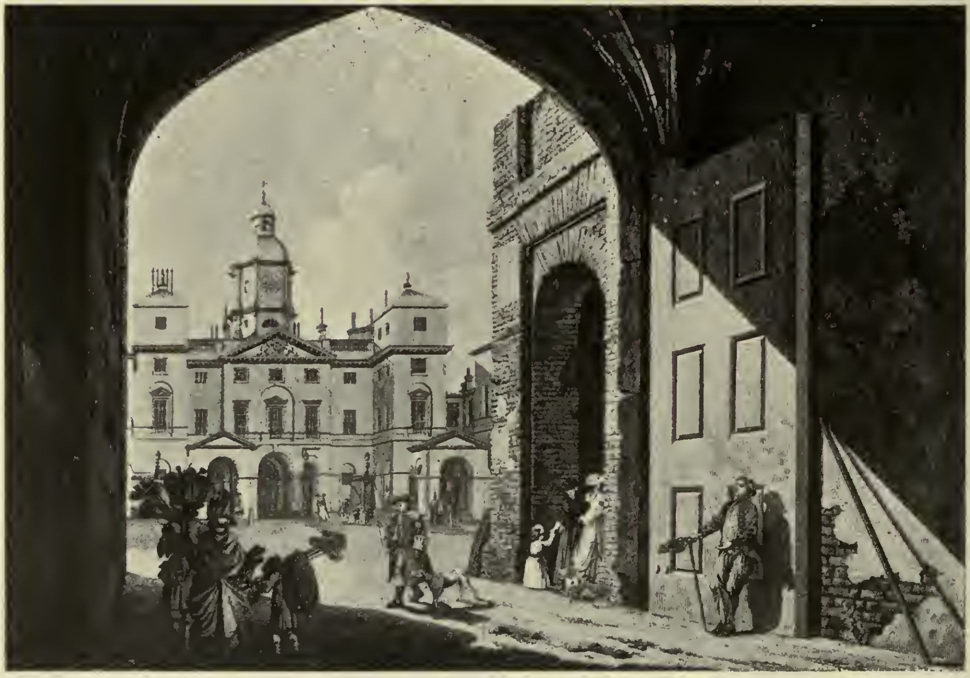

FIG. 135.—THE HORSE GUARDS.
A view taken from the old entrance to Scotland Yard.

From a print by Rooker, 1768.

priate, screen, in 1760 (Fig. 190). Walpole, whose father was Ripley's chief patron, and Ralph,[1] both concur in condemning the heaviness and want of inspiration in Ripley's pile; the latter remarking that it is "like to continue a lasting reproach of our national want of taste."

Close by is another survival of 18th-century work in the Horse Guards (Figs. 67 and 135) which Vardy erected from Kent's designs in 1751–3. In spite of Hogarth's satire[2] the Horse Guards has many merits, and even the critical Ralph is lenient when discussing it. If one remembers how banal Kent could on occasion be, his success in this instance is the more surprising. Any one conversant with the two structures will not need to have pointed out the many resemblances between it and Holkham Hall, which Kent designed for "Coke of Norfolk." Few public buildings of the period have been more often reproduced in pictures and prints than the Horse Guards, and the view by Scott given here is one of the most successful, not only as showing its outlines but also as affording an excellent idea of its general appearance in relation with its surroundings.

Another relic of the period under consideration is Guy's Hospital (Fig. 131), which the munificent bookseller, Thomas Guy, founded in 1721, and which was opened a little over a week after his death, on 6th January 1725. The statue of Guy, which stands in the courtyard, was modelled by Scheemakers, and was set up in 1734. St. Thomas's Hospital, the predecessor of the present stately pile on the Embankment, was originally close by Guy's in Southwark, and in 1768 the two were more or less incorporated. Since its erection, large additions and alterations have taken place in Guy's, but there is much remaining dating from the days of its foundation; while St. Thomas's, which had been wholly rebuilt in 1701–6, remained till 1862, when its activity was transferred to its present site. St. Bartholomew's Hospital (Fig. 132) also has interesting contemporary features.

What must be obvious to any one carefully examining the old buildings of London as they are to-day, is the evidence so many of them show of 18th-century work in the way of addition or improvement. You will find a structure that has come down from much earlier days, yet exhibiting the hall-mark of that period which while on the one hand it remained callous to the decay of antiquities, on the other took pains to impress its individuality on work it often spoilt by the act. The Guildhall is a case in point. On to the fabric was superimposed a façade from the designs of the younger Dance (*circa* 1789), hardly more appropriate than had been the repairs and renovations carried out in 1706. The "Prospect of Guildhall," published in Stows' *Survey*, dated 1755, shows how the structure appeared to the citizens during the latter part of the century; while a contemporary print of the interior of the Great Hall indicates the position which the figures of Gog and Magog then occupied. It is much the same with the Tower, which we find in the drawing of Rowlandson and Pugin, surrounded by a mass of obviously 18th-century buildings, curiously at variance with its original immemorial stone-work. Another important structure—The Customs House—is, as we know it, merely a successor to two earlier ones, the former, designed by Wren, being destroyed by fire in 1715; the latter, from Ripley's hand, meeting the same fate just a century later.

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[1] *Critical Review of London.*

[2] See Plate 2 of "The Election," where a ridiculous view of the building is introduced on the sign-board.

But it is not only in such outstanding examples of architecture that the London of the 18th century took on the colour, so to speak, of the period. Churches which had survived the Great Fire were recased, or otherwise altered to suit the taste of the day; private houses were reconstructed according to contemporary ideas and requirements; and the unmistakable stamp of the time was affixed to the City as a whole, much of which has, of course, disappeared under fresh waves of rebuilding, although relics are still to be found scattered throughout the length and breadth of the London of to-day.[1]

[1] A small but excellent example of Sir Robert Taylor's work was formerly to be seen in the Old Patent Office, in Quality Court, Chancery Lane. It was erected in 1760, and demolished in 1901.

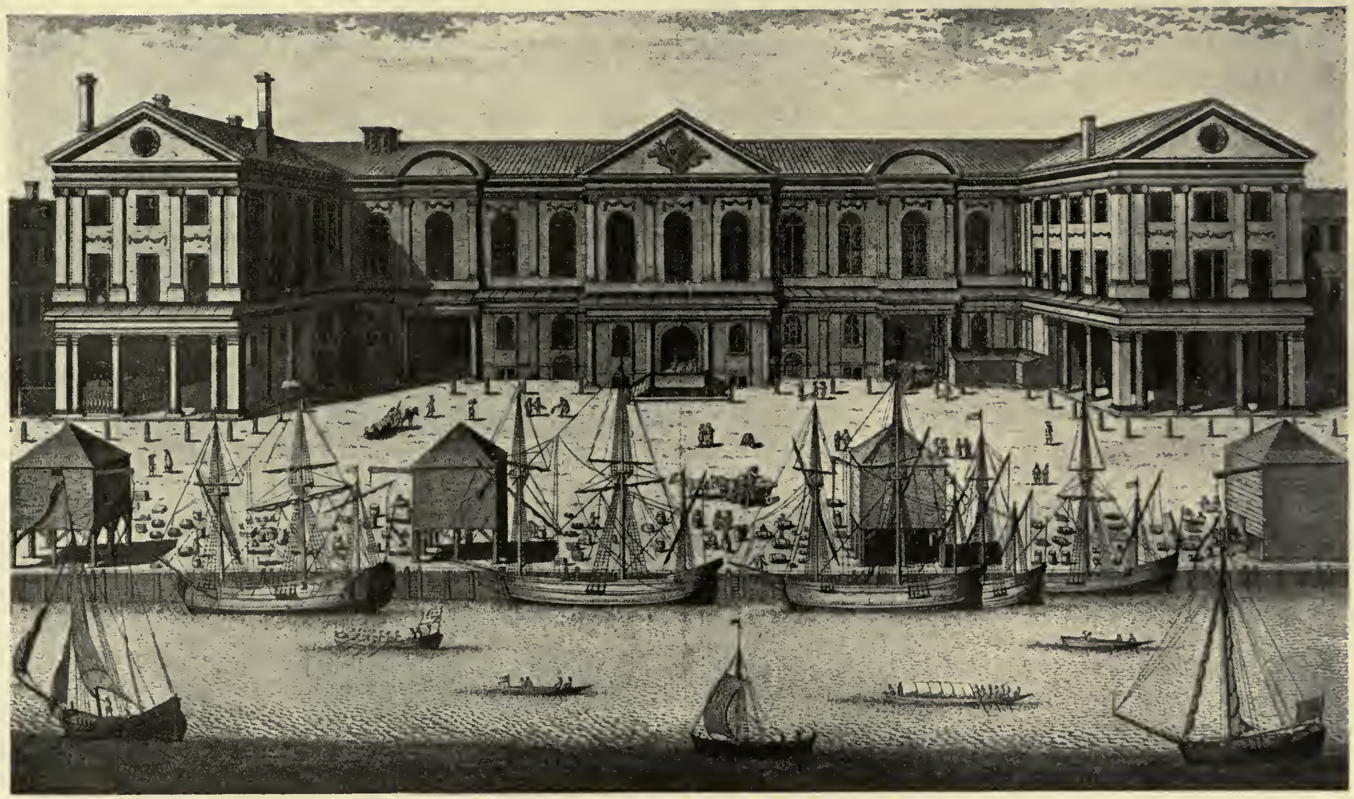

FIG. 136.—THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

From a print by John Harris, 1714.

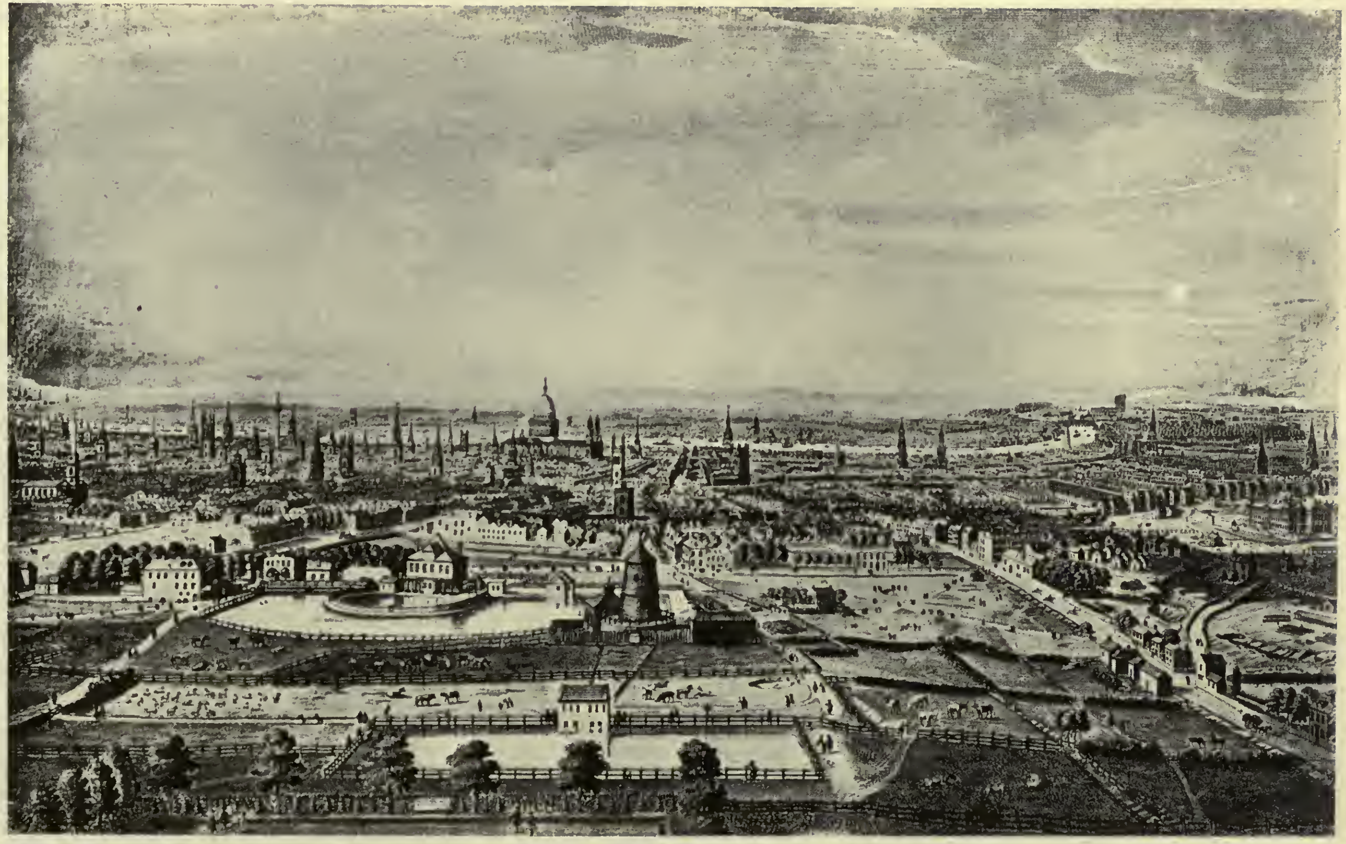

Fig. 137.—Prospect of London, from the Bowling Green, Islington.

From a print by Bowles, 1752.

CHAPTER VI

THE CHURCHES

WHEN the 18th century opened, there existed in London, in addition to such sacred edifices as had come more or less unscathed through the ordeal of the Great Fire—St. Bartholomew, Smithfield; St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate Street; St. Helens; and the rest[1]—those churches which Wren had either entirely rebuilt or to which he had added so much as to make them essentially creations of his incomparable genius. To-day a bird's-eye view of London presents us with that collocation of harmonies in stone which the citizen under the reigns of Anne and the Georges gazed upon (Fig. 137). Many and beautiful as were such churches, then but relatively recent buildings, a want was felt for more, so greatly had the population increased. As a result, an Act was passed, in 1712, for the erection of fifty churches, the cost of which was to be defrayed by a duty levied on coal brought into the Port of London for a certain number of years. As we shall see, some of the sacred edifices which came into being in consequence of the passing of this Act, are among the most successful of such erections existing in London; but the provisions of the Act were very partially carried out, and there remain now only about twenty-four principal churches dating from the whole of the 18th century.

Wren's followers—Gibbs, and Hawksmoor, and Flitcroft—carried on largely the traditions set by their master, a tradition in which ecclesiastical architecture was based on the Roman classic convention, and in which the various orders (Doric, Ionic, Tuscan, and Corinthian) became the last word in such things, before the Gothic revival brought in a sort of *palingenesis* of that style which, until Walpole set the fashion, the 18th century affected to despise. It thus happens that there is often so close a resemblance, particularly to the untrained eye, between what Wren did and what was done by his pupils, that many people are apt to think that all the churches in London of about that period were his work, and the names of Gibbs and Hawksmoor, Flitcroft and James of Greenwich, are almost unknown to any save such as have made a special study of London architecture.

In this chapter I want to say something about the two dozen churches which were the product of the 18th century, for although some of Wren's work overlapped into this period (such, for instance, as the glorious tower and spire of St. Bride's, which arose between 1701 and 1703) the most of it was of an earlier date.

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[1] Some of these earlier churches were restored or added to during the period; for instance, the turret and cupola of St. Ethelburga's were substituted for the original little spire, at the end of the 18th century.

Between the years 1743 and 1745, there was a remarkable amount of architectural activity dedicated to church building in London: the citizen walking in the Strand found his path encumbered by huge blocks of stone, as St. Mary's progressed towards completion; if he made his way down St. Martin's Lane, he discovered a like activity around the new church in that quarter; did he journey to the City or Limehouse, or go north to Bloomsbury or St. Giles, he saw sacred edifices springing up, just as they were doing in Shoreditch and Spitalfields. The pious inhabitants of London must have regarded this activity with no little complacency, and yet it was rather in the open fields where Wesley and Whitefield electrified enormous congregations that "the Word" was most effectively propagated; and the anomaly remains of the day of Charles II. and the earlier Georges producing more churches than were dreamed of when the austerity of the Protector dominated the land.

One of the earliest, and most important of the projected fifty churches, was *St. Mary-le-Strand* (Fig. 138), or the "New Church" as it was called, which James Gibbs designed. The site selected was the one where in former days the famous May-pole stood, a fact referred to in the well-known lines of the Dunciad:

> "Amid that area wide they took their stand,
> Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand,
> But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
> A Church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

St. Mary's was begun in 1714, and occupied about three years in building.[1] Gibbs in his *Book of Architecture*, gives, together with a number of designs, an account of the church, by which we learn that it was the architect's first work after his return from Italy. Originally, he tells us, no steeple was contemplated, but a small campanile or turret; and at a distance of 80 feet from the West End a column, rising to the height of 250 feet and surmounted by a statue of Queen Anne, was to have been erected. The death of Queen Anne caused this project to be set aside, and a steeple was substituted. "The building," continues Gibbs, "being then advanced 20 feet above ground, and therefore admitting of no allocation from east to west, I was obliged to spread it from north to south, which makes the plan oblong which should otherwise have been square." This, of course, accounts for the shallow design of the steeple on its north and south aspects. Now that there is more space around the church the narrowness of it is rather obvious, but when it was erected it was flanked by buildings on both sides, and Holywell Street ran close to its east end. This must be remembered in criticising it, and to estimate its appropriateness to its original surroundings, one has but to study the views which Dayes

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[1] The foundation stone was laid on 25th February 1714, and the church was completed on 7th September 1717, although it was not consecrated till 1st January 1723.

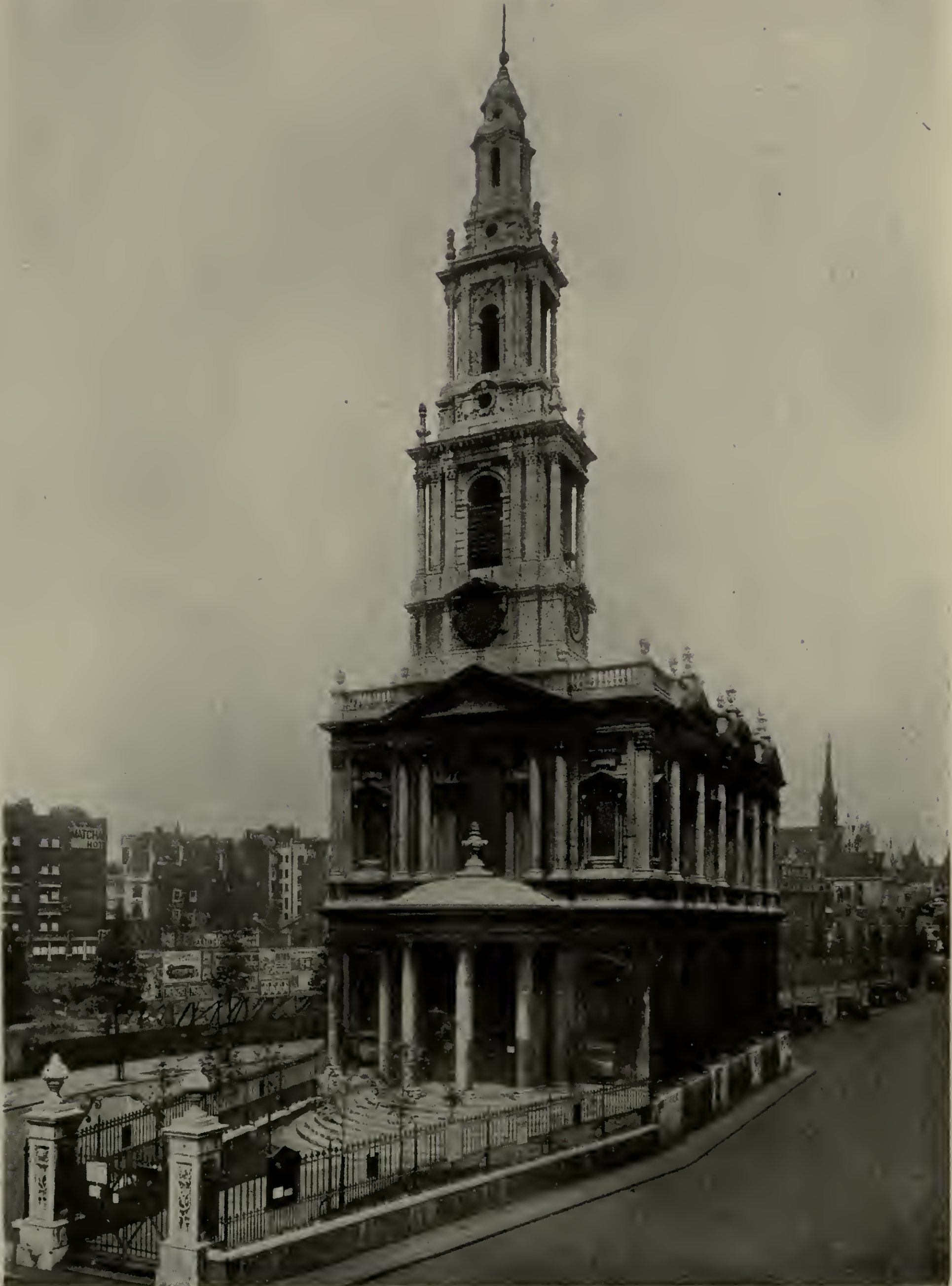

FIG. 138.—ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.
Architect, James Gibbs, 1714.

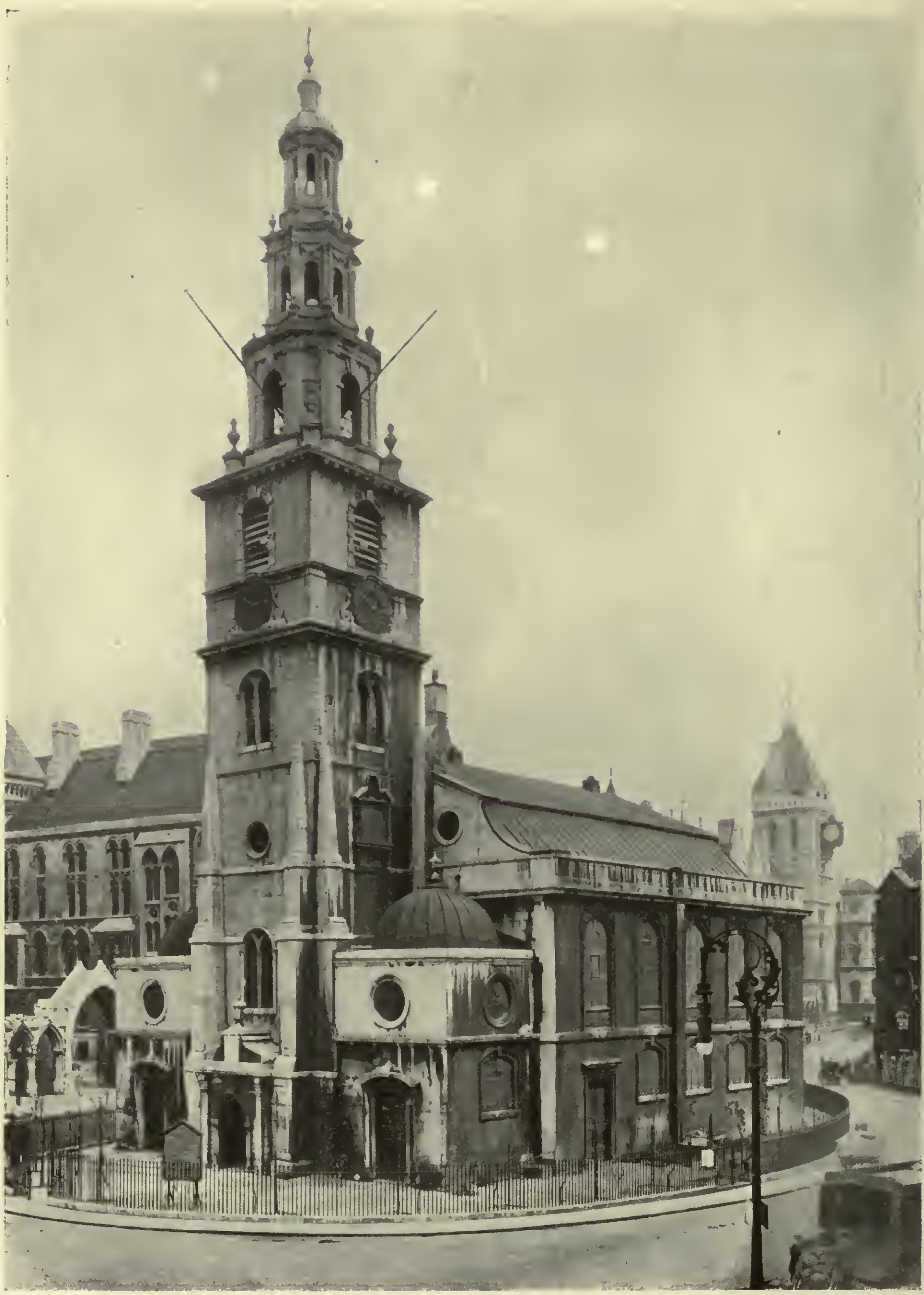

FIG. 139.—ST. CLEMENT'S DANES.
Belfry Stage and Spire by Gibbs, 1719.

produced of it and that part of the Strand in which it stands. One likes to think of Mr. Addison coming upon it in its initial stages and being horrified, or rather making his Tory fox-hunter[1] from the county horrified, at the thought of yet another demolition, until he is satisfied that not pulling down but rebuilding was in progress.

Two years before the consecration of St. Mary's, and four after its completion, Gibbs began the church which will perpetuate his name while it stands—*St. Martin's-in-the-Fields* (Figs. 140 and 141). In St. Mary's, Wren's influence is very marked, and consequently it possesses many of the attributes of his genius, in particular a certain delicacy of outline; but St. Martin's shows Gibbs, so to speak, sure of himself, and embarking on a design which might not have been possible had Wren never lived, but which is as original and splendid as even the master ever compassed outside St. Paul's. The church "where God delights to dwell, and men to praise," as Savage in a rather hyperbolic strain phrased it, arose on the site of the earlier one, a sort of chapel, dating from the 13th century, which had been rebuilt in the time of Henry VIII., and again enlarged in 1607, at the expense of Henry, Prince of Wales. The foundation stone was laid by the Bishop of Salisbury, on 20th March 1721, and the consecration took place on 20th October 1726 (as may be read in the inscription above the portico). Gibbs tells us that the total cost was over £32,000,[2] and in addition George I., who was elected churchwarden, gave £1500 for an organ, besides distributing 100 guineas among the workmen; the royal arms which so effectively surmount the portico indicating the specially close connection of the monarch (who, by the bye, also stands in effigy on the steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury) with the fabric. Indeed, there seems to have been no lack of funds for the building, and in one instance an offer of £500, made by a lady towards the altar, had to be refused. Splendid and successful as is the design, hypercriticism has found that the tower is too heavy for the main structure, and it may be mentioned that Gibbs's first scheme provided for a circular church, which was rejected by the Commissioners; while he gives, in his *Book of Architecture*, "six of many more draughts of Steeples made for St. Martin's." To-day one can see the bust of the architect, executed by Rysbrach in 1726, which was appropriately set up under the organ loft in 1885. Among those buried here was a greater sculptor than Rysbrach, for Roubillac was interred in the vaults in 1762.

As with St. Mary's, the surroundings of St. Martin's were very different from what they are to-day. In the case of the former, as I have said, enlargement of purlieus has not been particularly advantageous; with regard to the latter, it is just the other way about. By the widening of the original St. Martin's Lane, which ran right down by the building, and the pulling down of the Royal Mews, which blocked the west aspect, the church has, so to speak, emerged into appropriate prominence, and looked at from the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, it stands out more markedly and distinctively than almost any other church in London. The 18th century knew it as we know it, but it could never get such a comprehensive view of it as we can. A beautiful water-colour by William Hunt shows how, even in his day, Gibbs's masterpiece was crowded round by paltry buildings and narrrow streets. It is interesting to remember that Hogarth's plate of the "Industrious Apprentice at Church" illustrates the interior of St. Martin's—a church the painter would be likely to select for such a setting, as being close to his own haunts in St. Martin's Lane and Leicester Fields.[1]

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[1] See *The Freeholder*, No. 47.

[2] The exact sum is said to have been £36,871, 10s. 4d.

There are two other lesser examples of Gibbs's work still existing in London; one is the little church of St. Peter's, Vere Street, originally known as the *Marylebone or Oxford Chapel.* This church, so far as the exterior is concerned, is not specially notable or characteristic of the architect. It is built of red brick, and is surmounted by a cupola; and it was constructed at the expense of Lord and Lady Oxford, for the inhabitants of their then recently developed Marylebone property. Inside it has some resemblance, on a much smaller scale, to St. Martin's. Indeed, its genesis and the place it takes in its designer's output, is something comparable with what the original St Paul's, Covent Garden, was in that of Inigo Jones.

The other work of Gibbs is merely an addition to an existing building, namely, the belfry stage and spire of St. Clement's Danes (Fig. 139), designed in 1719, which crowned the uncompleted tower, recased by Wren when he rebuilt the church between 1680 and 1688. A view of the building by Kip, in 1715, shows its earlier appearance, and another re-engraved version, issued ten years later, its present form. Gibbs himself, in his *Book of Architecture,* gives a plan of the addition he thus made.

Although he never achieved anything quite comparable with St. Martin's, Nicholas Hawksmoor, Gibbs's great contemporary, has left more evidences of his achievements in London than did his rival; for besides the West Towers of the Abbey, there are at least five of his churches still existing which, with one exception, remain practically as they were in the 18th century. Besides this, Hawskmoor in his character of supervisor for Wren, whose pupil he was, in concluding the building of St. Paul's, as well as in his position first as deputy surveyor and, under George I., surveyor and clerk of the works, for Chelsea Hospital and Greenwich, Westminster Abbey and Kensington Palace, has left evidences of his work, which, although in some cases characteristic, are too relatively unimportant to be particularised.

The first church he designed is the one which forms the exception mentioned above; for *St. Mary Woolnoth* (Fig. 142), the edifice in question, has been so desecrated in recent days that only the towers, adapted in little from

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[1] Among the 'sights' which caused wonder in the London of the 18th century, may be instanced the feat of one Violante, an Italian who, on 1st June 1727, by means of a rope stretched from the top of St. Martin's to the further end of the Mews, descended head foremost, with arms and legs extended, a distance of some 300 yards, in the space of half a minute. The performance was witnessed by immense crowds, and is referred to by Walpole in one of his letters to Mann.

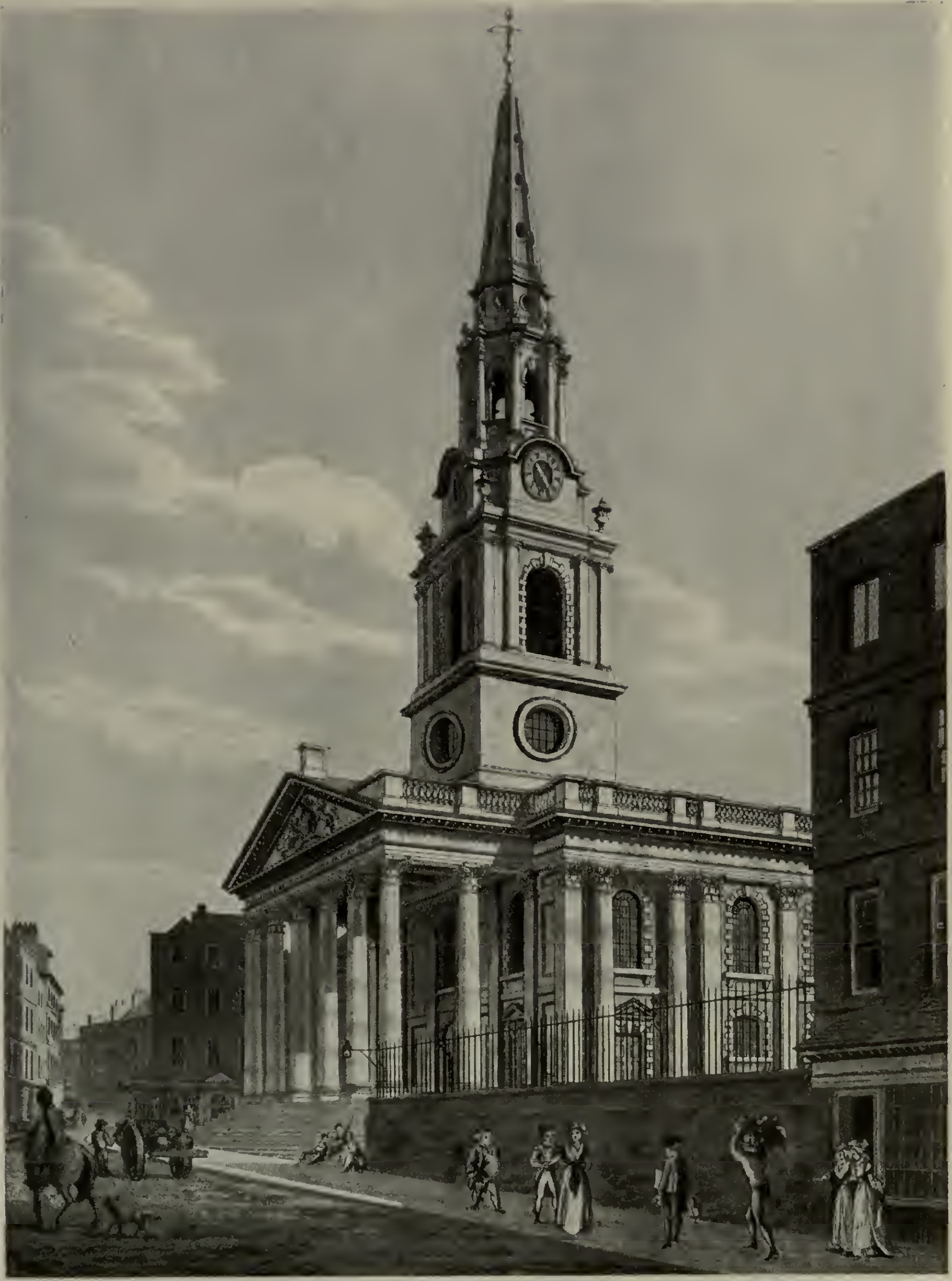

FIG. 140.—ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.
Architect, James Gibbs, 1721.

From a print by T. Malton.

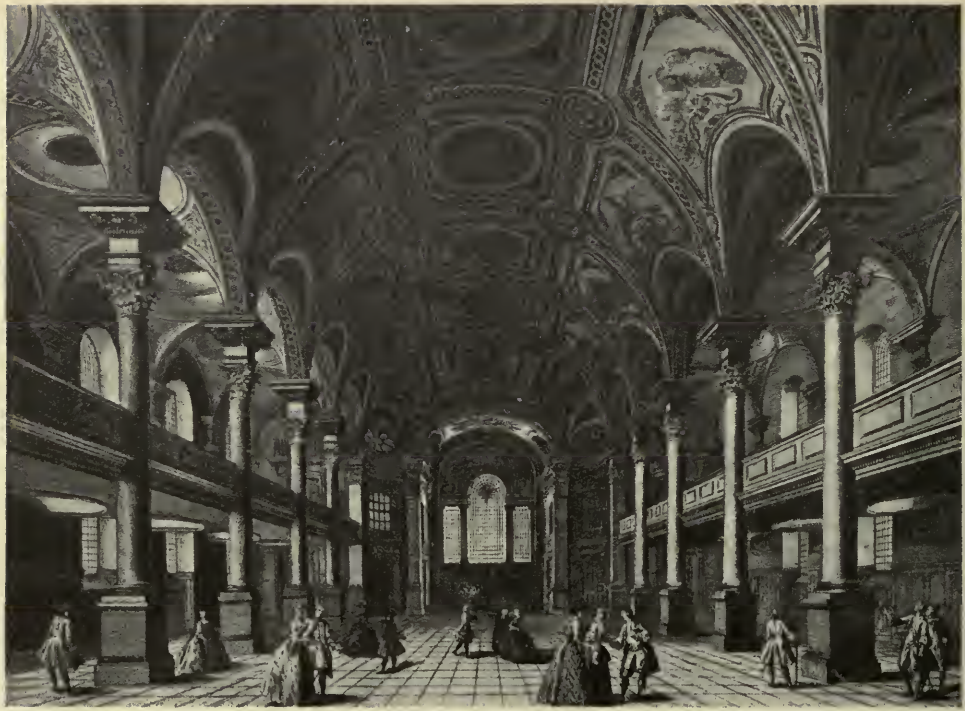

FIG. 141.—ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS (INTERIOR).
Architect, James Gibbs, 1721.

From a print by T. Malton.

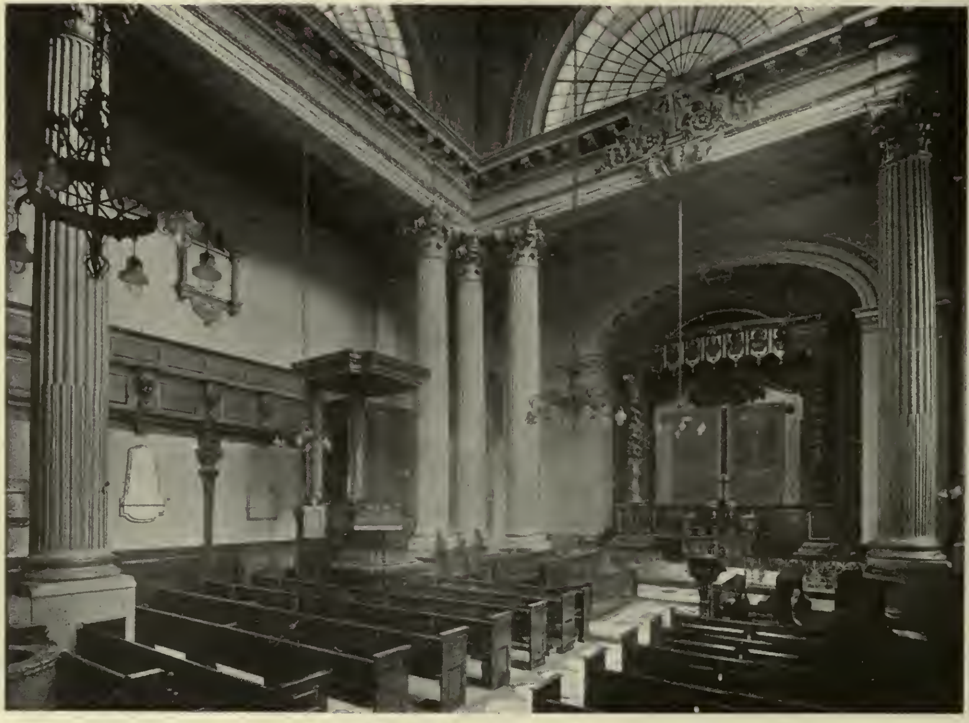

FIG. 142.—ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.
Architect, Nicholas Hawksmoor.

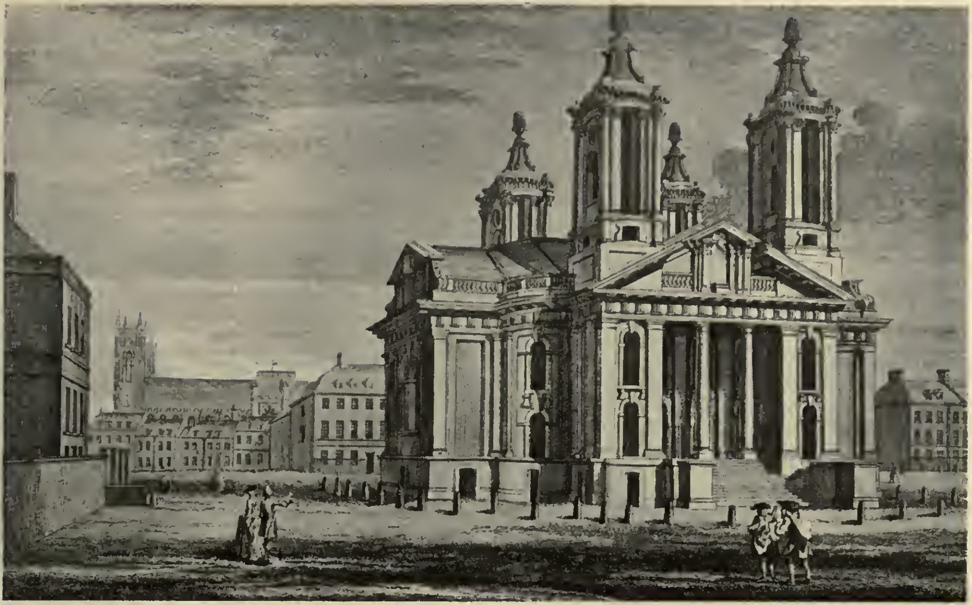

FIG. 143.—ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, WESTMINSTER.
Architect, Archer.
From a print published by Sayer, 1762.

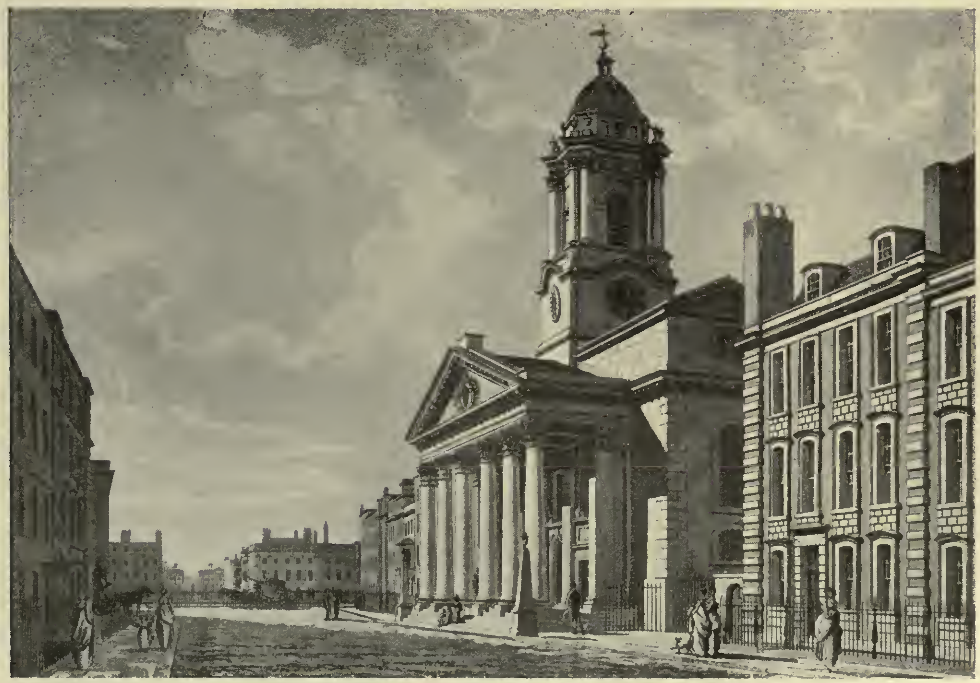

FIG. 144.—ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.
Architect, John James, 1720.
From a print by T. Malton.

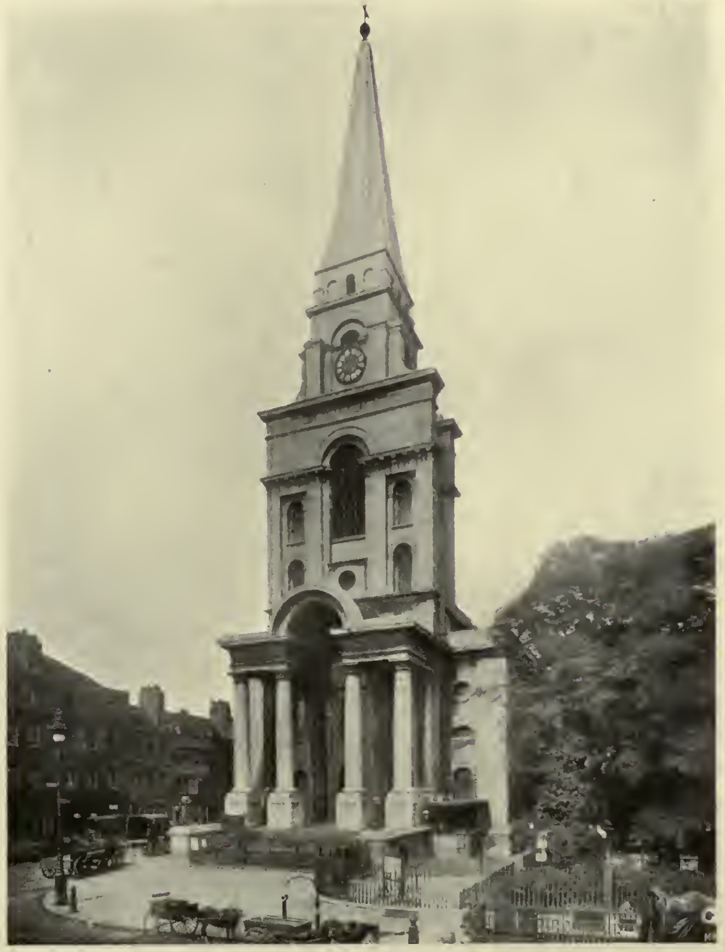

FIG. 145.—CHRIST CHURCH, SPITALFIELDS.
Architect, Nicholas Hawksmoor, 1723.

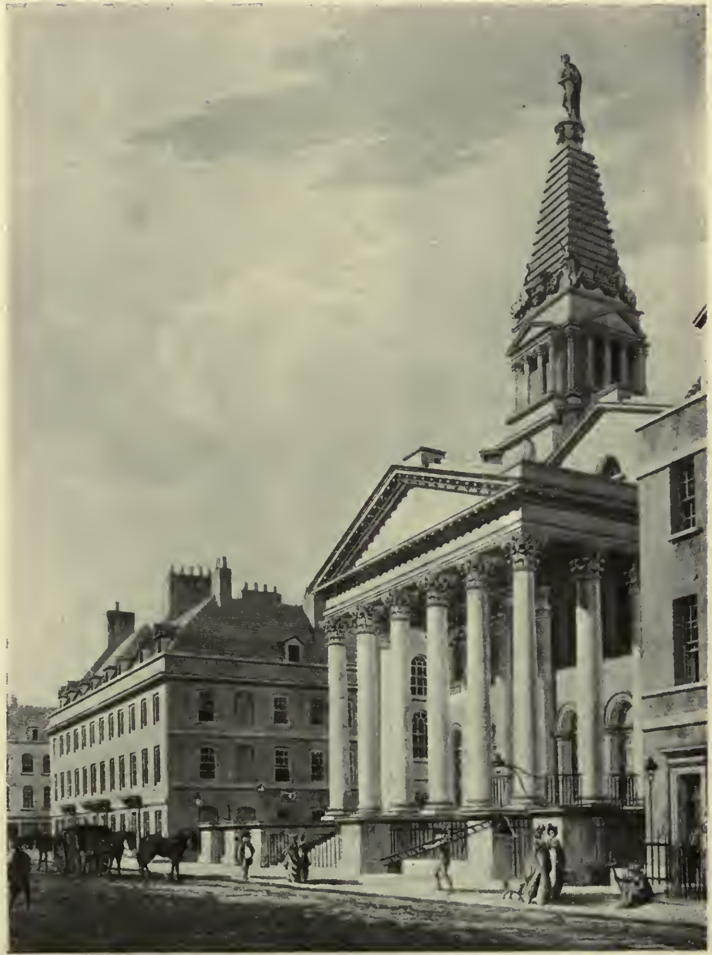

FIG. 146.—ST. GEORGE'S, BLOOMSBURY.
Architect, Nicholas Hawksmoor, 1731.
From a print by T. Malton, 1794.

those of St. Sulpice, by Servandoni, remain wonderingly surmounting a railway station! When Queen Anne came to the throne, the old church which had been rebuilt in 1620, and repaired after the Great Fire, was in such an unsatisfactory condition, that the question of its future was debated in Parliament, a report having been presented to the House to the effect that "the east end adjoining Her Majesty's Post Office, with the south side, west end and tower thereof, were not rebuilt, and that the north side had become ruinous and dangerous." In those days, Lombard Street extended almost to the Mansion House, and Sherborne Lane ran straight into it (the formation of King William Street has altered all this), so that instead of occupying a corner site, as its relic does to-day, it was surrounded by buildings, and only its north side, facing Lombard Street, and its west end, abutting on to Sherborne Lane, were exposed. The Post Office referred to above, stood on its east side, and was reached by a sunk passage from Lombard Street. In course of time, certainly before 1830, some of the houses between St. Mary and the Mansion House had been demolished, and a better view of the church could be obtained on entering Lombard Street, but it was not till the formation of King William Street that it emerged into its present prominence. From an old print of the church, showing the north side, and the west end in perspective, we see the old houses actually adjoining the east end; while from the west corner of the north wall, a clock, similar to that at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, hung over the roadway. Architecturally, St. Mary Woolnoth is a remarkable production, and exhibits Hawksmoor's originality in a striking degree; the interior is equally unusual, being designed on the model of a Roman Atrium, and was probably, as Mr. Bumpus surmises, influenced by Tibaldi's Choir in Bologna Cathedral. In it may be seen a monument to the famous engraver, Henry Fourdrinier, whose plates are so familiar in 18th-century works; there is also a tablet to the memory of Cowper's friend, the Rev. John Newton, whose inscription, written by himself, describes him as having once been "an infidel and libertine." If St. Mary Woolnoth cannot be said to be known by us in the guise in which the Londoner of the 18th century knew it, we may be thankful that, in the case of so frequently threatened a church, at least there remains some portion of Hawksmoor's original conception.

Another of the architect's productions, indeed the next he built, *St. Anne's, Limehouse*, completed in 1724, is a curious instance of failure in a rather obvious attempt at originality. Its heavy tower and its projecting semicircular excrescence at the west end, points which caused Malcolm[1] to liken it to "a very large ship under an easy sail with a flag flying at her top-mast," have an air of incongruity which sits strangely on the favourite pupil of Wren. In those days the church stood among fields, and the present Salmon Lane to its north was then called, more appropriately, Sermon Lane, and had a cow-house (its only building) at its south-west corner; and what is now Commercial Road, East, was a narrow roadway known as Rose Lane. Indeed, the church was built to serve the needs of the inhabitants of the houses clustering along the river, and adjoining the few and exiguous docks that then existed there.

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[1] *Londinus Redivivus.*

St. George's-in-the-East, which was erected soon after St. Anne's, was in those days situated in an ample churchyard, and had on its north the open fields, in place of the square miles of closely covered ground which now bound it on that side; while the present Cable Street was then a lane running through an open space, called Bluegate Field; the whole neighbourhood being rural, and intersected by Rope Walks, and what was called Six Tavern Fields, where Cable Street is now. The church remains practically as Hawksmoor built it, and it possesses an apse, a feature which, I believe, is unique in his churches.

Another example of the same architect's work remaining to us is *Christ Church, Spitalfields* (Fig. 145), with its simple but impressive steeple, and the striking architectural originalities of which the designer was so fond. Inside, however, the removal of the galleries has altered its appearance, and has affected its earlier proportions. It was in course of erection from 1723 to 1729, and was then the largest of the modern London churches. In some respects it is Hawksmoor's most notable achievement, the boldness of the high portico, and the admirable linking-up of the tower and spire, giving it a quite special position among London's 18th-century church architecture.

One more of Hawksmoor's productions remains to be noticed, namely, *St. George's, Bloomsbury* (Fig. 146), with its noble portico, now dwarfed by adjacent buildings, and its famous steeple on the summit of which George I. stands with a lightning conductor springing from his head. This latter feature gave rise to innumerable squibs at the time of its erection, and Walpole calls it a masterpiece of absurdity. One of the best remembered epigrams produced at the period runs thus:

> "When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
> The people of England made him head of the church;
> But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
> Instead of the church, made him head of the steeple."

Why Hawksmoor selected this, in preference to other designs which are extant,[1] it is difficult to say, but there it remains for us to wonder at, as the wits of the period wondered at it and as Hogarth has preserved it in his "Gin Lane." With the exception of this feature, the steeple is fine enough, and as it stands at the side of the church, and does not spring from the roof, as does that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, it conforms more properly with the essentials of what such an adjunct should be, and for this reason has been preferred by some critics to Gibbs's creation. The interior has been altered, but preserves essentially the characteristics which Hawksmoor gave it. It is interesting to remember that the altar-piece was originally in the chapel of Montagu House, and was moved hither when that mansion became the British Museum.

No greater contrast with St. George's could be imagined than *St. John's, Westminster* (Fig. 143), the famous or notorious (which you will) church

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[1] Among George III.'s collection in the King's Library at the British Museum.

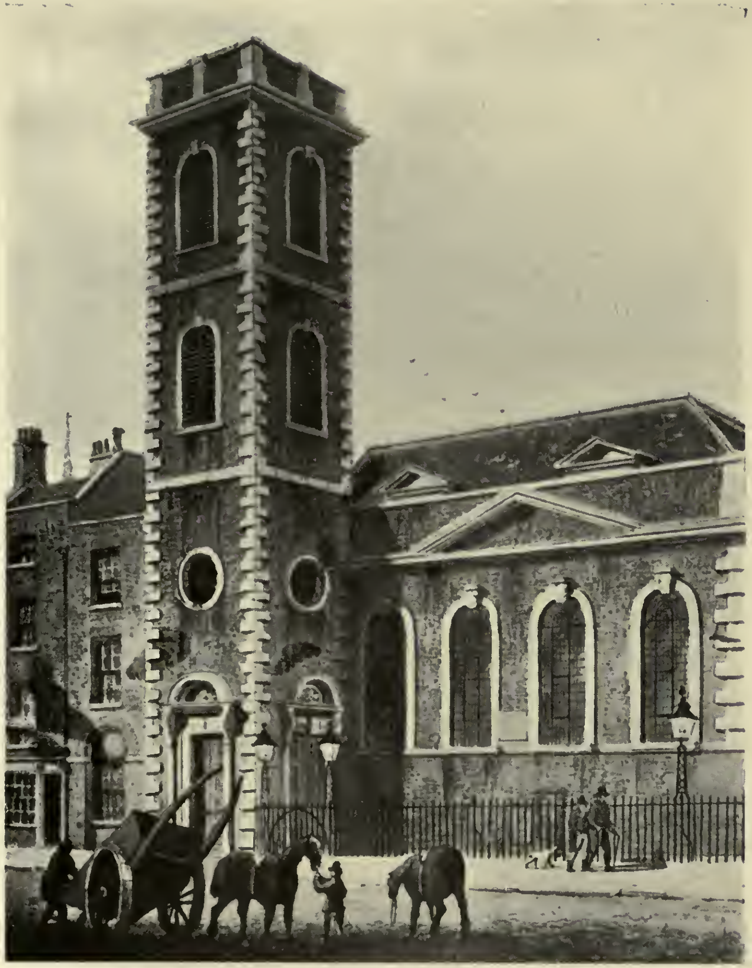

FIG. 147.—ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.
From water-colour drawing by G. Shepherd.

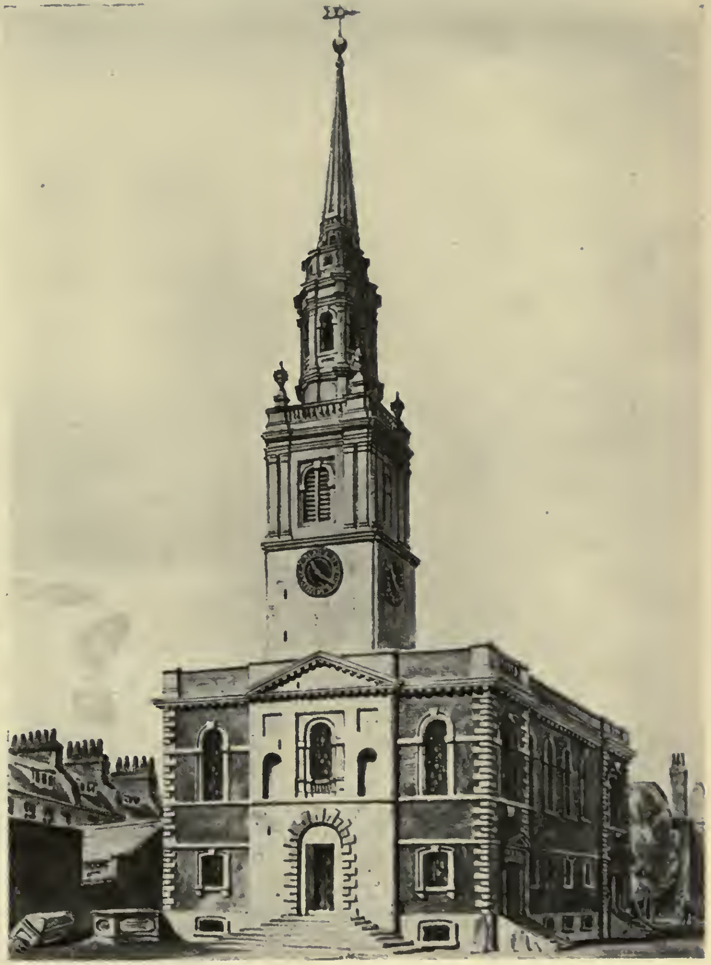

FIG. 148.—ST JAMES'S, CLERKENWELL.
Architect, James Carr, 1792.
From water-colour by J. Coney.

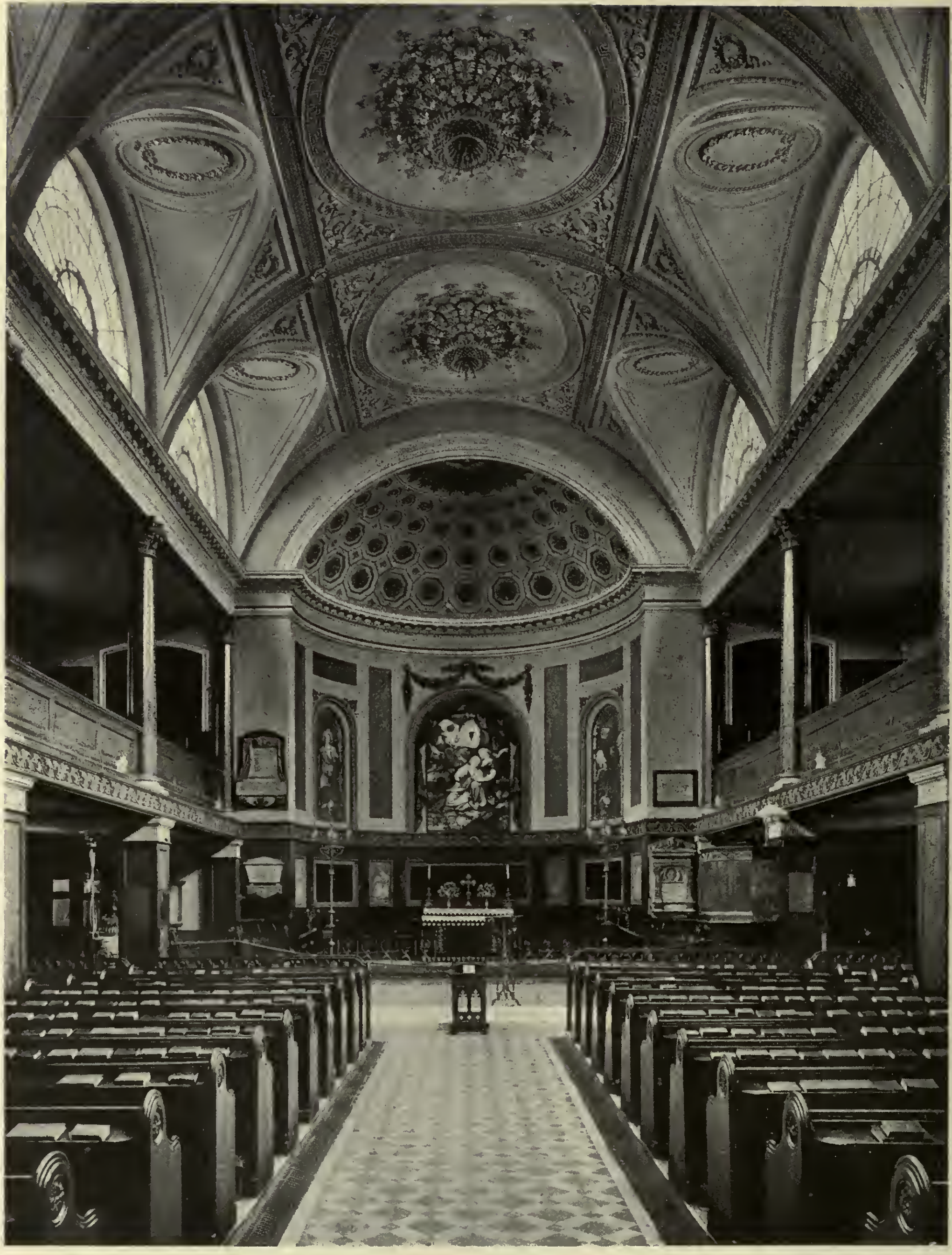

Fig. 149.—St. Botolph's, Aldersgate Street.
Architect, G. Dance the younger.

designed by Archer, which stands in the middle of Smith Square. Walpole has described the building as a "*chef-d'œuvre* of absurdity," and Lord Chesterfield likened it to an elephant on its back with its legs in the air.[1] The four towers at the corners of the edifice, give it a strange and incongruous air, and the whole design is a heterogeneous assemblage of architectural features apparently thrown more or less fortuitously together. In defence of the towers, it has been said that they were necessary to balance the building on account of the uncertain stability of the ground on which the church was built, but the effect is anything but pleasing, and Archer, who produced St. Paul's, Deptford, and St. Philip's Birmingham, with far better results, must have been suffering under some sort of aberration when he designed such an edifice as St. John's. The interior is not so uncharacteristic of the period, being of the assembly room type to be found so frequently among later Georgian churches, of which St. Anne's, Soho, is another example.

One of the 18th-century outstanding personalities is Charles Churchill, parson and satirist. His poetical attacks on the stage, his quarrel with Hogarth, and his free-and-easy methods of life, have helped to distinguish him even in a period when loose ethics and personal quarrels were rather the rule than the exception among distinguished clerics; and it is with Churchill that St. John's is for ever associated. His father had been curate and lecturer here and, as a mark of respect to his memory, his son was duly elected to be his successor. He accepted the post more from necessity than choice, and he has himself told us how, as the result of his sermons,

> "Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew."

In course of time, however, his manner of living became too notorious even for those who had chosen him as their spiritual guide, and he was forced to resign; henceforth he passes into another sphere—a sphere in which 'The Rosciad' and 'The Ghost,' 'The Prophecy of Famine' and 'Night,' showed that as a satirist he had few equals. His name is kept alive by such things, but even more by Hogarth's famous print of him as 'The Bruiser,' forming an incident in a quarrel which for a time provided astonished 18th-century London with amusement.

Of the pupils of James Gibbs, one of the best and most successful was John James, generally known as James of Greenwich, from the place where he chiefly resided, and where he was much employed on the works connected with the palace. From James's hand we have a famous London church, that of *St. George's, Hanover Square* (Fig. 144), once pre-eminently the church of fashionable weddings. It was in process of erection between 1720 and 1724, and was therefore practically contemporary with St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and as to James is given the credit (or discredit, as I suppose purists would put it) of first placing a steeple on the roof without any apparent base, it would seem that this portion of St. George's was actually completed before the similar feature at St. Martin's. The beauty of St. George's chiefly resides in the famous portico, which compares favourably with those of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and St. Martin's; while the interior possesses a delicacy, although to be sure a sombre one, which recalls the work of the greater Gibbs. Over the altar hangs a 'Last Supper' painted by Sir James Thornhill, and it seems probable that the organ may have felt the touch of the great Handel's fingers, for we know that when he was lodging in Brook Street, he was a regular attendant here. The church is, however, chiefly famous for its weddings, and its Registers reveal the names of numberless well-known 18th-century people (as well as their descendants) who have stood before Thornhill's picture. Among these none evokes more interest than that of Emma Harte who, on 6th September 1791, became that Lady Hamilton who lives for ever on the canvases of Romney, and whose story is sentient with the romantic *aura* so dear to a curiously sophisticated generation. Another romantic marriage which took place here, two years later, was that of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray. Here, too, Richard Cosway was married in 1771, and two years earlier Elizabeth Chudleigh (or rather Hervey, for her husband was still alive), here went through the wedding service with the Duke of Kingston, and thus took the first step in one of the most notorious of 18th-century *causes célèbres*.[1] The burial ground of St. George's is in the Bayswater Road, and there may still be seen the stone covering the remains of Laurence Sterne, who died in Bond Street on 18th March 1768. Just four years before he was laid here, the ground had been consecrated, and to-day his tomb is one of the few which the conversion of the place into a recreation ground has left in its original position.

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[1] Dickens, in *Our Mutual Friend*, changed the Elephant into a Dining Table.

Another London church of this period, *St. Luke's, Old Street*, was erected by George Dance, the elder, some ten years later than St. George's, being consecrated in 1733 by Dr. Hare, Dean of St. Paul's, and Bishop of Chichester. Its exterior is plain, but its steeple, in the form of an obelisk, has a certain grace of outline, and shows, incidentally, that James could emerge, on occasion, from a conventional treatment of such features. Inside, the church, with its Ionic pillars and its excellent proportions, has a dignified appearance, and is, in spite of its modernised pews and other changes, markedly characteristic of its period. Its galleries running on the north, south, and west still remain, so that its proportions have not been spoilt, as in some cases, by the removal of this essentially 18th-century feature. The organ dates also from that day, having been built in 1734, either by Bridge or Jordan, its ascription to one or the other being disputed. It is said to have been the gift of a Mr. Buckley, a brewer in Old Street.

In the same quarter, though farther to the east, stands *St. Leonard's, Shoreditch*, another of Dance's churches, which was begun three years after the consecration of St. Luke's, and completed in 1740. It replaced the older building which fell to the ground during divine service, on 23rd December 1716.

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[1] It is interesting to remember that the notorious Dr. Dodd offered a bribe to Lord Chancellor Bathurst, in order to obtain the living of St. George's, and was, as recorded by Walpole, in consequence struck off the list of the King's Chaplains.

The present church cannot be said to add to Dance's reputation, although its Doric portico saves it from being altogether negligible; while its steeple has grace, even if it does not conform with the strict requirements of purists, rising as it does from the roof, as in the case of St. Martin's and St. George's, Hanover Square. The interior has lost its original appearance by the removal of the galleries, and other improvements undertaken by Butterfield have changed its earlier character.[1]

Dance was responsible for yet another London church: namely, that of *St. Botolph, Aldgate*, which was rebuilt by him in 1741–4. It has a peculiarity, in that its tower (of brick) is placed on the south side of the building, this tower being crowned by a stone spire of not very inspiring design. The interior, with its gallery running round three sides, is characteristically of the 18th century, but the presence of some of the monuments, rescued from the original church, give it an air of greater antiquity, for these date from the 16th and 17th centuries. Dance cannot be considered an outstanding ecclesiastical architect, but his name, at any rate, is better known than is that of the architect of another *St. Botolph* (*in Bishopsgate*), one James Gold, who erected this church between 1725 and 1729, on the site of the earlier edifice which, although escaping the Great Fire, was deemed ready for destruction during the earlier years of the 18th century.

There are still existing in London a few churches of somewhat the same character: *i.e.* red-brick buildings set up to replace others that had become too small or too ruinous for more exacting requirements. In no sense can they be said to increase, architecturally, the beauty of the City, but, as dating from this period, they demand some notice.

Among them two can be traced to the younger Dance: *All Hallows, London Wall*, and *St. Botolph's, Aldersgate*. The former was consecrated by Bishop Terrick on 8th September 1767. Dance experienced some difficulty with the sub-soil on which he had to build, and which had been largely responsible for the ruinous condition of the walls of the earlier church. By a system of piles and planks, he overcame the trouble, and the little church he evolved, plain and unadorned as it is, still merits that favourite 18th-century encomium of 'elegant.'

With St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, the architect again had to make the best of what was more or less a ruin, but in this case he was able to preserve the east wall (the present façade is later—1831), although he had to heighten it in conformity with the rebuilt portions. The interior of this church is shown in Fig. 149.

Other churches which come under the heading of rebuilt erections of this period are *St. Alphege's*, London Wall, which dates from 1774–7; and *St. George's*, in the Borough (Fig. 150), which was rebuilt in 1734–6 on the site of the former church; to which should be added *St. Peter-le-Poer*, Broad Street, consecrated in 1792, and *St. Martin, Outwich*, at the corner of Threadneedle Street, the latter of which was removed in 1874. The Parish Churches of Hackney and Islington, the former dating from 1792, also partook of the same character, and helped to perpetuate the uninspired ugliness of such ecclesiastical buildings as arose during the latter part of the 18th century, when a church seems to have been erected as more or less of a necessity, without much thought or care being given to its outward graces.

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[1] Among those buried here was George Lillo, the dramatist, and author of the *London Merchant, or the True Story of George Barnewell*, who died in 1739.

There remain to be noticed two or three churches of this period. One—*St. Giles-in-the-Fields*, should properly have been referred to before, as chronologically it dates from the earlier part of the period under consideration, having been begun in 1730, and finished four years later, at a cost, according to Pennant, of some £10,000. The 18th century had known an earlier church here—an unimportant edifice, architecturally, of red brick, which had replaced the earlier and very ancient building demolished in 1628. The present structure appears to have been erected from a second design, Flitcroft's earlier one having been disapproved of by the Commissioners. This first scheme was, however, not lost, for when St. Olave's, Tooley Street, required rebuilding, the original drawings were made use of for this purpose; the plans and elevations being preserved in the British Museum among George III.'s collection of prints. Even as it was, Flitcroft's design was not carried out in its entirety; the spire, which he had at first projected, being replaced by a square tower. St. Giles's, however, is an excellent example of the architect's use of that refinement which he inherited from his master, Gibbs, and the spire recalls somewhat that of St. Martin's. The interior is not now quite as it appeared to worshippers in the 18th century, for re-arrangement and re-decoration under Blomfield and Butterfield respectively have taken away much of its earlier appearance. Externally, however, it looks much as it must have looked to Hogarth, when he introduced its spire into his "Noon."

The mention of Hogarth recalls another church of the period which is now no longer in existence, I mean *St. Mary-le-Bone*, which then stood among fields. It was the interior of this little church which the great satirist introduced as the background to the marriage scene in "The Rake's Progress," Hogarth's accuracy even going so far as to reproduce some verses on the tomb of the Forset family; while another inscription, carefully copied, referring to certain pews and their owners, remains in the present church which was rebuilt in 1741. The new structure erected in 1817, in the Marylebone Road, caused the original edifice to be relegated to less important uses, but on its walls may still be seen many a monumental reminder of the 18th century, in the form of tablets: to James Gibbs; Baretti, Johnson's friend; Caroline Watson, the famous engraver; and others; while among those buried here may be named Rysbrach, the sculptor, Romney, the once fashionable portrait painter, and both Charles and Samuel Wesley, the church-music composers.

The church of *St. Paul, Covent Garden*, as it exists to-day, is not of an earlier date than 1795, although its proportions and outlines are exactly those of the famous structure, designed by Inigo Jones, which it replaced. On 17th September 1795, the original building was totally destroyed by fire, a

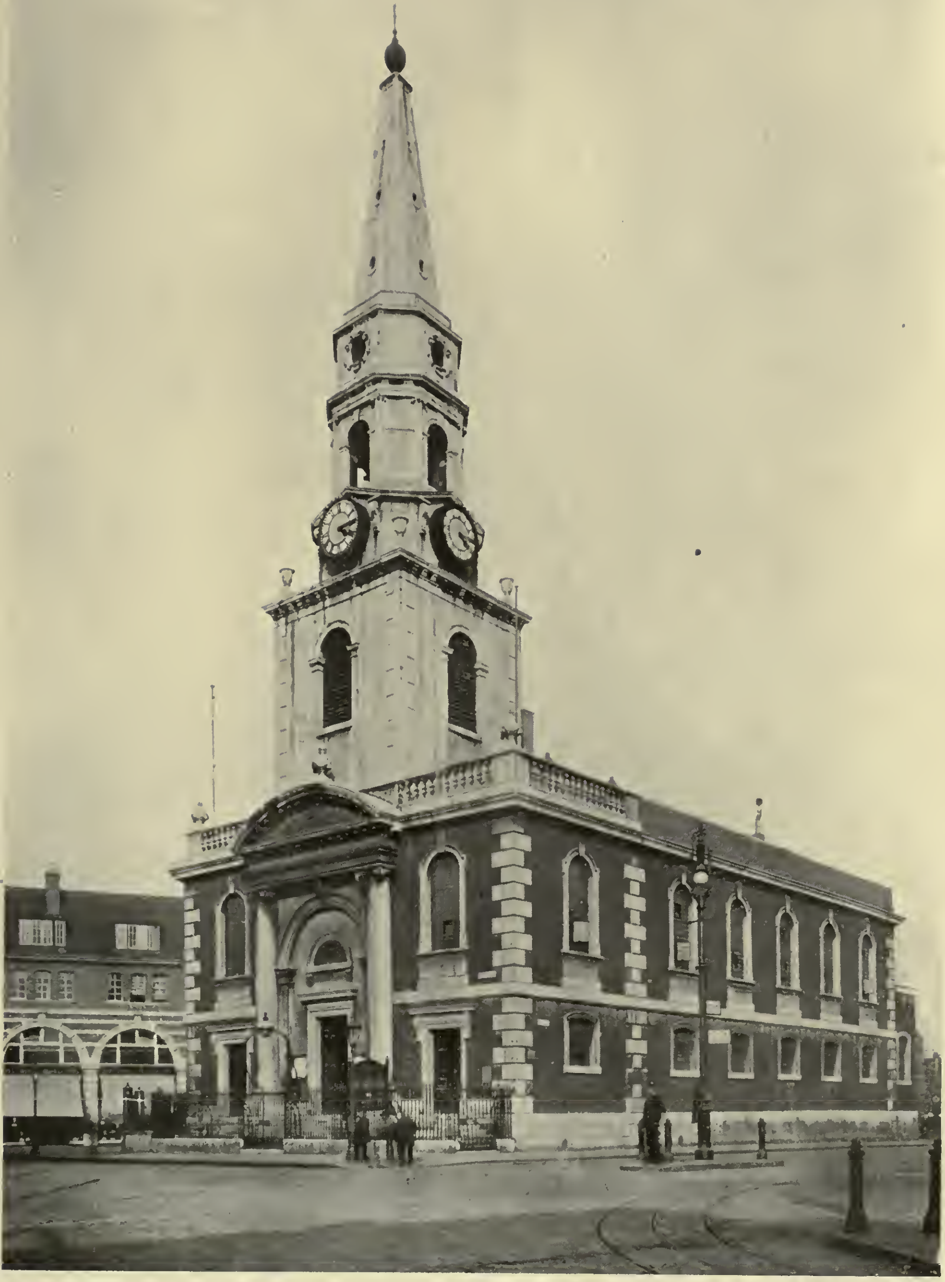

FIG. 150.—ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK.
Architect, John Price, 1734–6.

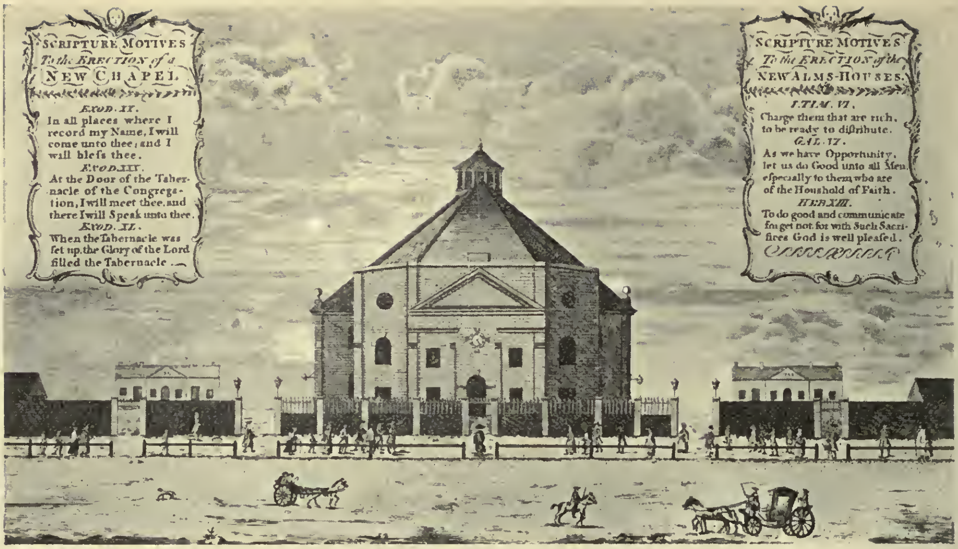
SCRIPTURE MOTIVES
To the ERECTION of a
NEW CHAPEL
EXOD. XX.
In all places where I record my Name, I will come unto thee; and I will bleſs thee.
EXOD. XXIX.
At the Door of the Tabernacle of the Congregation, I will meet thee, and there I will Speak unto thee.
EXOD. XL.
When the Tabernacle was ſet up, the Glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle.
SCRIPTURE MOTIVES
To the ERECTION of the
NEW ALMS-HOUSES.
I. TIM. VI.
Charge them that are rich, to be ready to diſtribute.
GAL. VI.
As we have Opportunity, let us do Good unto all Men, eſpecially to them who are of the Houshold of Faith.
HEB. XIII.
To do good and communicate forget not, for with Such Sacrifices God is well pleaſed.

FIG. 151.—WHITEFIELD'S CHAPEL AND ALMS-HOUSES IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.
Erected 1756.

From a print dated 1764.

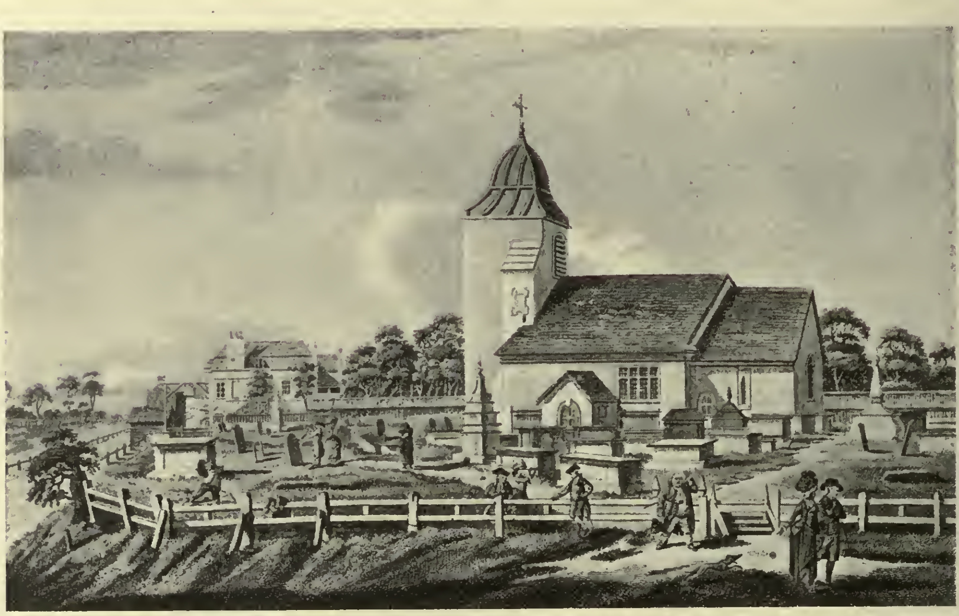

FIG. 152.—OLD ST. PANCRAS CHURCH.

From a print dated 1789.

vivid description of which is given by Malcolm in his *Londinus Redivivus.* The church thus destroyed, which was known to practically the whole of the 18th century, had been erected between 1633–8, being consecrated by Bishop Juxon on 27th September of the latter year. It owed its origin to the desire of the Earl of Bedford to provide for the spiritual wants of his tenants in the neighbourhood, and it is recorded how, when the Earl told Inigo Jones that he required something quite plain, in fact that a barn would do, the great architect replied that he should have, then, the handsomest barn in England. During the 18th century certain repairs had from time to time been effected; thus we are told that, in 1725, the architect Earl of Burlington gave upwards of £300 to restore the portico which had been adversely affected by certain badly carried out alterations. Again, in 1788, the walls were encased with Portland stone, and the rusticated gates at the east end, which Inigo Jones had merely constructed in plaster, after one of Palladio's designs, were rebuilt in stone. The fire, which destroyed so much, did its worst in the interior, where the famous ceiling painted by E. Pierce, senior, one of Vandyck's pupils, the fine stained glass windows, and some pictures, including one of Charles I., were all totally destroyed.

Hardwick was the architect employed to rebuild the church, and as Mr. Blomfield says,[1] "We have to this day substantially the original elevation, and in fact no architect, but Inigo Jones, could have made such an extremely powerful design." Walpole was not of this opinion, as how, with his Gothic predilections, could he have been, for he confesses that he wanted the taste to see the beauties of a structure so little conforming with his preconceived ideas. The almost exact similarity of the earlier church to the present one, is shown in Hogarth's "Morning," where the portico appears just as it is now.

Among the well-known people buried during the 18th century in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, were Wycherley, who was interred here in 1751; Grinling Gibbons, in 1721, and John Weldon, composer of church music, in 1736; while Girtin, the water-colour painter, and Walcot, the "Peter Pindar" of innumerable satires, also sleep here after their life's fitful fever.

St. Olave's, Tooley Street, rebuilt during 1737–9, under the direction of Flitcroft, in Portland stone; *St. Thomas's*, also in Southwark (Fig. 147), which replaced the original ancient church that had long become unfit for use, in 1703; *St. James's*, *Clerkenwell* (Fig. 148), consecrated on 10th July 1792, and designed by James Carr, not to be confounded with John Carr (of York); *St. Pancras Church*, of an earlier date (Fig. 152), but on which the 18th century left its mark, especially in the tower, are among other sacred edifices which exhibit, wholly or in part, the work of 18th-century builders. To these must be added *St. Mary's*, *Kensington*, which was originally erected in 1694, but was reconstructed ten years later, although the tower was not added till 1772; and *Old Chelsea Church* which bears signs of additions of this period, hardly sufficient, however, to hide the original building with which the name of More is indissolubly connected. Such smaller places of worship as Whitefield's Chapel

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[1] *History of Renaissance Architecture in England.*

(Fig. 151), erected in 1756, but demolished towards the close of the last century; and Grosvenor Chapel, in South Audley Street, in which were buried such famous 18th-century people as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, John Wilkes, Mallet and Whitehead, the poets; as well as Knightsbridge Chapel, rebuilt in 1789, where, down to 1753, the kind of marriages associated with the Fleet and Dr. Keith's Chapel in Mayfair were celebrated, may be mentioned in closing this chapter.

CHAPTER VII

THE ARTS IN THE XVIIITH CENTURY

DURING the 18th century the plastic arts in England were practically confined to London. Unlike our own day when provincial and other centres have their schools and influence independent of the Metropolis, centralisation in such things, as, for the matter of that in most others, was then the rule. Everything had an urban air. If Wilson painted landscape, it was really the factitious landscape of the studio; if Havell and Farington and others produced work, it was concerned generally with the subjects that had no very distant connection with the centre of things, such as the river and the suburbs; if Gainsborough began in Suffolk, he ended in London, and it was in London that most of his output came into existence. As the century progressed, the somewhat restricted outlook of the arts broadened; the great school of landscape painters arose during the latter part of George III.'s reign, and with it a realisation of the beauties of Nature. But even then, for one piece of mere landscape, you will find a dozen in which bricks and mortar play the largest part; London was deserted, not for the open fields and wind-blown uplands, so much as for old ruins and the streets of picturesque towns. The landscape painter felt that his picture must have that 'composed' air which tradition had handed down to him; and he could not realise, as the greater schools that have followed have realised, that the beauty of the sky, the atmosphere of open spaces, the wind in the trees and on the heath were sufficient—they being Nature's own constituents—to make a picture a great work of art. His patrons would not have realised this in any case, even had he himself done so; and thus there is a something 'urban' even about the achievement of those who were obviously on the way to emancipation, although they had not reached the goal. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the 18th century has left us in oil, water-colour, aquatint, and other mediums, a greater mass of "London pictures" than has ever since been produced. Topography was, so to speak, in the air. Ranelagh and Vauxhall, the Pantheon and the assemblies of Mrs. Cornelys, were reproduced in a way in which no modern painter would think of reproducing, say, an Earl's Court Exhibition, or a gala night at the Albert Hall. And it must be confessed that the minute, almost meticulous care with which such things were set down, has enabled the historian to reconstruct the London of the day even better than he could have done had he been obliged to rely on the written descriptions, ample as those often are, that have come down to us in such profusion. If we look at a picture of Ranelagh (Fig. 85), for instance, we can almost count the number of boxes, and arithmetically estimate the number of lamps. The care and precision of Canaletto and Scott, and their followers, are able to take us into the Rotunda or the gardens of those haunts of 18th-century London pleasure, and we feel that we know their outlines as well as the gay throng that congregated there could do. Impressionism was then as unknown as cubism, and so we get a certain actuality of presentment even if we miss something that in art may be more important, but which in topography certainly is not. The two Canaletto drawings of Westminster Bridge (Fig. 153), and the view up River to Westminster (Fig. 154), here reproduced, are excellent examples of that rather sophisticated arrangement and meticulous devotion to detail characteristic of the art of the period. Here is no "atmosphere," no attempt to convey anything except the literal physical appearance of the place, the incidental figures being purely decorative. We get, indeed, that careful and precise rendering and conscientious output (within its limits) which we also find in other directions; for in everything produced in that period, whether it was a picture or a doll, a piece of china or a link-extinguisher, there was a formal artistry exhibited which has been realised in our own day, and has resulted in a throw-back (so to say) to such things.

Furniture was then produced, *con amore*, sentient with the beauty and distinction borrowed from France, no doubt, but still full of individual character; Chippendale and Sheraton and Hepplewhite gave their minds, as well as their deft fingers, to the fashioning of such things, and the graceful outlines of the Adams and Bartolozzi and Cipriani found expression in this form, as they did in the lovely ceilings that looked down upon them. An interior in the Adams's later style is illustrated in Fig. 159. The ceiling here is especially elaborate, since the Adams were fortunate enough to associate themselves with the best contemporary decorative painters, such as Angelica Kauffmann and Zucchi. The ceiling motif from 21 Portland Place (Fig. 160) is a particularly delightful example, the painted miniature being admirably framed by the delicately designed plaster ornament in low relief.

The result is reflected in the furniture and decoration of to-day, when, after a period of Empire and Early Victorian, succeeded by something worse in Mid-Victorian horrors, we have, where taste and money have combined to make a home something more than a mere utilitarian dwelling, added to the grace and beauty of the 18th century. The two chairs illustrated on page 228 show the prevailing fashions of the middle and the later parts of the century. Fig. 161 is a fine arm-chair with the back carved in the popular ribbon pattern. The arms and legs are also elaborately carved. The design of the chair is probably French, as were most of the fancies of the period. This is one of the types of chair favoured by Chippendale, that eminent and enterprising craftsman and designer to whom every conceit of fashion was grist to his decorative mill. The other chair (Fig. 162), which is marked by extreme purity of line and

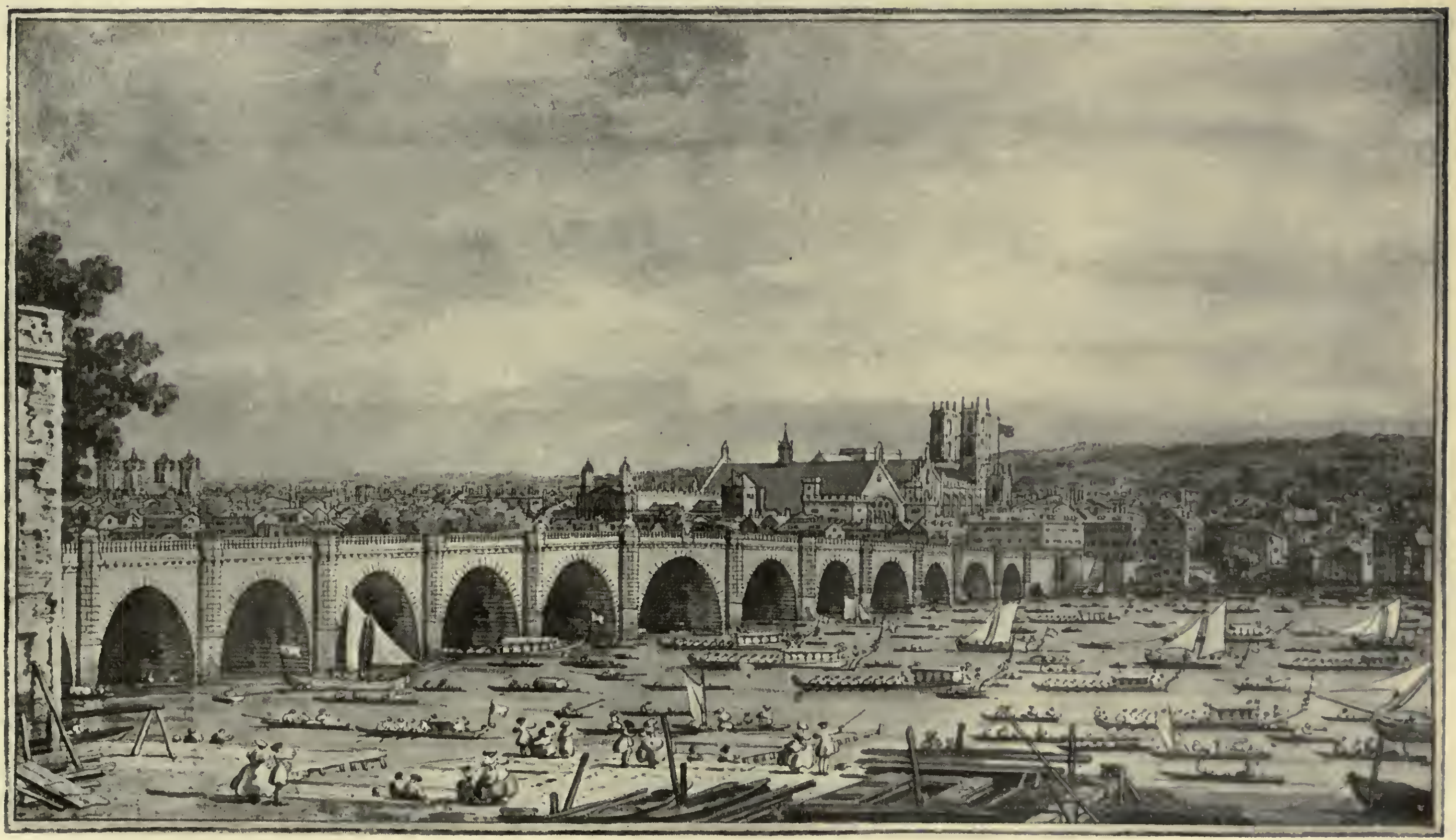

Fig. 153.—Westminster Bridge and Abbey.

From the original pen and wash drawing by Canaletto, circa 1747.

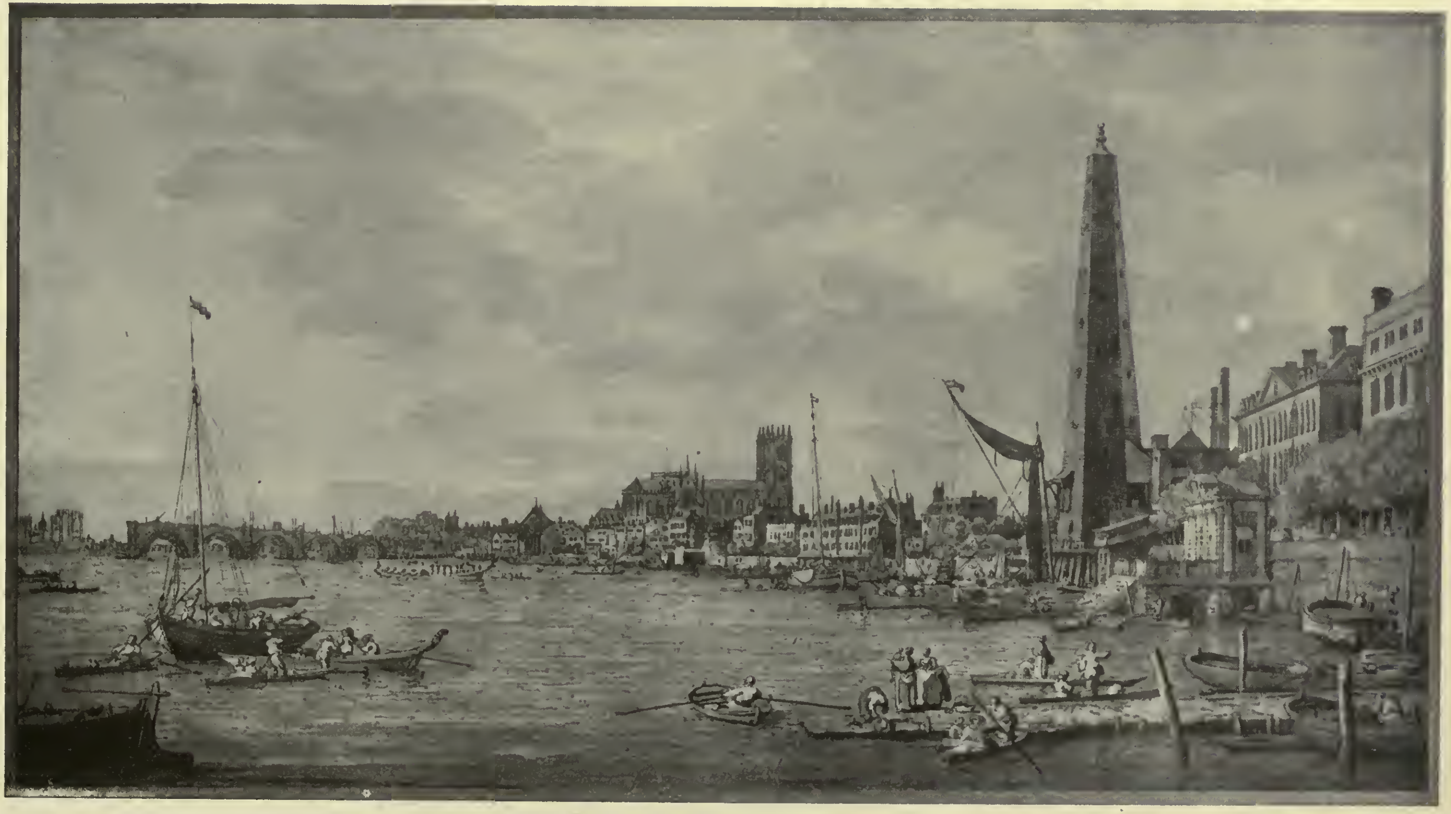

FIG. 154.—VIEW UP RIVER TO WESTMINSTER

From the original pen and wash drawing by Canaletto, circa 1747.

simplicity of decoration, has the shield-shaped back popular with Hepplewhite, an artist especially celebrated for the grace and lightness of his designs.

In another more outstanding form of art, that, I mean, of pictorial representation, the 18th century was specially rich; and when I say the 18th century generally in England, I mean 18th-century London, for it was here that the arts had their home. The great names spring automatically to the mind: Hogarth and Reynolds in Leicester Fields, Gainsborough[1] in Pall Mall, and Romney in Cavendish Square, and later in then far-flung Hampstead. Hogarth's house has disappeared, although its site may still be recognised in Tenison's School with its red-bricked, stone-pointed façade; and you must go to Chiswick to see the identical building in which he passed much of his time and produced much of his work; but Reynolds's dwelling opposite still remains, although put to alien uses, and you can still mount the stairs worn away by the feet of many of the great and beautiful, as well as by so many memories—those stairs up which generations of the illustrious flocked to sit in that famous chair, and to have a further immortality conferred upon them. What Canaletto and Scott and others did for the bricks and mortar of 18th-century London, Reynolds, Gainsborough and others did for those who added grace and distinction to the period, as witness our picture galleries, where we see the men and women of fashion as vividly as when their chairs or coaches set them down in Leicester Fields or Cavendish Square. We know Dr. Johnson in this way almost as well as we know him on Boswell's life-like canvas; the haughty mien of Pitt and the bushy eyebrows of Fox are as familiar to us as is Lord Ligonier on his prancing steed, or Lord Heathfield with his significant key; Mrs. Siddons with that nose to which Gainsborough said there was no end, and Lady Cockburn with her chubby children and her cockatoo; the beautiful *châtelaine* of Devonshire House and the 'first gentleman of Europe,' who also sported the blue and buff, and said she was the best-mannered woman in England; the lovely Hetaira who is indissolubly connected with the name of Nelson and Romney; and the servants who loved Hogarth—all, and how many more?—look out at us as they looked at the London that formed their *locale.* There are many spots that help to recall those distant days to us, but none, I think, more vividly than that spot in Leicester Square where the great Reynolds and the brilliant Hogarth lived and made pictorial history.

It will be found that it was the latter part of the 18th century which witnessed the real revival of the arts. During the short reign of Queen Anne, they had few opportunities of asserting themselves, and when we remember that Kneller represents the best of portrait painters, that Bird was the foremost exponent of sculpture, and that Vanbrugh, practically nothing of whose work was done in London except his own curious house in Whitehall, which Swift ridiculed in well-known lines, and the feeble Opera House in the Haymarket, was the architect par excellence, we shall realise how small a share the so-called Augustan age had in this direction of artistic endeavour. Not even so much can be said for the following reign during which the arts were sunk to the lowest ebb, and with a few exceptions England relied on imported artists to keep the flame flickering. During this period there flourished such men as Marco Ricci, who painted some of the ceilings of Burlington House, and the staircase of Old Norfolk House, and his uncle Sebastian, who did some work at Chelsea College; James Bogdani, a Hungarian, who died at the sign of the Golden Eagle in Great Queen Street, where his effects were subsequently sold; William Claret, a follower of Lely, who died in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1706; Hugh Howard, 'the good Howard! emulous of Grecian Art' of Prior, who died in Pall Mall in 1730; James Parmentier, who was employed by La Fosse to decorate Montagu House, and who lies buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

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[1] Gainsborough's charming picture of the Charterhouse is here reproduced (Fig. 158).

In the reign of George I. we again have to rely for much of what was best on foreigners: Laguerre, whose 'sprawling saints' Pope has commemorated, who did work on many walls and ceilings, notably in old Devonshire House, in Buckingham House, and at Marlborough House, and was at first chosen to decorate the cupola of St. Paul's, a commission eventually given to Thornhill; Michael Dahl, an able craftsman, who worked in London, where he died on 20th October 1743, and lies buried in St. James's Church, Piccadilly; and Luke Craddock, who was at first apprenticed to a house decorator in London, and became a painter of those chimney-pieces and over-door paintings, so familiar to us in 18th-century decorations, and who died in 1717, and was buried in St. Mary's, Whitechapel. Two far better known men, both portrait painters, Charles Jervas (1675–1739) and Jonathan Richardson (1665–1745), lived and worked in London, the former in Cleveland Court, St, James's, where he died; the latter in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, where he expired suddenly; the sale of his effects lasting eighteen days, and bringing crowds of the curious to the house. Hudson, the master of Reynolds, was Richardson's son-in-law, and so a kind of succession of painters was evolved. Another good painter of that time, who worked in London and met with remarkable success there, was Sir James Thornhill, who lived in a house in Leicester Fields.

As I have mentioned before, Sir James was selected in Laguerre's stead to decorate the cupola of St. Paul's. He was, indeed, a man of eminence in his day, and his name is one of those that have come down to us, standing out more or less prominently from among the mass of his confrères; although, perhaps, his chief claim to fame, one that he would have been amazed to learn, is that he was the father-in-law, at first most unwillingly, of the great Hogarth who was also his pupil. Although popular, he was not paid profusely, and Walpole gives figures to show how relatively small was his recompense for work done at Greenwich, Montagu House, the South Sea Company's buildings, and elsewhere. He had much facility, but, according to Highmore, was very ignorant of drawing, and when anything difficult in the way of figure-painting presented itself, is said to have sought the assistance of Thomas Gibson to outline such work for him. When Young writes, therefore, of

> "How Raffaelle's pencil lives in Thornhill's hand"

we may take it as a daring poetic licence, and can certainly believe that the

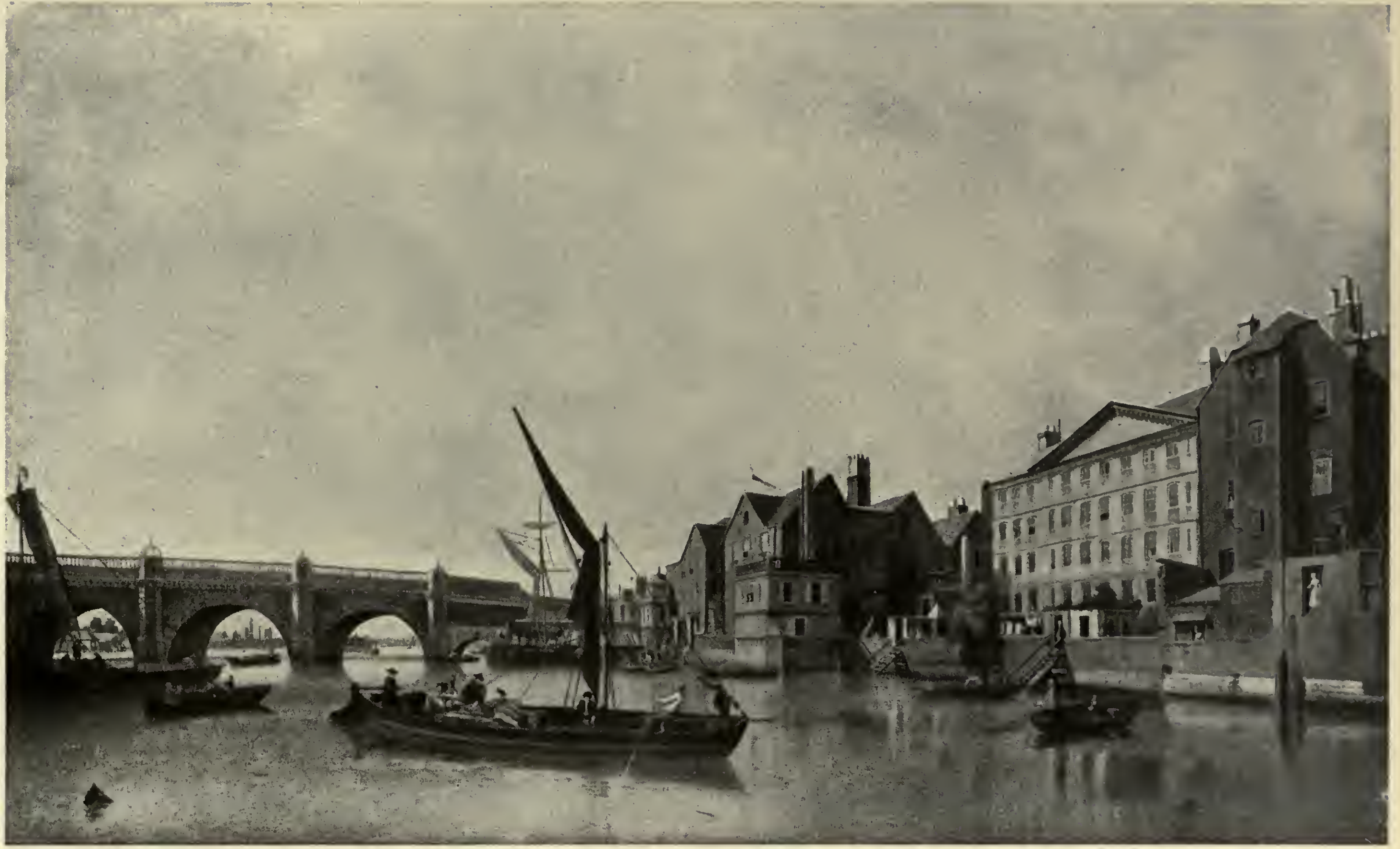

FIG. 155.—OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

From the original oil painting by S. Scott.

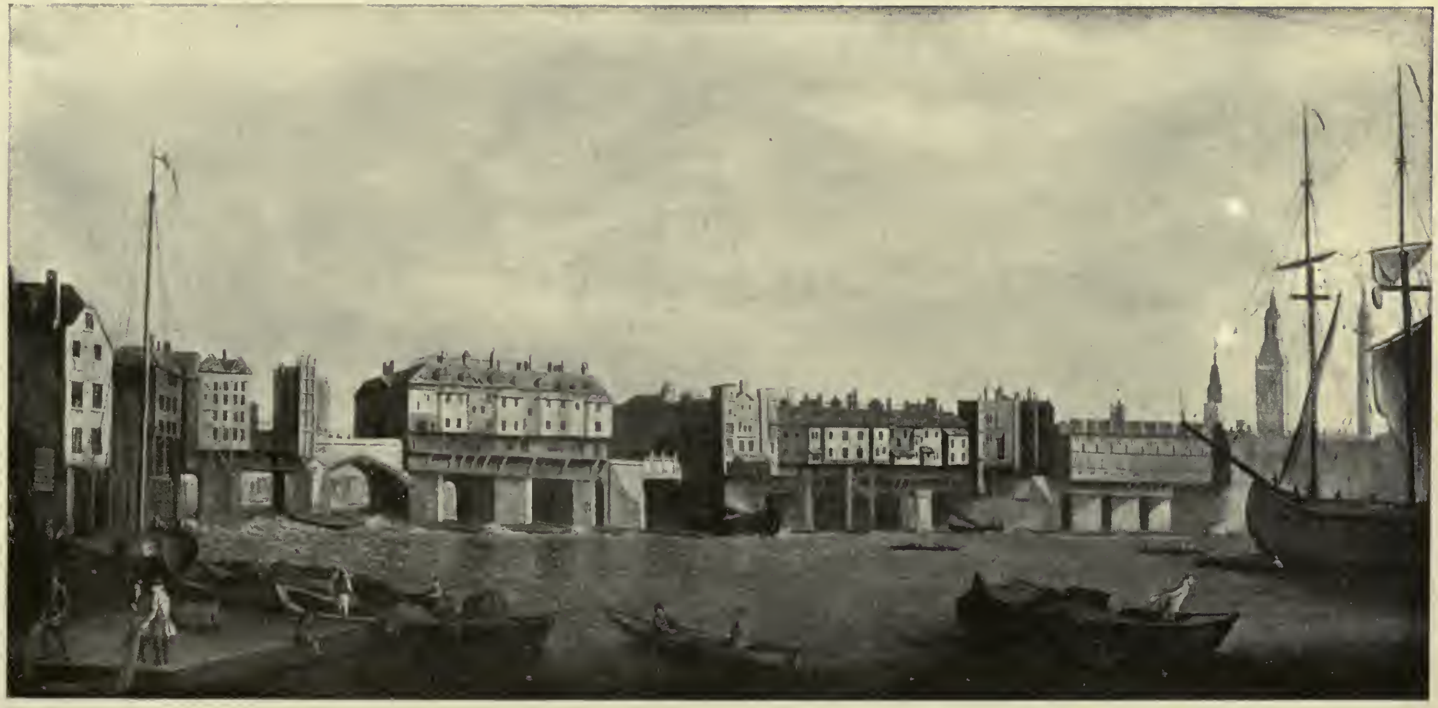

Fig. 156.—Old London Bridge.

From the original oil painting by S. Scott.

poet doth protest too much. But that Thornhill was a very powerful influence in his day is a fact. He it was who, having urged on Halifax the formation of a Royal Collection, may be said to have anticipated the National Gallery, the later, and more successful, effort towards this artistic end. One of his pupils, Robert Brown, who worked under him at St. Paul's, and once saved his life there, painted various altar-pieces in London: notably those of St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Botolph, Aldgate, and St. Andrew's, Holborn, and even produced some signs—one for the Paul's Head Tavern in Caterton Street, and another for the Baptist's Head at the corner of Aldermanbury.

Another painter whose sea-pieces are still well known, was Peter Monamy, who is said to have first learnt the rudiments of his art from a sign-painter living on old London Bridge. "The shallow waves that rolled under his window," says Walpole, "taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to imitate the turbulence of the ocean," a remark not so far-fetched when we remember the swirl and tumble of the water as it flowed through the then narrow arches below his dwelling-place. Monamy died in Westminster in 1749, after once, at least, having collaborated with Hogarth who painted the figures in a sea-piece by the lesser man.

To complete the list of painters who worked in London during the reign of George I., mention should be made of the Dutchman Huysum, who lived a year or two with Sir Robert Walpole at Chelsea, and whose wonderful and exquisite flower-pieces are yet as artificial as their period when compared with later work in the same direction; of Henry Trench, an Irishman, who oscillated between England and Italy, and finally died in London, and was buried at Paddington, in 1726; of John Vanderbanke, who, had he not been careless and extravagant, might have made a great name, but who ended his career at a comparatively early age, in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, in 1739; and of Isaac Whood, a portrait painter whom the Duke of Bedford patronised, and who died in Bloomsbury Square in 1752.

During the longer reign of George II., although the art of painting more or less automatically took on a rather less archaic character, no outstanding figure is present, and we have merely to note such lesser lights as flourished in London during the period that elapsed before the great men of George III.'s reign blazed forth. One well-known and favourite painter of that time was Philip Mercier who, in his house in Covent Garden, acquitted himself creditably in the production of so many of those genre pictures in a style based not a little on that of Watteau. About the same time one Robinson, so little known that his Christian name has not survived, took the house in Cleveland Court, in which Jervas had died, and probably by the help of fashionable friends, for he had married a wife with a large fortune, was employed largely in painting portraits which he was fond of producing in the manner, although with far from the artistic beauty, of Vandyck, "a fantastic fashion," as Walpole rightly observes, "with which the age was pleased in other painters too, and which, could they be taken for the works of that great man, would only serve to perplex posterity." Such men as Stephen Slaughter, who was once supervisor of the royal pictures, in which office he was succeeded by Knapton, the well-known painter to the Society of Dilettanti, and who died in Kensington in 1765; *James Worsdale*, an apprentice of Kneller, who was made master-painter to the Board of Ordnance, who was something of a musician besides, and a facetious, pleasant companion rather than much of an artist, and whose body lies in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, with an epitaph composed by himself, which tells that he was "a friend to all mankind, except himself"; and other painters, need only detain us for a moment, in that they little more than sufficed to form the background of art at this period.

Something more should be said of such a master of his particular branch of art—the painting of horses and dogs—as John Wootton, who died in 1765, in the house in Cavendish Square, which he had built for himself, and which he had decorated in his own style, with much taste and judgment. Some of his work was in Kensington Palace, and he seems to have had a large *clientèle* among the notable and rich of his day; certainly his prices were such as could only be paid by patrons of wealth.[1] The name of Joseph Highmore is another that stands out still, from among the mass of indifferent portrait painters of the day. He was one of those men whom art claims for its own in spite of an alien upbringing—he was originally a lawyer, and a nephew of the once well-known Sergeant Highmore. Beginning his artistic life in the City where, Walpole tells us, he was much employed in family pieces, he soon migrated westward, and took up his residence, not inappropriately, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Among a variety of other work,[2] he painted the portraits of the Knights of the Bath, which were engraved by Pine, and his book on the ceiling executed by Rubens, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, is still to be met with. The name of another contemporary painter is almost synonymous with the memory of Vauxhall in its palmy days, for Francis Hayman, once a scene painter, really owes his fame largely to Jonathan Tyers, the protagonist of that haunt of pleasure. The work he did in embellishing Vauxhall brought him to the notice of the booksellers, from whom he received many commissions to illustrate classic works, from Don Quixote downwards, and most collectors know his delicate designs, so characteristic of the period, which are to be found in all kinds of books and pamphlets issued during the reign of the second George.

If Hayman is connected with London by residence, and work on one particular spot, Samuel Scott stands largely for London as a whole, for he was one of the great topographical painters of the day, and he shares, with the imported Canaletto, the honour of having left some of the finest representations of the City at this period, which remain to us. Had he done nothing

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[1] *James Seymour* was also a fine animal painter, but was less industrious. Anecdotes of his relations with the proud Duke of Somerset, of whom he appears to have been a connection, are well known, especially his directing of a letter to His Grace, addressed to "Northumberland House, opposite the Trunk Maker's, Charing Cross."

[2] Some of his most successful productions were the illustrations to Richardson's *Pamela*.

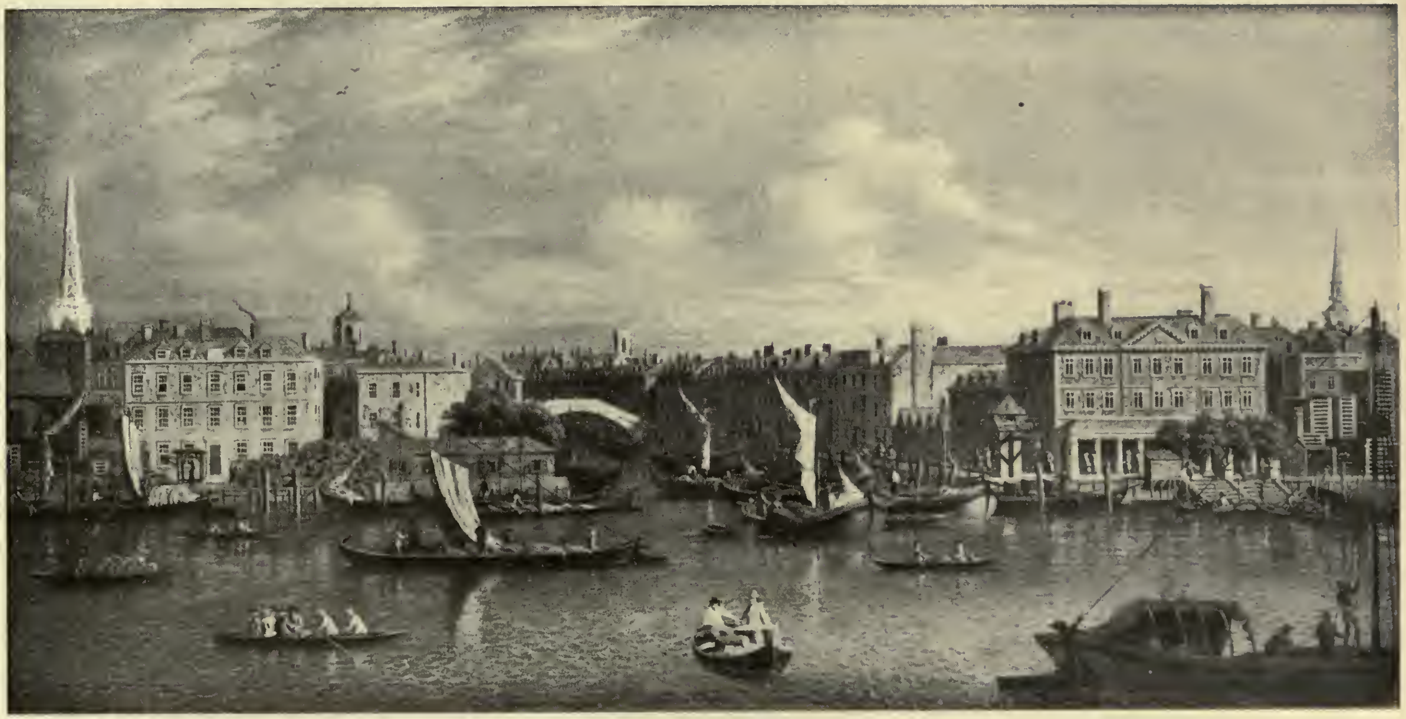

FIG. 157.—RIVER FLEET FROM THE THAMES.

From the original oil painting by S. Scott.

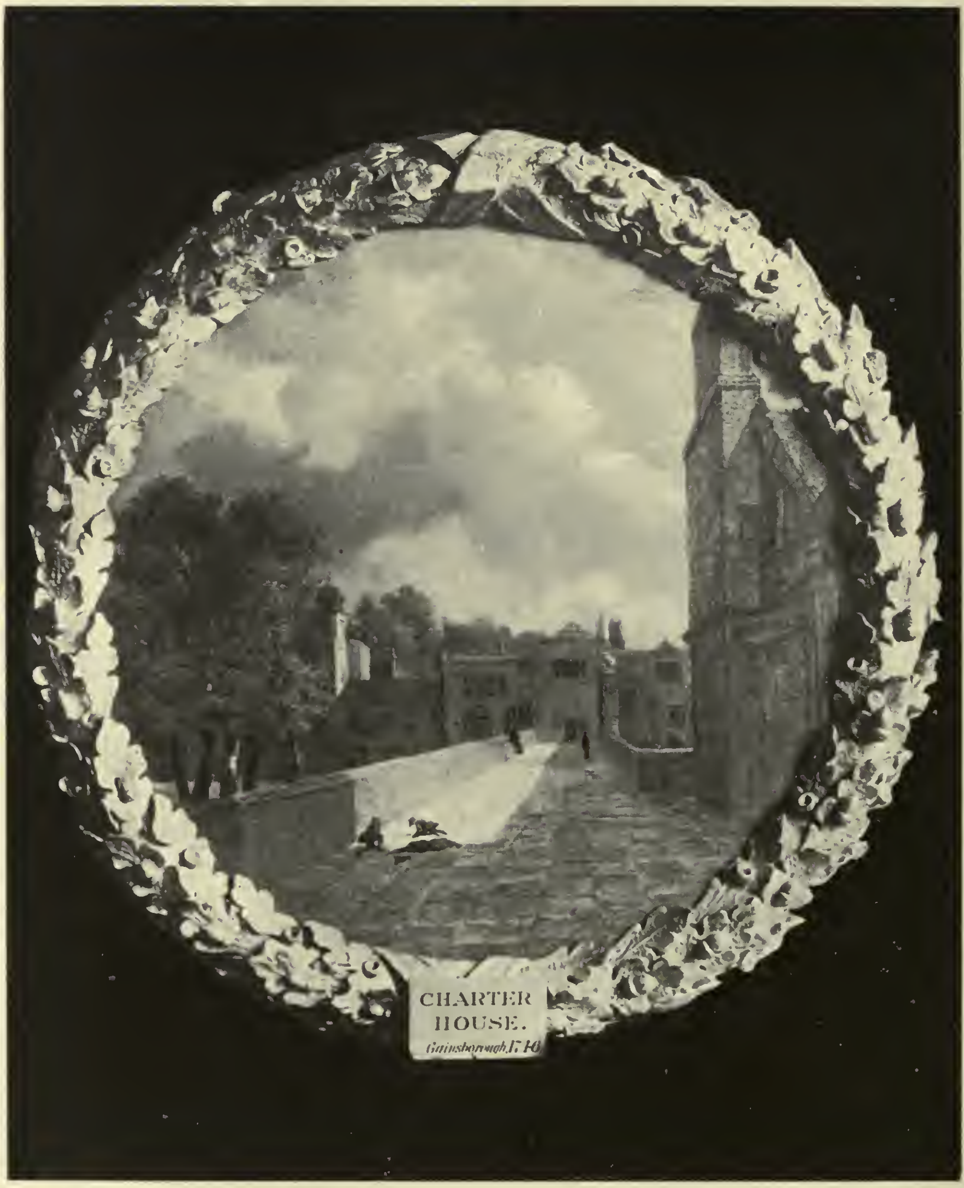
CHARTER
HOUSE.
Gainsborough 1746

FIG. 158.—THE CHARTER HOUSE.

From the original oil painting by Thomas Gainsborough, 1746.

but his great view of London Bridge (Fig. 156), he would be famous in this direction of his art. His sobriquet of the "English Canaletto" was, indeed, well earned. In the Victoria and Albert Museum, in the Soane Museum, in the Guildhall Gallery, and above all, in the National Gallery, you may still see the London of the day, generally by the Thames side, in his works, whether it is of old Westminster Bridge from the east (Fig. 155), or looking east from one of the arches of Labeyle's structure; you may see again the entrance to the Fleet River (Fig. 157) (now Bridge Street), or old London Bridge "with houses on it," as it was in 1745; or that view of the Tower on the King's Birthday, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771, the year before Scott died and left his pupil, William Marlow, to carry on the tradition he had himself inherited from the great Italian. The work of such men as Brunetti and Amiconi, both Italians, and Clermont, a Frenchman, was confined to the embellishment of great houses, where they painted walls and ceilings, *mutatis mutandis*, as Verrio and Laguerre had done before them; Lord Tankerville's in St. James's Square, and Powis House in Great Ormond Street being, *inter alia*, thus decorated; while Francis Cotes, whose work is often mistaken for that of Reynolds—Hogarth used to affirm that the former was the better painter—lived and laboured sedulously in the house in Cavendish Square in which Romney afterwards gained immortality, and which a sort of apostolic succession finally made the residence of Sir M. A. Shee.

During the three reigns, we have been discussing, there were other branches of art in which their exponents gained fame greater than that achieved by painting—sculpture and architecture.[1]

In the former branch of art, the first name that occurs is that of Francis Bird, who is closely connected with the London of Queen Anne's reign, by the fact that he was born in Piccadilly, and in due course produced the statue of that sovereign which stood before St. Paul's, as well as the group in the pediment of the Cathedral, and some of the figures which ornament the building. In the Abbey, too, may be seen examples of his work, particularly the large monument to the Duke of Newcastle, which was commissioned by his daughter, the Countess of Oxford, the *flamboyant* memorial to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and the monument to Lord Godolphin. Another sculptor, or, perhaps, he should be properly termed a statuary, was Carpentiere or Charpentiere, who did a great deal of hack-work in London, and was largely employed by the "Princely Chandos" at Canons, and who, towards the close of his life (he died in 1737) kept one of those yards in Piccadilly like the

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[1] Miniature painting had its great renaissance at this time and during the reign of George III. Such names as those of Thomas Worlidge, who died at Hammersmith in 1766; Charles Frederick Zincke, much patronised by Walpole, and the fashionable world generally, who died in the following year; Bernard Lens, who lived and died at Knightsbridge, and other lesser men, will occur to the student of art life of the earlier half of the century. The greater names of Englehart, Plimer, Cosway and the rest, only concern us in that these men lived in London and have left presentments of most of the great and beautiful who dignified and decorated the capital in the days of the later Georges.

Cheeres and Van Nost, where leaden statues, such a favourite ornament in 18th-century gardens, were manufactured in large numbers.

In the reign of George II., three or four really outstanding, in one instance great, sculptors were working in London: Rysbrach, Roubillac, Scheemakers, Guelfi, Delvaux, Bacon, and at a distance—Kent. None, of course, approached Roubillac, but they produced, here and there, notable work, and raised the art to a position it had never reached, except at a much earlier period when Le Sueur and the Stones laboured in the hey-day of the arts in this country, under Charles I. It is unnecessary to give biographical details of these men,[1] but I may set down what there is in London, of chief importance, from their hands.

John Michael Rysbrach, whose dates are 1693–1770, in which latter year he died and was buried in Marylebone Churchyard, began his career in this country as a sort of ghost to Gibbs, the architect, whose commissions for sepulchral monuments were more than he himself could cope with. Rysbrach soon shook off this dependence, however, and for a time had almost a monopoly in such work. In the Abbey may be seen much of his output—such as the large cenotaph to the Duke of Newcastle, which bears Gibbs's name; the figures on that of Prior, also farmed out to him by Gibbs; the figures on Admiral Vernon's monument, and others. These, however, represent but a small proportion of his output, examples of which may be seen in the country, at Blenheim, Badminton, Coleshill, Bristol, and elsewhere. He carried on his work at a house in Vere Street, where he established one of those yards or manufactories of sculpture, chiefly associated at this time with Piccadilly.

Just as, for a time, Gibbs and his able lieutenant were the fashionable sculptors, so they were gradually banished from public favour by Kent and Scheemakers, neither of them to be compared with the men they dispossessed, but both producing, here and there, work of merit, if not exactly instinct with the divine *afflatus*. Scheemakers' first notable success was with the statue of Shakespeare (Fig. 163), which forms the chief feature in Gibbs's monument; in the Abbey are also certain quite remarkable busts by him, notably of Dr. Mead, Dr. Freind, and of Dryden. He had his headquarters in Vine Street, and here it was that the young Nollekens came to him as a pupil in 1750, working under him "without an unfriendly word" for ten years.[2]

But a far greater than either Rysbrach or Scheemakers, and one destined to prove a formidable rival to both, was the famous Roubillac, who worked contemporaneously with them in London, where many specimens of his genius remain among the monuments in the Abbey. It was not, however, by any of these that his name first became celebrated, but by the statue of

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[1] See *Lives of the British Sculptors*, by the author, if he may be allowed thus unblushingly to refer to his own work.

[2] See Smith's *Nollekens and his Times.*

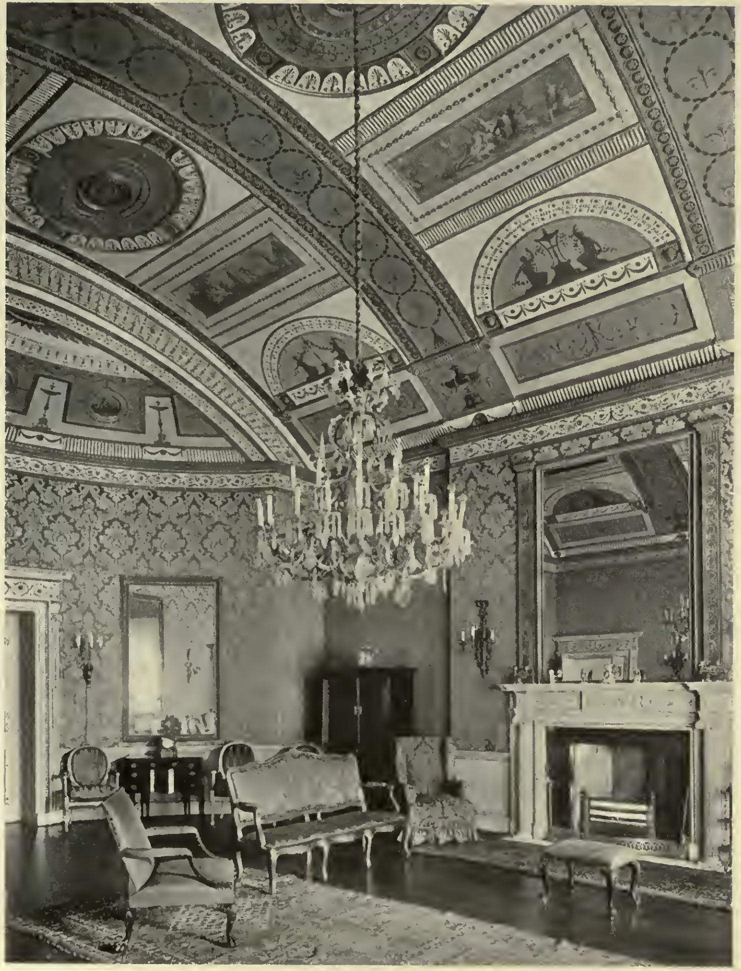

FIG. 159.—20 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

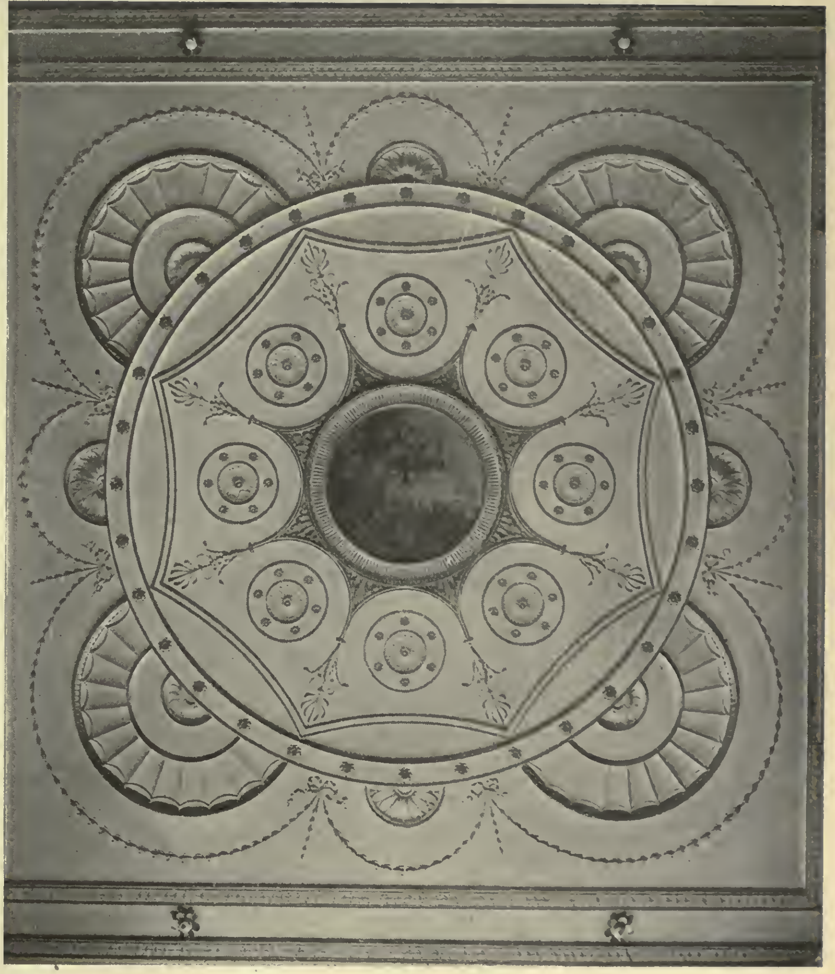

FIG. 160.—DRAWING-ROOM CEILING AT 21 PORTLAND PLACE.

EXAMPLES OF DECORATIVE WORK BY THE BROTHERS ADAM.

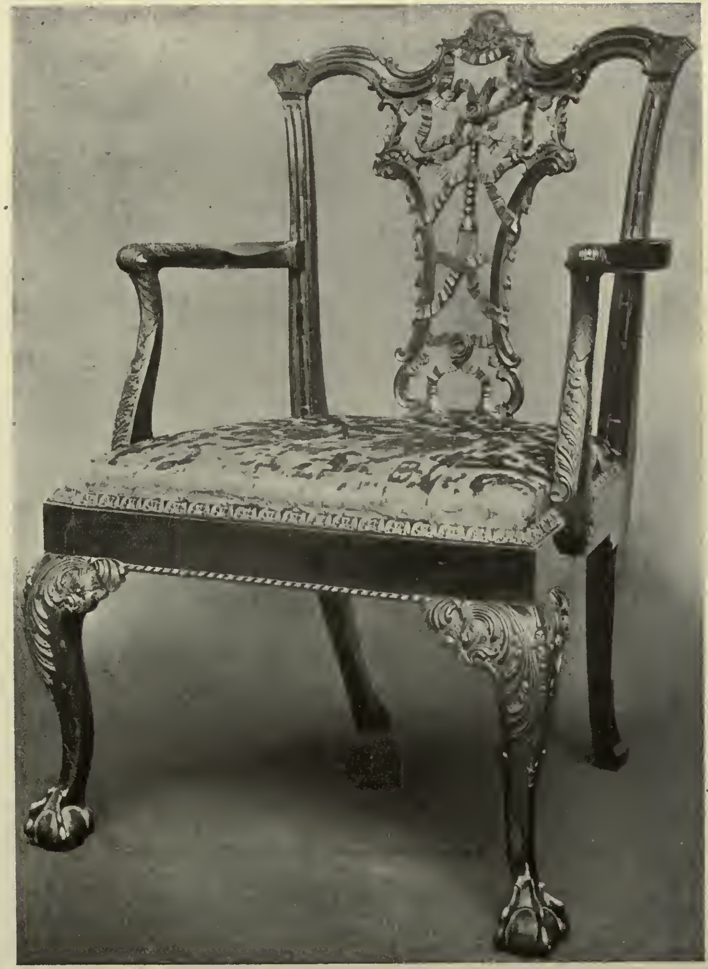

Fig. 161.—A Chippendale Chair.

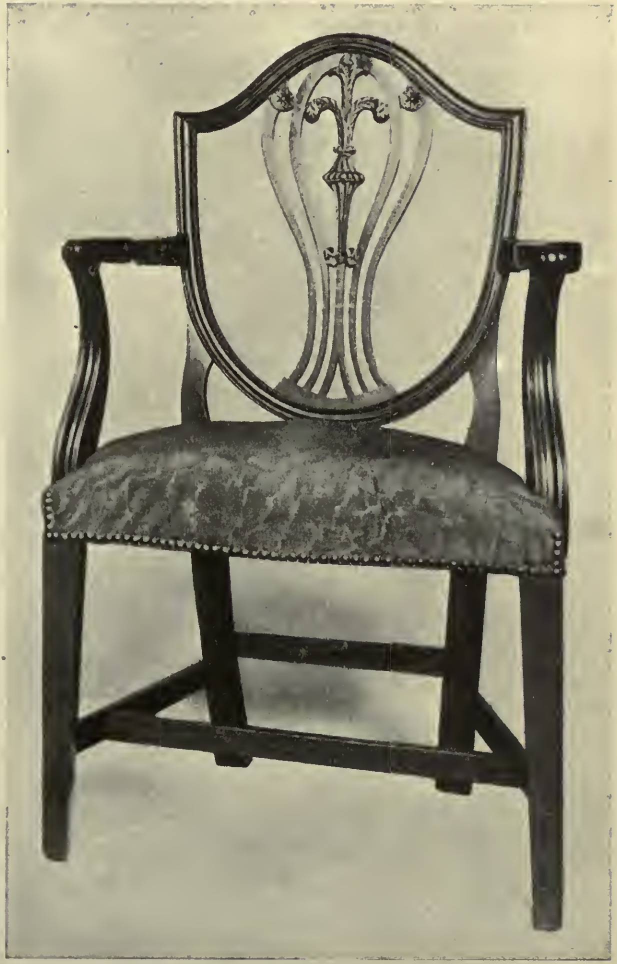

Fig. 162.—A Hepplewhite Chair.

XVIIIth Century Furniture.

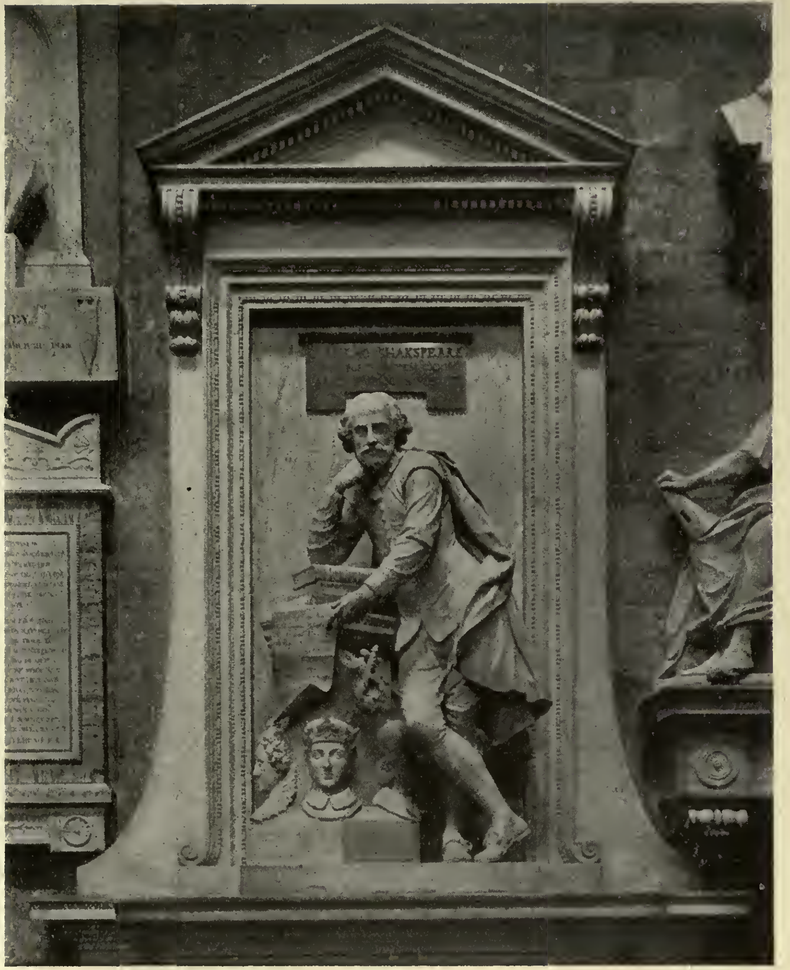

FIG. 163.—SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WITH STATUE BY SCHEEMAKERS.

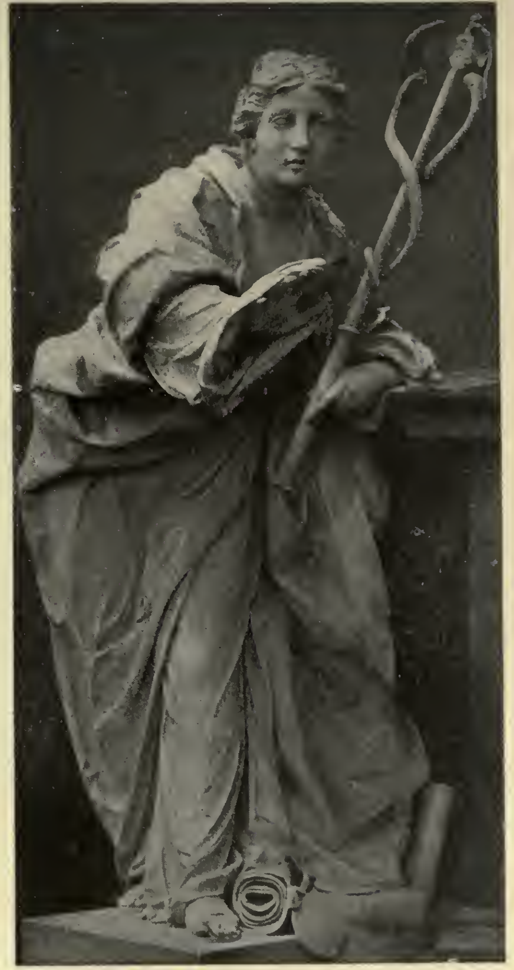

FIG. 164.—STATUE OF ELOQUENCE, DUKE OF ARGYLL'S MONUMENT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BY ROUBILLAC.

XVIIITH CENTURY SCULPTURE.

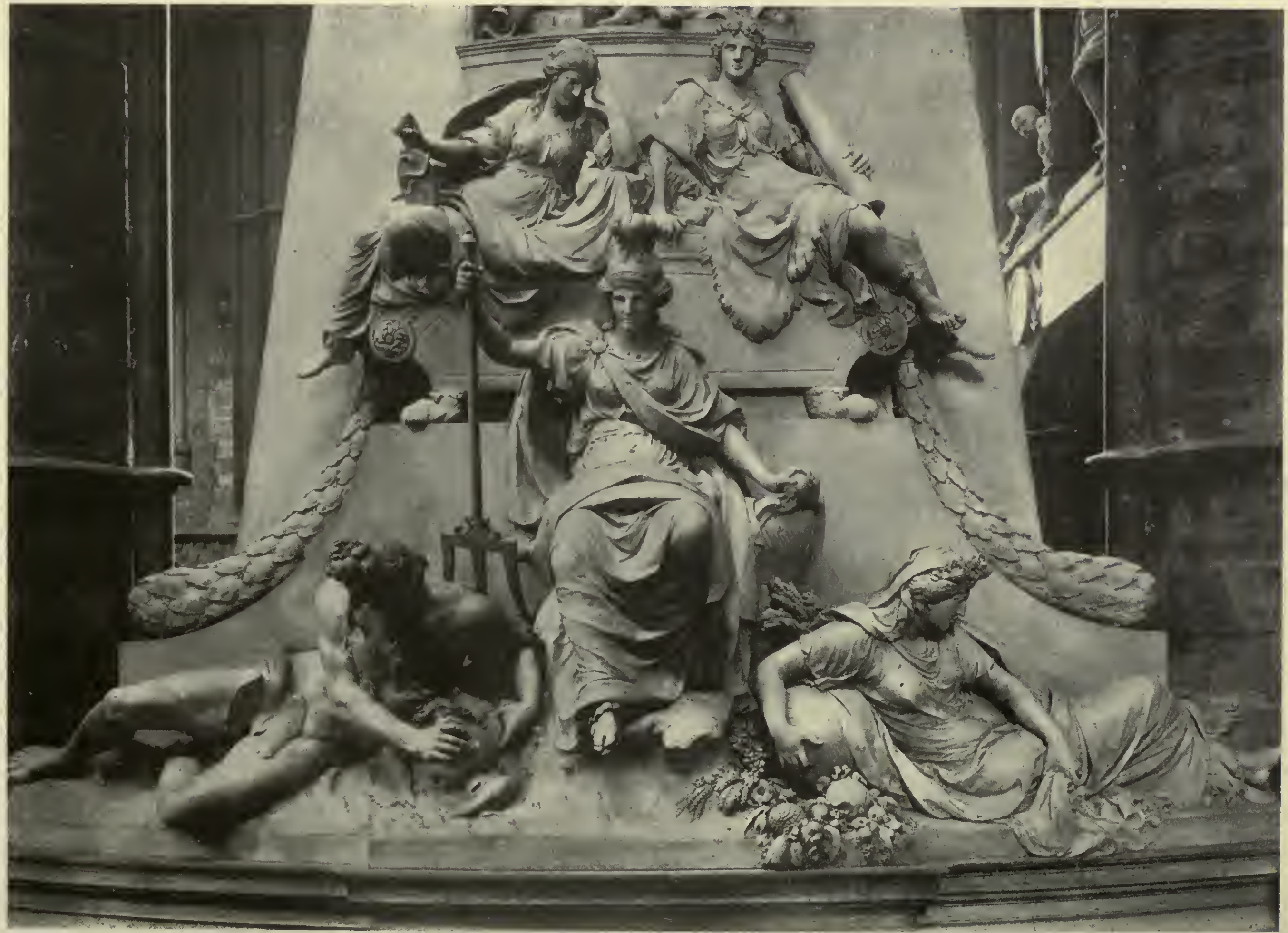

Fig. 165.—Lower Portion of Monument to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

John Bacon, Sculptor.

Handel[1] which he made for Vauxhall Gardens, and which Tyers valued at a thousand guineas. Curiously enough, the beginning of Roubillac's success was indirectly connected with the same place of amusement. The anecdote, as given by Sir Joshua, who was a friend of the sculptor, is as follows. Soon after his arrival in London, and while working for a statuary named Carter, he visited Vauxhall one evening, and on his return picked up a pocket-book containing a bundle of bank-notes. He immediately took steps to make known publicly the circumstance, when Sir Edward Walpole claimed the book as his own. The sculptor was thus brought under the personal notice of one who was not only a man of fashion but an art patron, and the promises Sir Edward made to befriend and push the fortunes of the young man, are said to have been amply fulfilled. Roubillac died on 11th January, 1762, in the parish of St. Martin's, where he was buried. Among the work from his hand, still to be seen in London, are the figure of Hercules on Sir P. Warren's monument; the cenotaph to General Wade; the statue of 'Eloquence,' on the Duke of Argyll's monument (Fig. 164); the famous memorial to Lady Elizabeth Nightingale (where the husband is seen supporting his dying wife, and warding off the javelin aimed by Death); and the monument to Handel (his last work), all of which are in the Abbey; the memorial to Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, at Battersea; and the statue of Shakespeare, executed in 1758, for Garrick, and bequeathed by him to the British Museum. Roubillac is said to have dabbled in painting, and there was a portrait[2] of himself in oils, which he executed shortly before his death, and which was probably the identical picture that, at the sale of his effects in 1762, realised three shillings and sixpence!

Signor Guelfi, who was brought to England by Lord Burlington, for whom he did much work at Burlington House and Chiswick, is also represented in the Abbey by a monument to Secretary Craggs, for which Pope wrote the inscription. Guelfi was one of those all-round men who did well in all kinds of directions, one of his labours being the restoration of the Arundel Marbles, for Lord Pomfret. Laurent Delvaux, a pupil of Rysbrach, as well as of Scheemakers, with whom he travelled in Italy, returned to England in 1733, and executed many commissions in London of a subsidiary kind, such as the figure of 'Time' on the Duke of Buckingham's monument, in the Abbey. One specimen of his skill, however, had a special significance, as standing in the sight of all men for a century of London's existence—the famous Lion which surmounted Northumberland House, and which may now be seen at Syon.

With the reign of George III., we enter on one of the great periods of English art, at least so far as painting is concerned. The famous names which compose this era are known to every one, and except for the accident of residence, the great painters of this day have a wider celebrity than that associated specially with the Metropolis. The tentative beginnings of various artistic societies also came to fruition in a marked manner about this time. The Society of Dilettanti, originally inaugurated in 1734, carried on its labours in the interests of ancient art in a particularly energetic way during the reign of George III., and incidentally, by having the portraits of its members painted, gave an added impetus to contemporary pictorial art. The Royal Academy emerged from its small openings in 1711, when Kneller was President, to its enlarged exhibition in the Strand, in 1760, its reception of a royal charter the same year, and its final apotheosis in 1768, with Sir Joshua as its guiding spirit, and its headquarters in Pall Mall, whence it removed in 1780 to Somerset House.[1] The Society of Arts, founded in 1754, increased in weight and importance during this reign; and such private patrons as the Duke of Richmond, who opened a school for the study of art in 1758, together with such lesser fraternities as the Free School of Artists, which was an off-shoot of the first Academy, and which removed from the Strand to Spring Gardens in 1760, all helped to bring about a more general recognition of such things than had hitherto been attempted.

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[1] Bartolozzi made an engraving of the statue which after its removal from Vauxhall was placed in the house of a Mr. Barrett at Stockwell; later it was in 14 Duke Street, Westminster, the residence of the Rev. J. Tyers, son of the great Jonathan. Nollekens speaks of it as being for sale at 69 Dean Street, Soho.

[2] Walpole speaks of this as being at one time in the possession of a Mr. Scott, of Crown Court, Westminster.

It is sufficient to look through a list of the early members of the Royal Academy, to realise what a wealth of artistic talent was abroad at this period; and the majority of names conjure up some spot in London which its bearer has made distinguished. Sir Joshua can hardly be thought of without our recalling the studio in Leicester Fields, where he lived and painted from 1761 to 1792; Thomas Gainsborough's name brings to the mind that portion of the still existing Schomberg House in Pall Mall, which he occupied during the ten years preceding his death in 1788; and one conjures up the rapt painter listening to Colonel Hamilton's violin in that upper room, or the last scene of all, when Reynolds visited him on his death-bed, and the expiring artist exclaimed: "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company." Equally does Romney recall 32 Cavendish Square, where he lived for twenty-two strenuous years (1775–97), and proved a formidable rival to Sir Joshua who was wont to speak of him, rather contemptuously, as "the man in Cavendish Square." Another Royal Academician had preceded him in the tenancy of this same house, for Francis Cotes, who built it, inhabited the place till his death in 1770. Albemarle Street, of many memories, has also the artistic one of Zoffani's residence to its credit, the painter living here in 1780, as he did for a time in Denmark Street, the scene of Bunbury's caricature of "The Sunday Evening Concert," and also linking itself to history by the fact that, in 1771, Sir John Murray, the secretary to Prince Charles Edward, was once carried off from a house here, "by a party of strange men."[2] But other places are connected with this great theatrical portrait painter, notably Bennett Street, St James's, where he was living in 1796, and still more

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[1] It was transferred to Trafalgar Square in 1837, and to Burlington House in 1870.

[2] Collet's *Relics of Literature.*

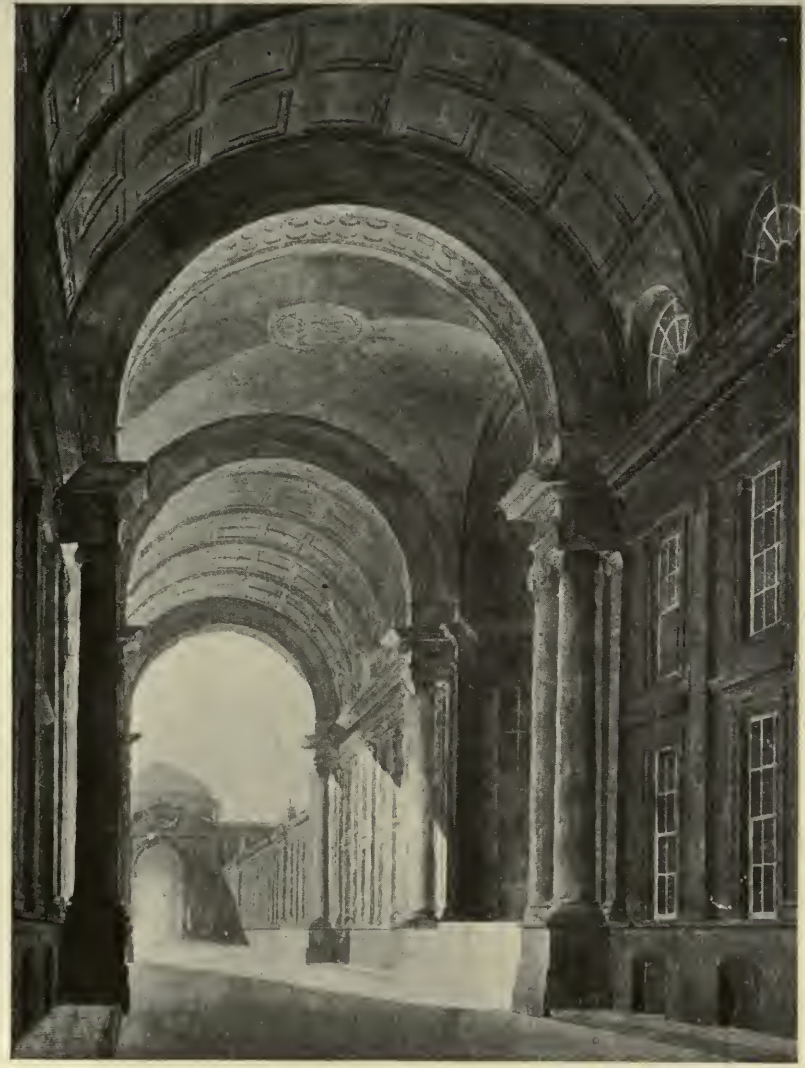

FIG. 166.—PROPOSED BRIDGE OVER THAMES.
From the original design by Thomas Sandby.

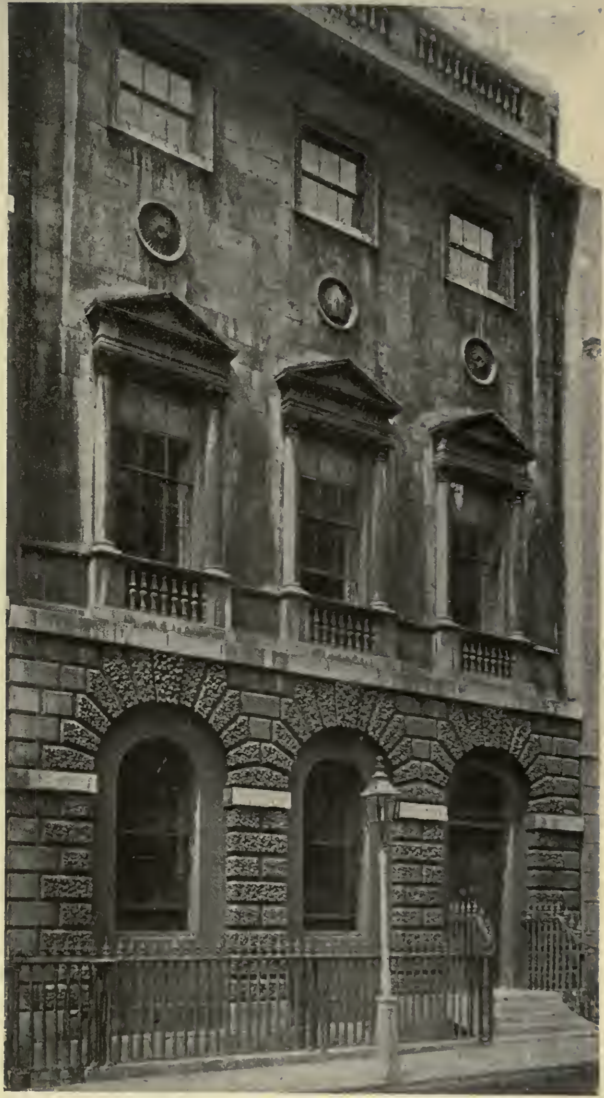

FIG. 167.—ELY HOUSE, DOVER STREET.
Designed by Sir Robert Taylor for Bishop Keen in 1772.

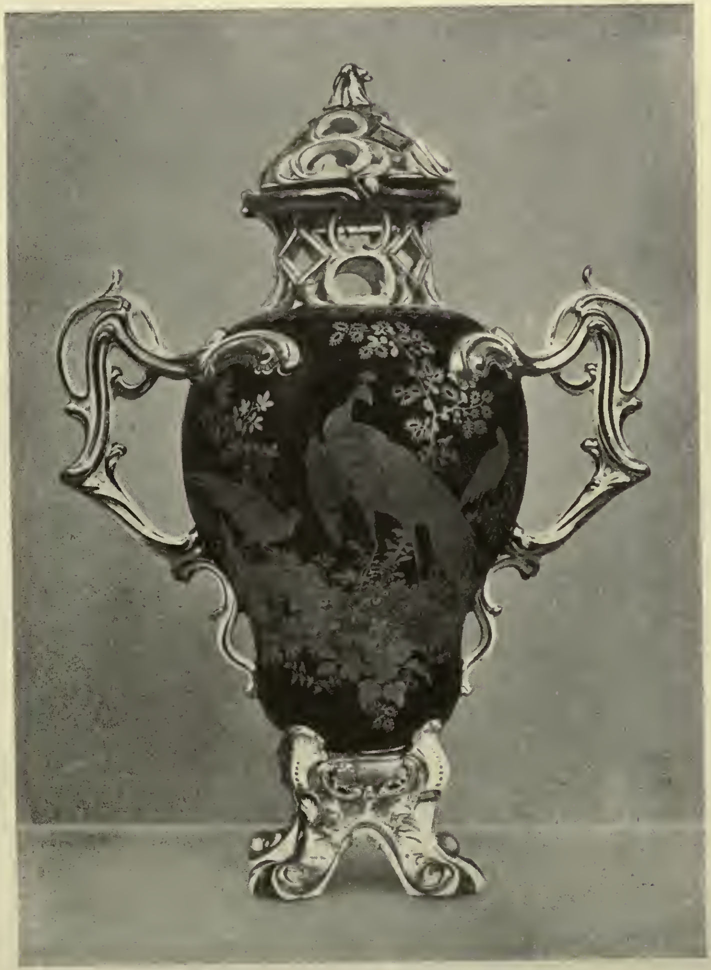

Fig. 168—Vase, Chelsea Porcelain.

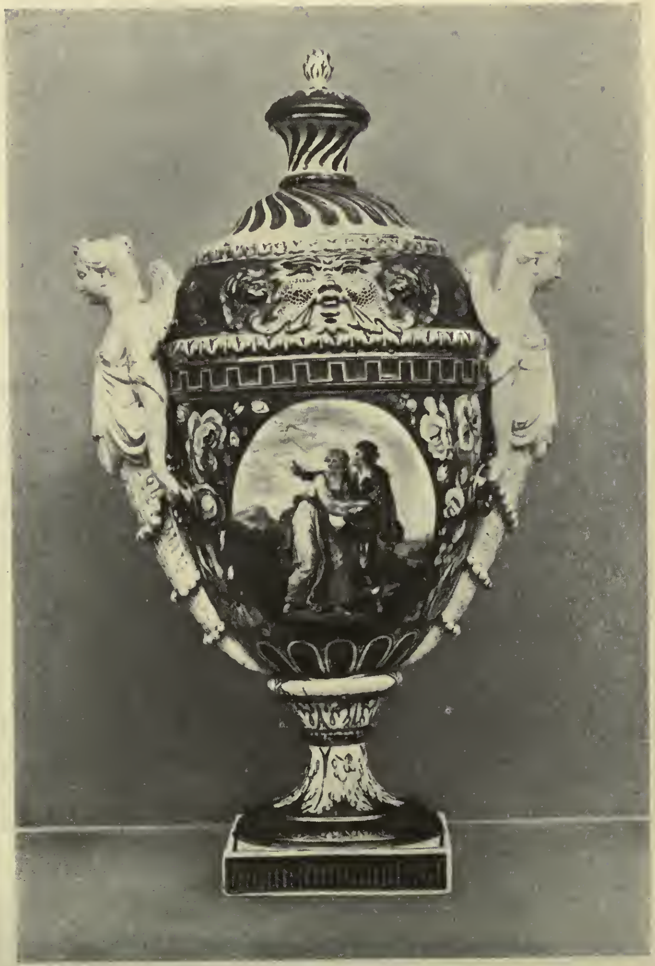

Fig. 169.—Vase, Chelsea Porcelain.

XVIIIth Century Porcelain

appropriately (for Kneller had lived there too), the Piazza, in Covent Garden, where he occupied the house afterwards, to become Robins's Auction Rooms.

Other names in the list are those of Paul and Thomas Sandby, whose pictures of London are instinct with the spirit of the period, and whose work in this direction has helped so many to reconstruct the features which have passed away or have been changed out of all seeming. The charming picture of the Old Swan, Bayswater (Fig. 109) is typical of Paul Sandby's work, while one of the efforts of Thomas Sandby as a designer may be seen in Fig. 166, which shows an unfinished drawing of a proposed bridge over the Thames. Sir William Chambers recalls Somerset House, and John Gwynn those "improvements," many of them since carried out, which he hoped to see inaugurated, and about which he wrote his quarto; while Dance stands for the Mansion House. Among the sculptors are John Bacon, Joseph Wilton, and Thomas Banks, who, before the advent of the greater Flaxman and Chantrey, enjoyed a monopoly of such work, and under whose massive blocks the Abbey is, unfortunately, well-nigh hidden. A fine example of Bacon's work from the Abbey is given in Fig. 165. All these men lived and worked in London, and the studio of Wilton, first in Hedge Lane, Charing Cross, and later in Queen Anne Street, East (now Foley Place), where he was employed on the somewhat alien task of designing the coronation coach for George III.; that of Banks, in Newman Street; and that of Bacon (a Southwark man) in the same thoroughfare, were actively patronised by a generation which delighted in raising massive memorials to the not always 'mighty dead.' Joseph Nollekens, a far greater artist than these, confined his work nearly wholly to busts and smaller sepulchral monuments; and from Shipley's Drawing School, in the Strand, by way of Scheemakers' studio, to 9 Mortimer Street, which he took on his return from Italy, and where he lived from 1771 till his death in 1823, his almost legendary career was carried on, a sort of *olla podrida* of sculpture, anecdote, reminiscences of the early London of his youth, and extraordinary parsimony. By the help of John Thomas Smith, we are enabled to follow Nollekens almost daily, and we have him under all sorts of conditions and among all sorts of people. The London of the latter half of the 18th century has found few more interesting expositors than the old man garrulous of Mortimer Street, and the assiduous antiquary and draughtsman, who listened to his recollections, and has left so fascinating a record of his sayings and doings.

Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, has always been a haunt of artists, and Richard Wilson, the father of English landscape, lived here, at No. 36, in 1771-2, as did Joseph Farington in 1796; James Barry was at 29 Suffolk Street between 1773-6, and P. J. Loutherbourg painted at 45 Great Titchfield Street, from 1776–80. Bartolozzi, the delightful engraver, whose work is so characteristic of his period, was to be found in Bentinck Street in 1781, and, at another period of his career, in Broad Street, Carnaby Market, where, by the bye, William Blake (not to be discovered among the

R.A.'s), was born (at No. 28) in 1757, and where, in 1784, he took the next house (No. 27), three years after Fuseli had come to live at No. 1.

The list might be carried on interminably; even as it is, I should specifically mention the exquisite miniature painters, because the art came to its renaissance in such men as Cosway, with his small beginnings in Orchard Street, his migration to No. 4 Berkeley Street, where the Prince of Wales first patronised him, his further change to Schomberg House, and his apotheosis in Stratford Place, where all the marble mantels were the work of Banks, and everything was on a corresponding state of splendour then little associated with the arts; and in Ozias Humphreys, who was first to be found at The Golden Head, in Great Newport Street, in 1772, then at 29 Rathbone Place from 1777-85, and later (1796), at 13 Old Bond Street.

Certainly, too, one cannot overlook Angelica Kauffmann at 16 Golden Square (where Matthew Bramble and Humphrey Clinker and Winifred Jenkins once took up their abode), because much of the decoration of 18th-century houses in London was due to her brush, as it was to that of her second husband, Zucchi. We are told how Golden Square was blocked by the carriages of 'Miss Angel's' patrons, including the Dowager Princess of Wales, and we know what a frequent visitor was Reynolds, who affected to be in love with the fair painter. What is not so well known is that a rascal who called himself the Comte de Horn, but was in reality only the valet of the real nobleman, got among the crowd, and so fascinated Angelica that on 22nd November 1767 they were married at St. James's, Piccadilly.

It is obviously impossible to mention a tithe of the artists who made the second half of the 18th century memorable, and who lived and worked in London, nor in such a book as this is it necessary. It is sufficient to indicate the wealth of genius and talent, and thus to show how the feeble beginnings, in this respect, of the period under consideration, were amply compensated for by the blaze in which the era ended.

The great architects who covered the whole period begin with Vanbrugh, most of whose work was done outside London, and Nicholas Hawksmoor, one of Wren's assistants, who, as we have seen, designed half a dozen of the fifty churches provided for by the Act of 1708. After these men came Thomas Archer, responsible for the much-criticised St. John's, Smith Square. James of Greenwich, who built St. George's, Hanover Square, and in 1725 became surveyor to Westminster Abbey, and who rebuilt (in 1731) the old Bishopsgate, as well as doing much subsidiary work in London; Colin Campbell and Lord Burlington and Lord Pembroke, the first two of this trilogy of fashionable amateurs, being largely responsible for Burlington House, Piccadilly, where the help of Leoni and of that Jack-of-all-trades, Kent, who designed the Horse Guards (Figs. 67 and 135), was of distinct value; and, above all, Gibbs, whose work on London churches rivalled on occasion that even of the great Wren. Among others should be mentioned Thomas Ripley, responsible for The Admiralty, who once kept a coffee-house in Wood Street, Cheapside, and who was associated with Kent in the erection of the new Law Courts at West-

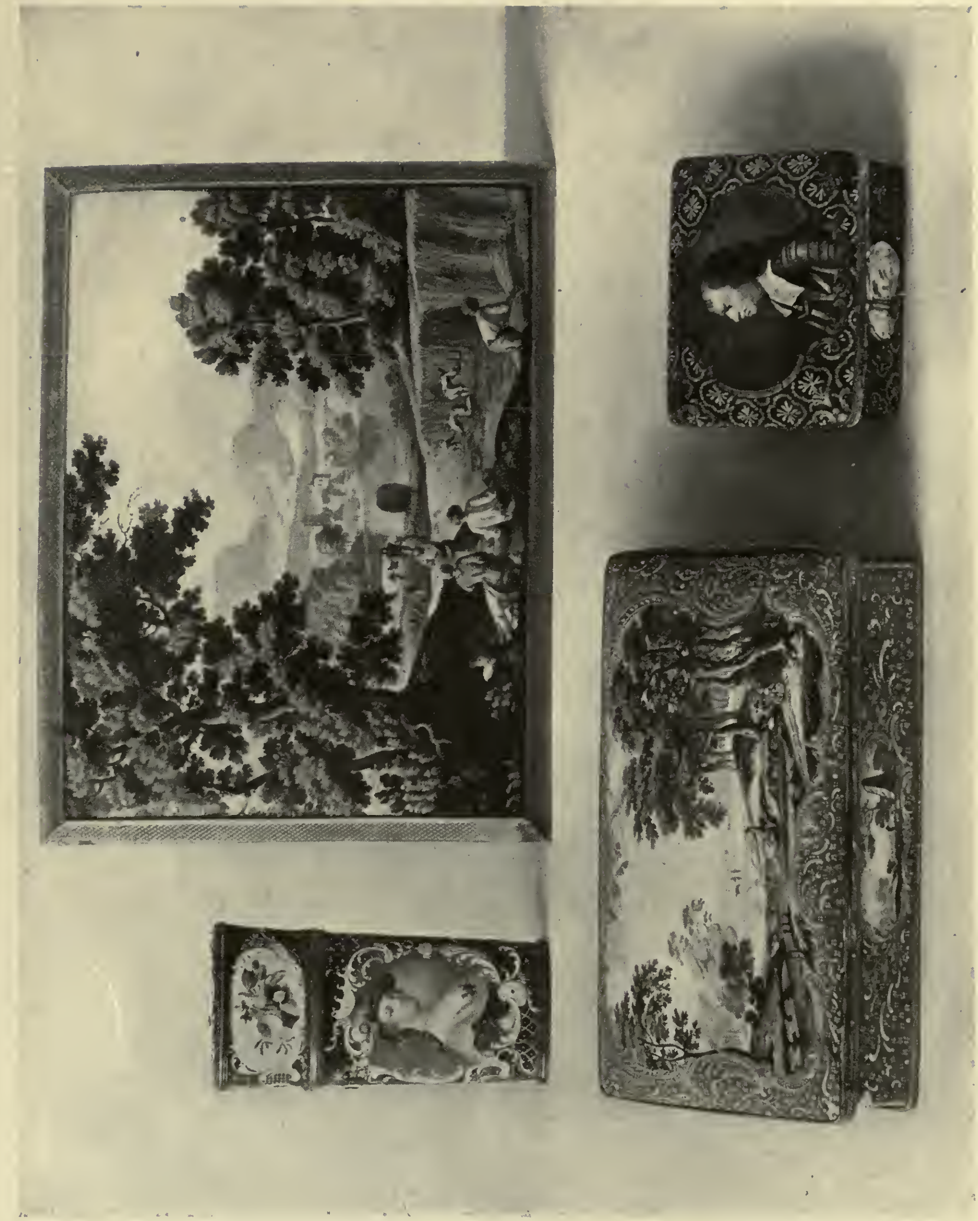

FIG. 170.—EXAMPLES OF BATTERSEA ENAMEL.

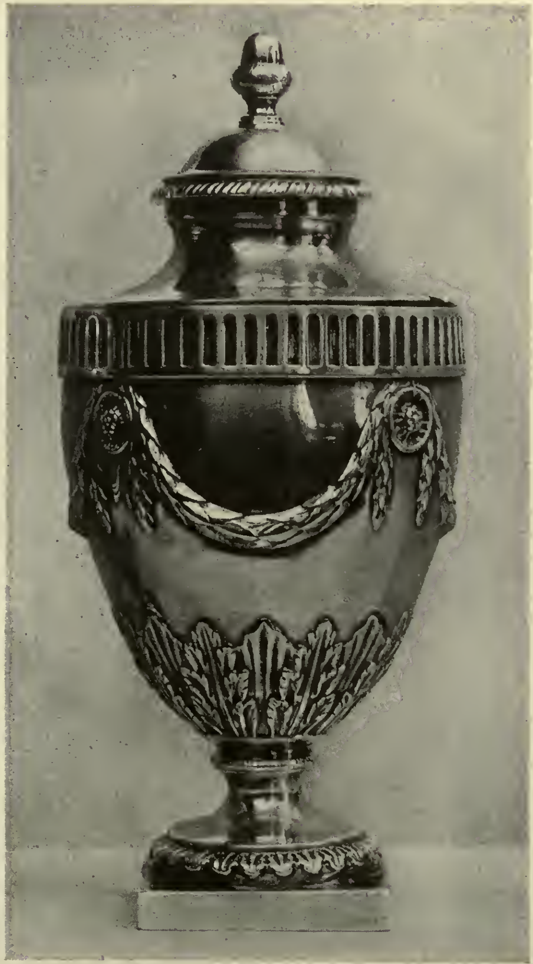

FIG. 171.—SILVER VASE, WITH CHASED REPOUSSÉ AND APPLIED DECORATION, LONDON HALL-MARK, 1772-3.

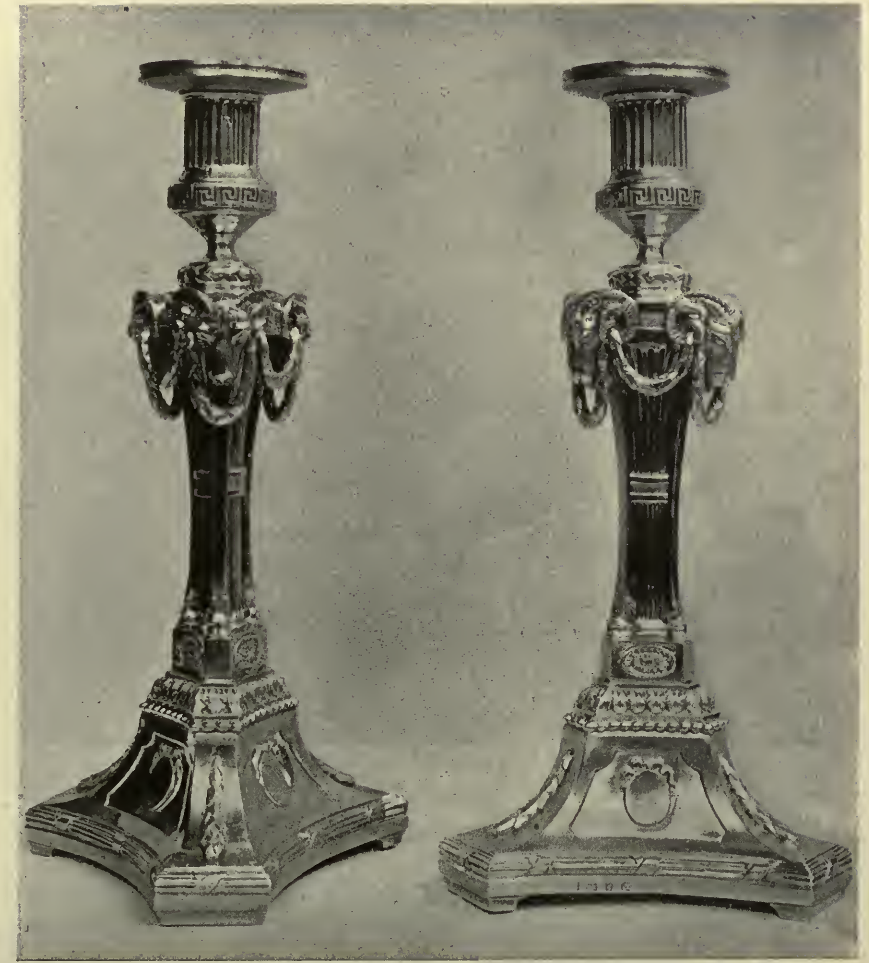

FIG. 172.—SILVER CANDLESTICKS, LONDON HALL-MARK, 1771-2.

minster, in 1739, and by the help of Walpole seems to have enjoyed various official posts, such as Crown Surveyor in London and elsewhere. Another architect who worked with Kent was John Vardy, whose pupil he was, in which capacity much of the carrying out of the plans of the Horse Guards devolved on him after his master's death. He also acted as Clerk of the Works at Kensington Palace, and he was one of those (James Stuart and a Colonel Edward Grey, a member of the Dilettanti, were others) who co-operated in the designing of Spencer House. Isaac Ware was also a successful house designer of the period, his chief works being the building of Chesterfield House, and the conversion of old Lanesbrough House into St. George's Hospital, as well as the erection of the house he built for himself in Bloomsbury Square.

Ware's London architectural work was confined to private houses; that of George Dance, the elder, largely to public buildings, his most important achievement being the Mansion House. At an earlier date he designed St. Luke's Church, Old Street Road, distinguished by an obelisk doing duty as a spire, which aroused the sarcasm of Walpole. Another church from Dance's hand was St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, while St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, and St. Botolph's, Aldgate, are also his.

An almost contemporary architect, so far as dates of birth and death are concerned, was Henry Flitcroft, employed during his noviciate on work at Burlington House, but chiefly known to Londoners as the designer of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. While engaged on this church Flitcroft was commissioned to superintend the improvements of old Carlton House, purchased from Lady Burlington for Frederick, Prince of Wales; and a few years later he is found erecting St. Olave's, Tooley Street, which preceded by ten years the building of Hampstead Parish Church, also from his designs.

Other architects of the Georgian period, whose work is to be found in London, are Brettingham, responsible for Norfolk House, No. 1 Stratton Street, and Cumberland House in Pall Mall, the latter no longer in existence; Sir Robert Taylor, once apprenticed to Cheere in Piccadilly (for he was also a sculptor, and has various monuments to his credit, or otherwise, in the Abbey), who designed Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Ely House, Dover Street (Fig. 167), made large additions and improvements to the Bank of England, and also encased the original Carlton House in stone, erected the Six Clerks' Office in Chancery Lane, and did other subsidiary work; James Paine, who laboured chiefly outside London, but to whom are due Dover House, Whitehall, Dr. Heberden's house, 79 Pall Mall, and who also laid out Salisbury Street, Strand, where he lived in 1783; and the brothers Adam and Sir William Chambers, of whose well-known work in London it is not necessary here to say anything in detail.

Apart from these chief departments of art, the spirit of design and decoration was throughout the century to be found in all sorts of relatively subsidiary things. M'Ardell, Watson, Faber, and others reproduced the beauties of painting in mezzotint or engraving, and often made their reproductions gems of art in themselves. Cipriani and Bartolozzi and Wheatley gave us coloured and monotone prints of superlative excellence and charm; the craft of Chippendale and Hepplewhite and Sheraton, rivals in distinction to the French work in furniture of all kinds. Chelsea produced its exquisite china (Figs. 38, 168, 169), and Battersea its incomparable enamel (Fig. 170). Eighteenth century silver and Sheffield plate are renowned throughout the world for their excellence of design and workmanship. Little of the latter was made in London, but much beautiful sterling plate was produced. A few examples of contemporary designs are illustrated in Figs. 171 and 172. Mr. Tassie and Miss Linwood, both of Leicester Fields, were represented respectively by the beautiful plaques, and astonishingly realistic needlework that seem forgotten arts. Mrs. Delany employed herself in cutting out designs in flowers of remarkable truth to nature; Mrs. Montagu hung her walls with coverings of birds' feathers, at once the envy or source of ridicule of her friends. A quaint tapestry in wool and silk, echoing the popular taste for "Chinoiserie," is shown in Fig. 173. Silhouettes came into vogue; doll's houses, carefully copied from London houses, were made with a meticulous care, very different from the rough-and-ready productions of a later day. Toy shops were crowded with the beautiful gew-gaws and trifles that are now sought for with avidity. Indeed, it was the age of the hand-made article, where art and fine workmanship combined, in a leisurely way, to produce something of beauty whether it was a shop-front or a balcony, an étui-case or a fan, and there was as much care expended over the artful contriving of iron into artistic form, as Rocque or Ogilvy expended over the elaborate maps of the City wherein such things were to be found. Examples of good 18th-century decorative ironwork abound still in London, especially in such districts as Bloomsbury, Soho, Mayfair, Westminster, etc. Specimens are illustrated in Figs. 174 and 175. Nothing in this age was purely utilitarian, it was left to the sober, progressive and democratic 19th century to produce the mechanically lifeless.

The arts of music and the theatre were patronised throughout the century, but it was not till the Concerts of Ancient Music, and George III.'s patronage of Handel, that the former really came into its own, although one is pleased to think of the not otherwise admirable "Prince Fritz" playing on the 'cello, as the even less admirable Prince George at a later day, played on the fiddle. The pages of Hogarth's *Memoirs of the Opera* tell us of the famous singers who rivalled each other in public estimation, La Faustina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; while in dramatic art the great names beginning with those of Betterton, Wilkes, Booth, Macklin, Barry, Henderson, Cibber, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Woffington, culminated in the outstanding personalities of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons; and Drury Lane rivalled Covent Garden, and the Haymarket rivalled both.

Among all the arts, that of dress was perhaps as marked as any. From a thousand illustrations and descriptions we know what the Mall and St. James's Street looked like, crowded with silks and brocades and lutestrings; how the exquisite fan was wielded, and how the amber snuff-box and clouded cane. Much of London was, unfortunately, sunk in a squalor unknown even in the

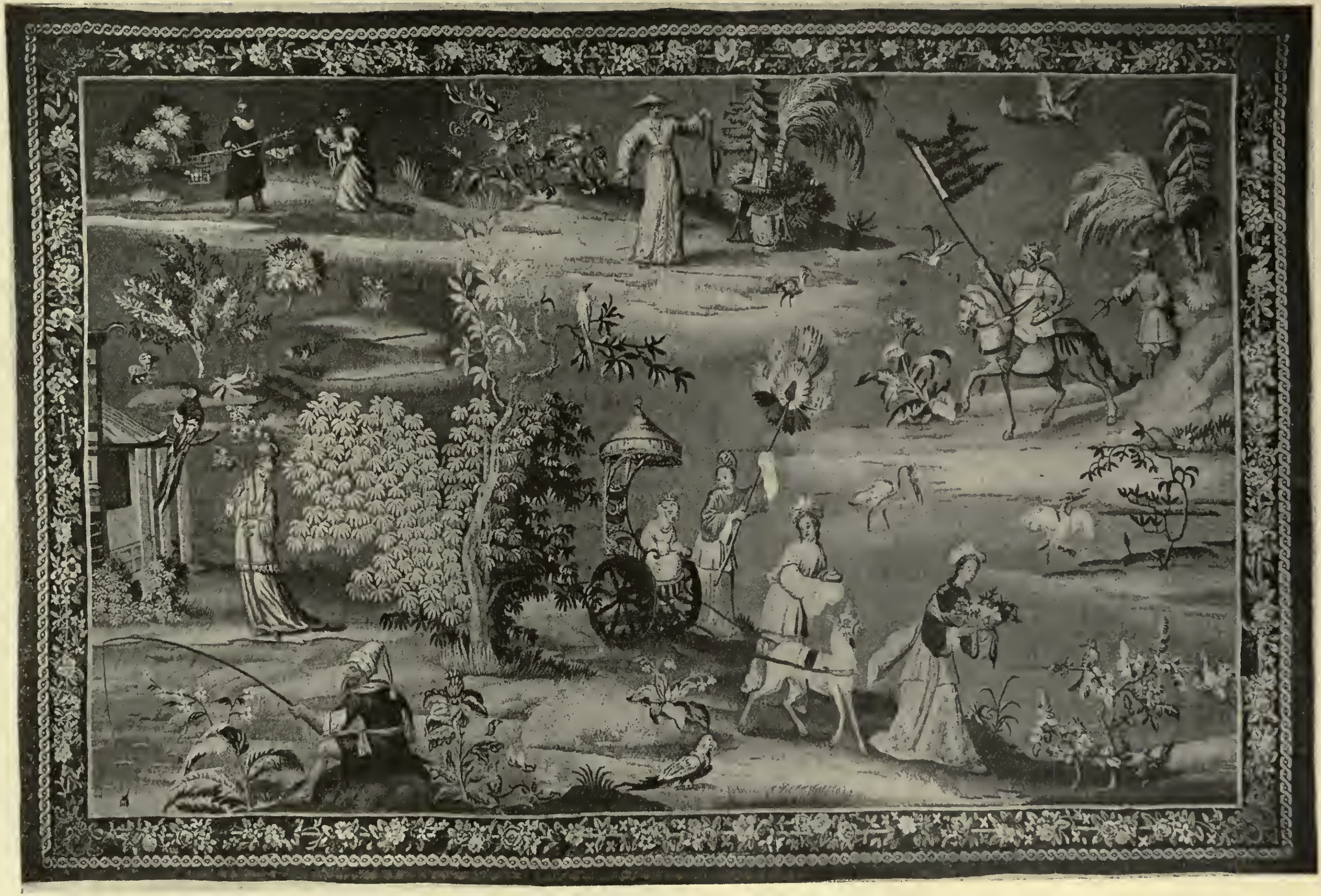

Fig. 173.—Tapestry, woven in Coloured Wools and Silks, made possibly by John Vandrebanc, of Great Queen Street. Early XVIIIth Century.

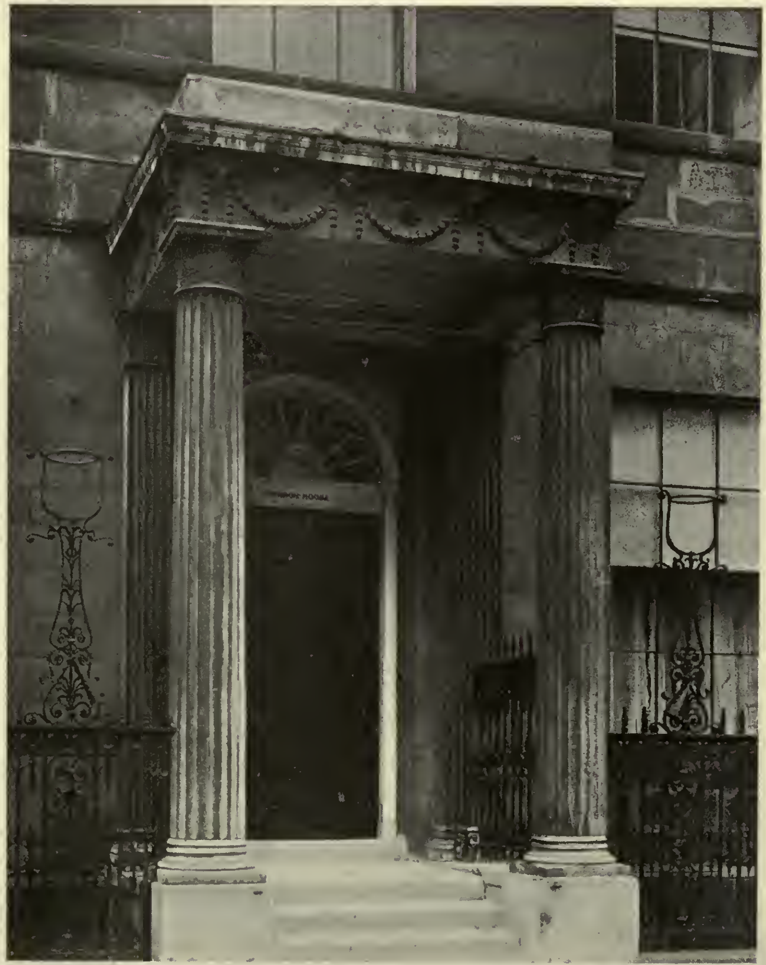

Fig. 174.—Lamp Holders, etc., at Chandos House.

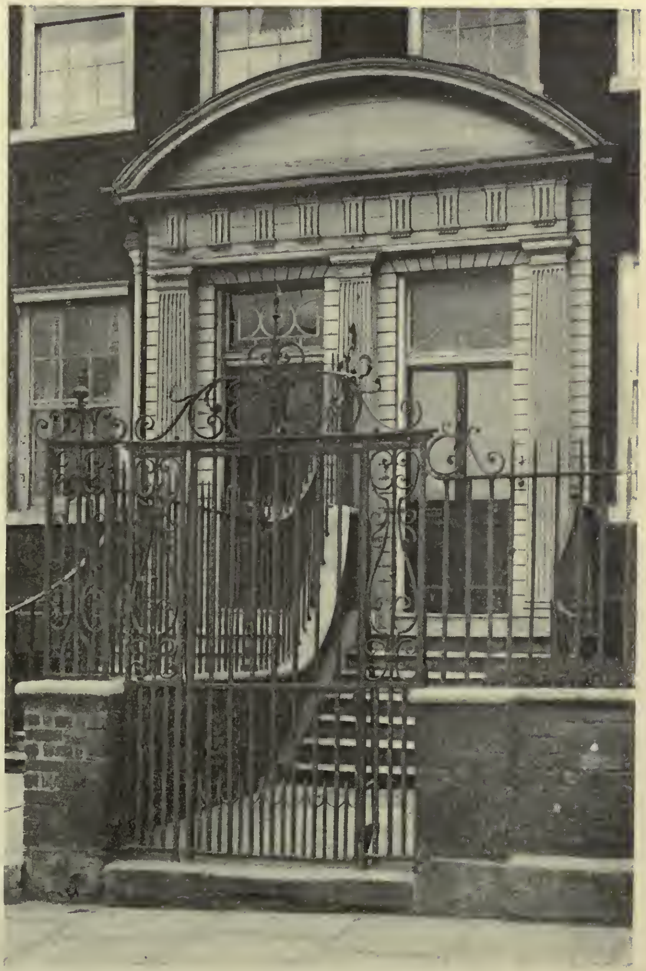

Fig. 175.—Iron Gateway at Clapham.

XVIIIth Century Ironwork.

East End of to-day, but the decorative West End shone with a brilliancy and glitter equally unknown. The butterfly existence of the Paris of the period with all its *agrémens* in the arts, seems to have been transferred to the London of the time, and to have raised it to a pitch of artistic glory from which it gradually sank as the old century ended, and the new one brought with it its train of soberer thought and soberer dress.

NOTE

Although to touch on the literature of the period would extend this book far beyond its prescribed limits, there are a few productions in Verse and Prose specially concerning the London of the 18th century that it may be well to note. Thus, in poetry, there is Gay's "Trivia"; Johnson's "London"; Bramston's "Man of Taste"; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Town Eclogues," among a variety of such occasional verse as Tickel's "Lines on Kensington Gardens"; James Thomson's "On the Report of a Wooden Bridge to be built at Westminster"; Whitehead's "Song for Ranelagh," and such like ephemera. In prose specifically dealing with London we have the topographical work of such men as Hatton, Seymour, Strype (who edited Stow) Baily, W. Stow, Entinck, Noorthouck, Maitland, Chamberlain, Sir John Fielding, Lysons, Stockdale, Dodsley, Gwynn, and Newcourt (concerning ecclesiastical matters); besides a host of writers dealing with particular areas or buildings; as well as such foreigners who wrote about the Capital, as Grosley and Moritz, Mazzinghi, Misson, and Voltaire; while those who produced plans of the London of the 18th century included Kip and Rocque, and, at the close of the period, Horwood.

CHAPTER VIII

ARCHITECTURAL RELICS OF THE PERIOD

IN order to arrive at an approximate idea of what sort of architectural legacy the 18th century has been permitted to leave us in the West End—and by 'permitted,' I mean such buildings of this kind as have not been destroyed or reconstructed—we must first apply a process of elimination to the present map of London. By this means, we shall be able to narrow down our investigations to those portions of the Metropolis in which we shall seek most successfully for such remains.

In the first place, then, we may disregard all that area north of Hyde Park, west of the Edgware Road and Maida Vale. Equally may we leave out the area around the Regent's Park and the vast collocation of dwellings north of the Marylebone, Euston, and Pentonville roads, to where the last two converge at the Angel at Islington. By doing this, and drawing a straight line due south, we get approximately the natural division between the west and the east of London at Ludgate Circus. Similarly, we can disregard everything west of Gloucester Road, if we are careful to remember that Kensington was, in the 18th century, a village quite separate from London, with its Church, Church Street, Square, and other still remaining features, dating from that period. By following Gloucester Road (then called Hog's Lane) in a straight line down to the river, we are able to eliminate everything west of that division, but leaving Brompton and Chelsea within our purview. Thus we have remaining the area roughly bounded on the west by Gloucester Road, and its continuing streets to the Thames at Battersea Bridge; on the north by the Marylebone Road, etc.; on the east by a line drawn direct from the Angel at Islington to the river at Blackfriars; and on the south by the river itself. For the moment we can disregard that south portion of London, which although it, here and there, produces some examples of 18th-century buildings, such as parts of Fulham and Lambeth Palaces, Guy's Hospital and Bethlem Hospital, besides possessing the many memories attached to Vauxhall and Cuper's Gardens, does not provide us with anything particularly interesting in domestic architecture, with the exception of a few notable old houses in St. Thomas's Street, Southwark, and elsewhere.[1]

I need hardly point out that elsewhere, on the rejected outskirts of this

[1] The Chapter House of Southwark Cathedral in this street is said to have been designed by Wren.

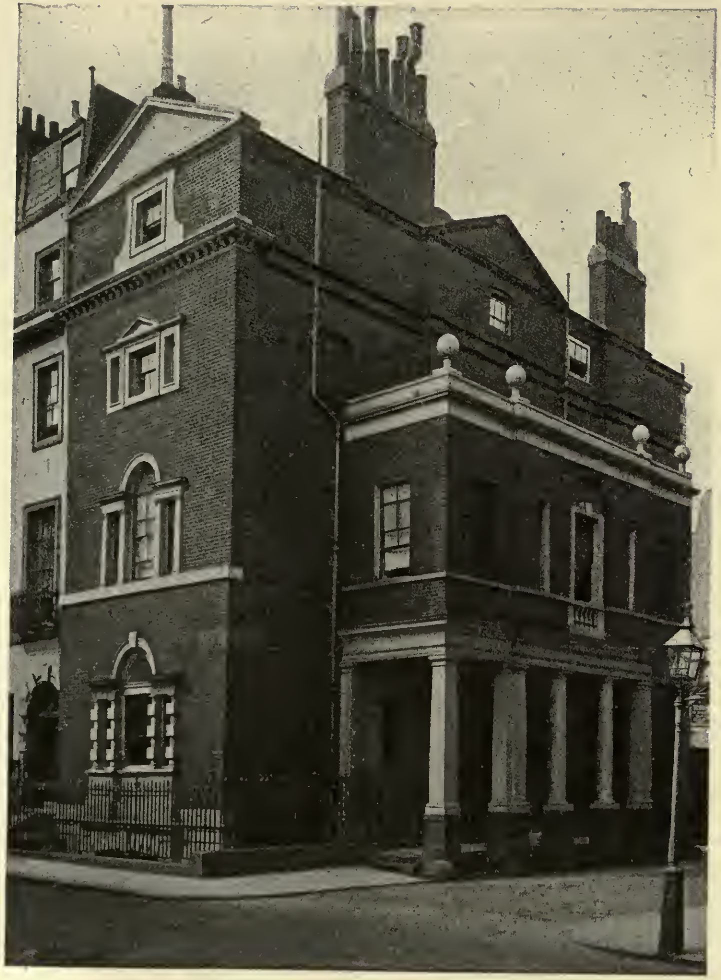

FIG. 176.—NO. 71 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET (1744).
Architect, Isaac Ware.

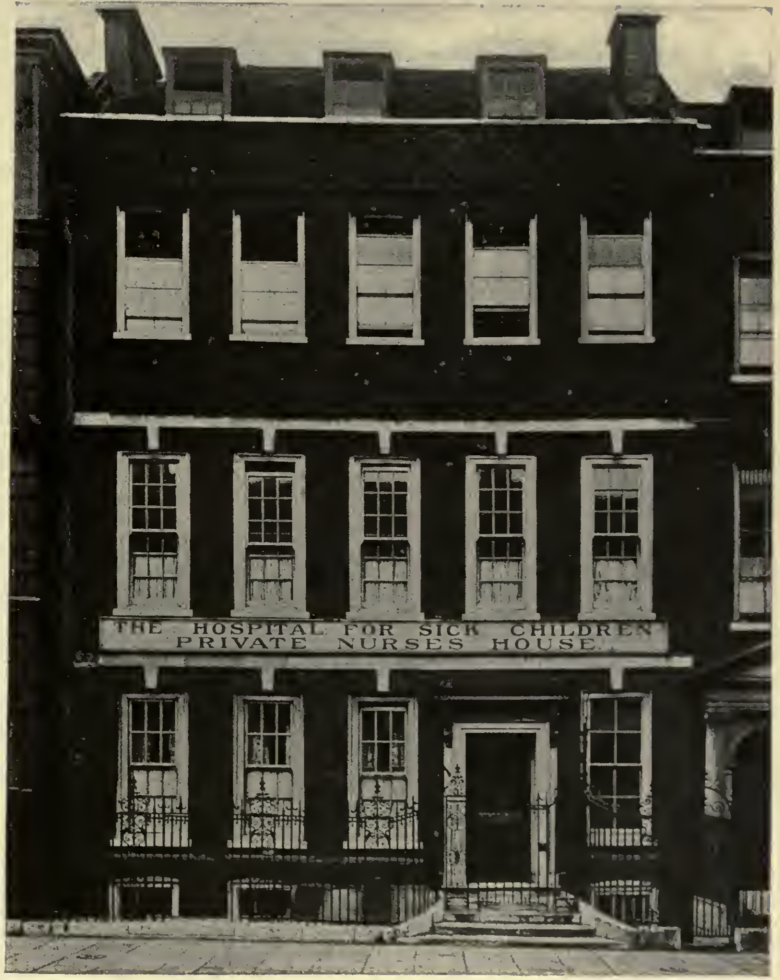
THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN
PRIVATE NURSES HOUSE.

FIG. 177.—NO. 44 GREAT ORMOND STREET, W.C. (1708).

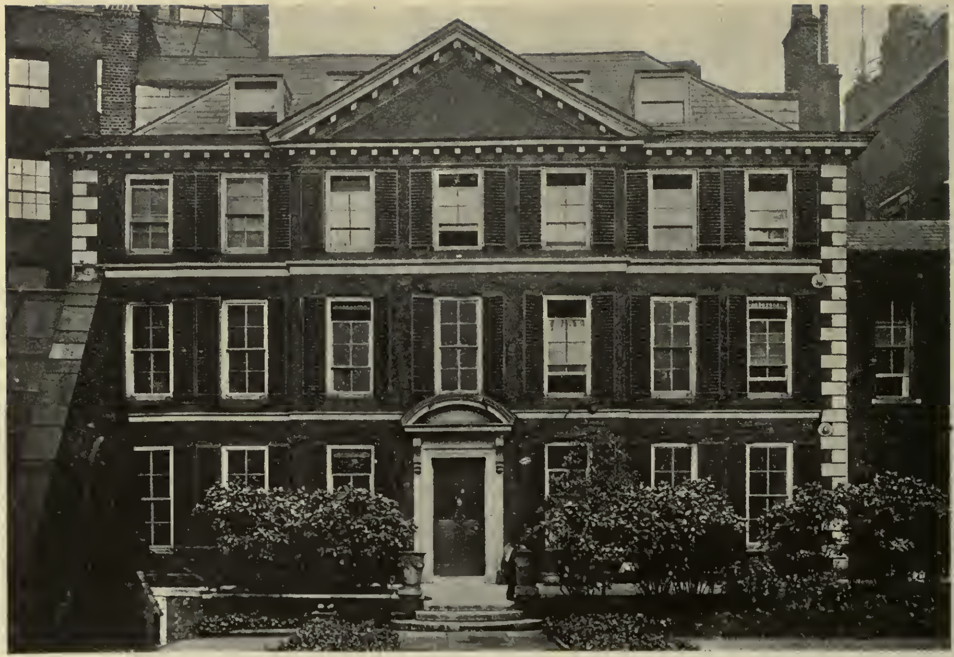

FIG. 178.—THE MASTER'S HOUSE IN THE TEMPLE (1706–7).

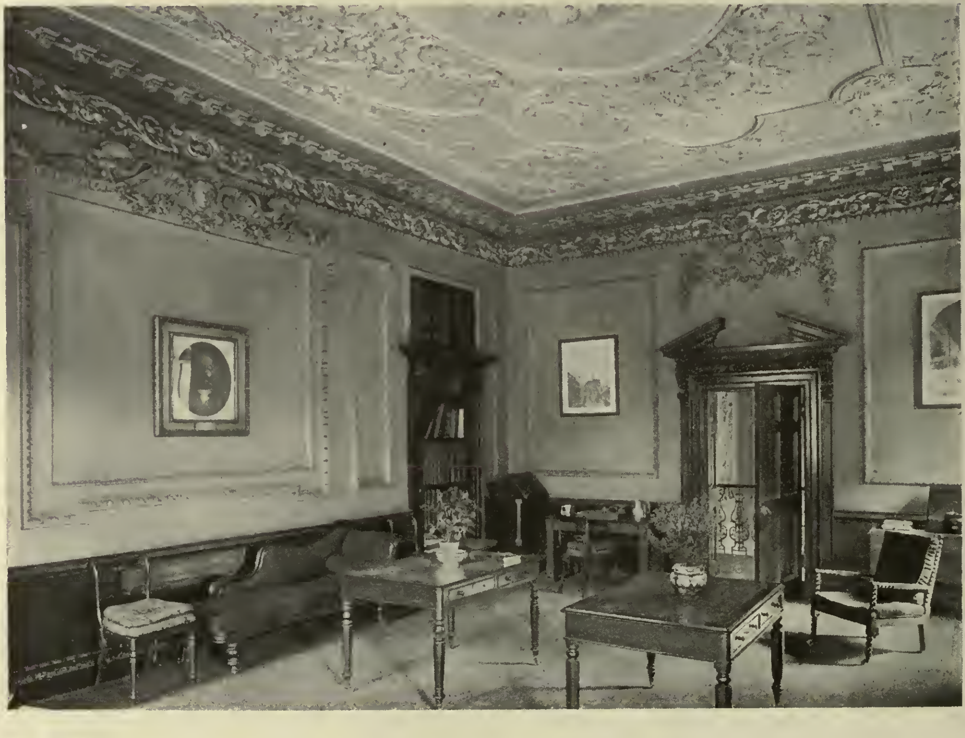

FIG. 179.—HOUSE OF CHARITY, SOHO.

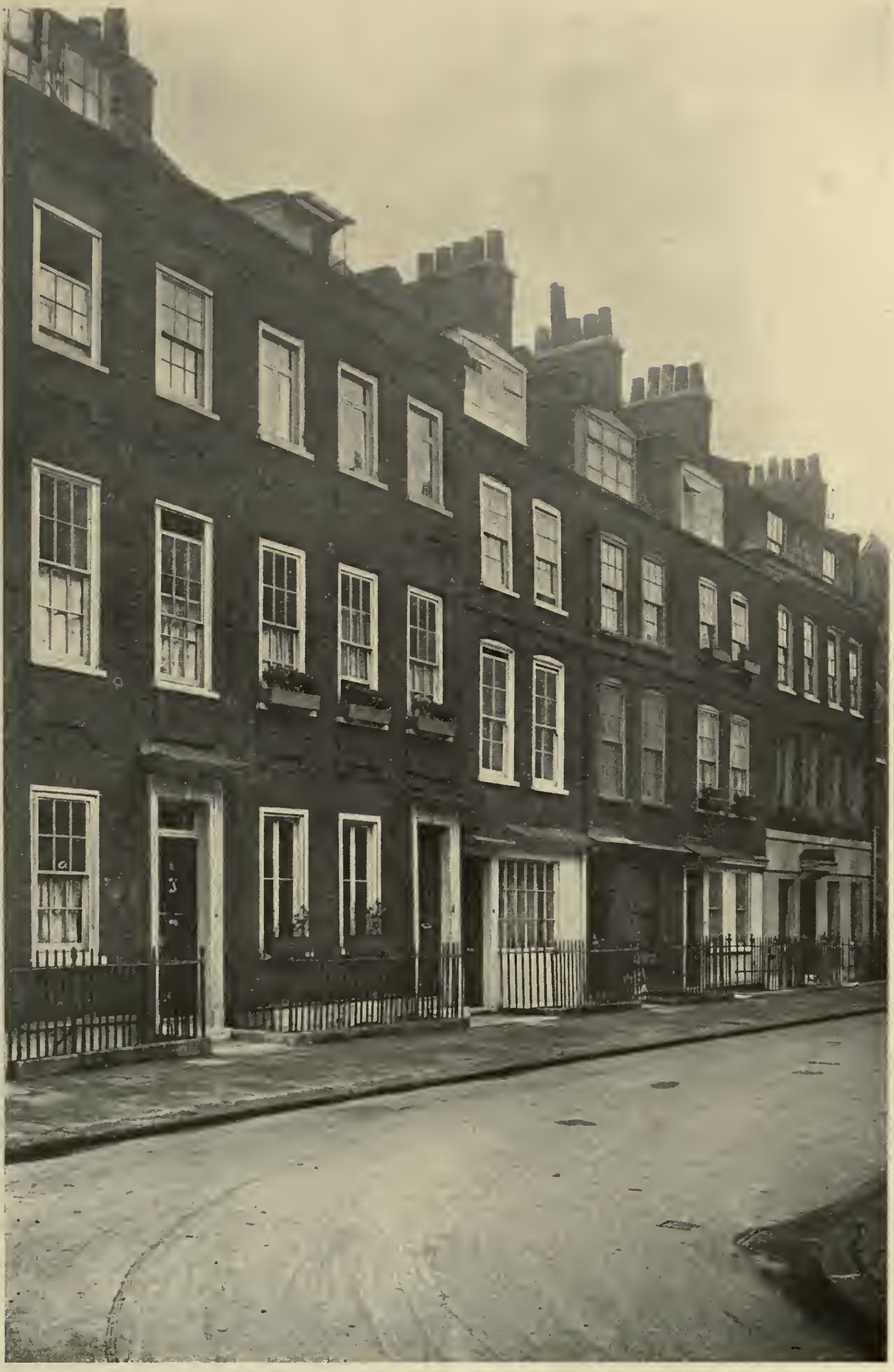

FIG. 180.—BARTON STREET, WESTMINSTER (1722).

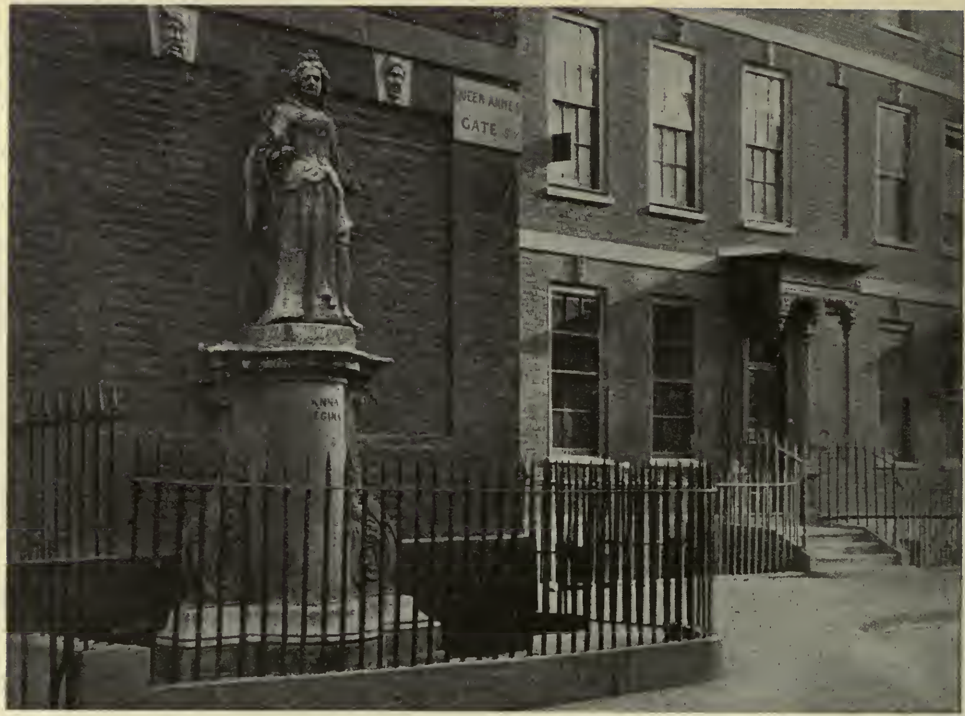
QUEEN ANNE'S GATE
ANNA REGINA

FIG 181.—QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WESTMINSTER.

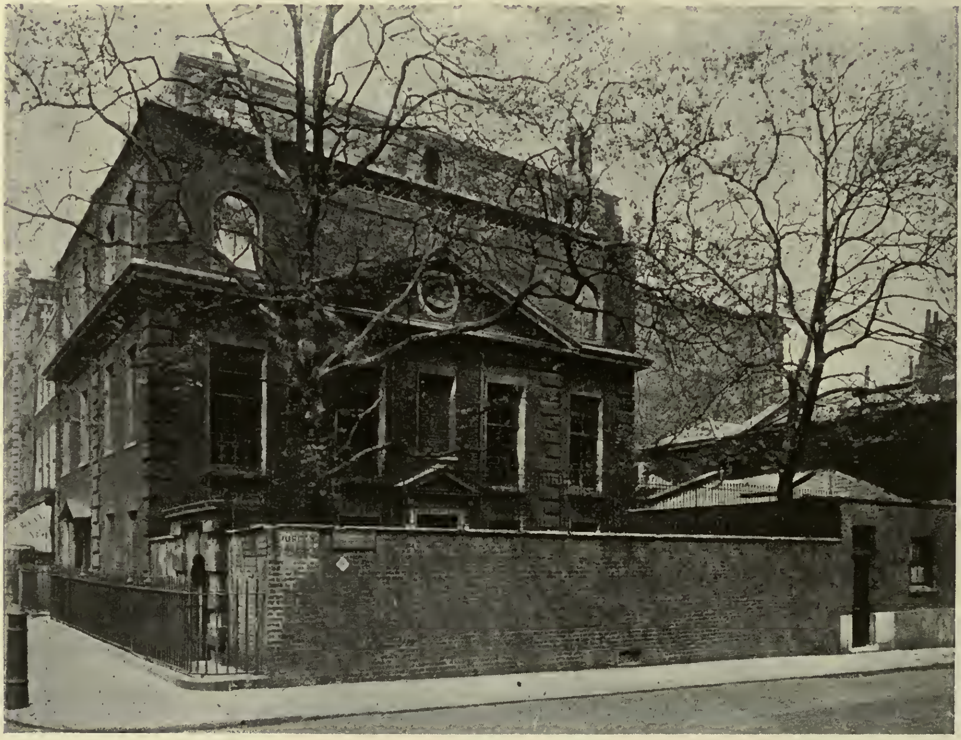

FIG. 182.—BOURDON HOUSE, BOURDON STREET, MAYFAIR.

area, may be found 18th-century buildings, which have survived the ravages of time and the builder, as well as some which then stood more or less isolated, but have since become incorporated with the Metropolis, by its gradual development around them. But taken by themselves, we can afford to neglect such remains which are now few enough. Less than half a century ago we could hardly have made so drastic a sweep. Then, there were many old houses remaining which have since gone the way of bricks and mortar, and whose gardens have been covered by new buildings. Coleherne Court is a more or less recent example of this, although much of the West Kensington district, and even the adjacent area on its east and south, has been converted into residential centres, out of the nursery gardens which flourished about here in the days of the Georges, and which were in existence within the memory of old people still living.

It might be a matter for surprise that, considering the strength and solidity with which the 18th-century houses were erected, so relatively few still remain. Two reasons are sufficient to account for their small number: (1) the fact that, as leases have fallen in, buildings have been pulled down to make way for others better adapted, especially in their sanitary equipment, to modern requirements; and (2) the necessary formation of new and larger streets, in consequence of which whole areas have often been swept away. The construction of Victoria Street, of Kingsway and Aldwych, the Charing Cross Road, and Shaftesbury Avenue; the enlargement of Piccadilly Circus, the rebuilding of the lower portion of Regent Street and, indeed, the original formation of Regent Street by Nash, out of the earlier Swallow Street; the filling of St. James's Street with business premises, and of Pall Mall with clubs; all these circumstances have helped to bring about not only an obliteration of the earlier appearance of Western London, but have also done, as we shall see later on, as much for the City itself; and thus, although many of the principal streets run much as they did in the earlier day, their size and appearance have been so altered as to give them, except where some relic has been allowed to remain, the air of entirely new thoroughfares. For instance, with the exception of the two churches, Somerset House, the Temple Gateway, one or two of the older Banks, and, here and there, an old house, there is hardly a building existing which was known to the 18th century, in Fleet Street and the Strand of to-day. If you penetrate up some of the tributary streets or passages, you will certainly come across examples, and will find in the Adelphi the work and memory of the Adams's perpetuated; in Wine Office Court, the Cheshire Cheese, with its unsubstantiated memories of Dr. Johnson, and its better recognised associations with Dr. Goldsmith; and further on, the house where the great man struggled with his dictionary, in Gough Square. Old Serjeant's Inn, behind its modern frontage, will reveal some characteristic Georgian houses with the beautiful over-doors and panelling, such as once might have been seen in Beaufort Buildings, yet remaining. Essex Street, where the Young Pretender is said to have visited Lady Primrose in 1750, is full of them, although an ominous gap has recently been made there, and one fears that it may extend. Carey Street, in spite of much rebuilding in this neighbourhood, still exhibits examples (No. 60 should be noted); and, as showing the recognition now extended to the beauty of such relics, you may see doors and over-doors, which have been saved when the houses that possessed them fell before the pick of the housebreaker, now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum and elsewhere. Neville's Court also contains one of its once imposing houses, to-day relegated to those tenements which would seem to be the penultimate stage of decay. Sometimes up a little byway, such as Devereux Court for instance, you come across some picturesque bit which the flowing tide of improvement has left untouched. In Salisbury Square, where Richardson lived, one or two such houses exist; but Whitefriars is now one roar of machinery, and the calm of King's Bench Walk is disturbed by the clamour of Bouverie Street.

But as you pass from its eastern limit through the courts of the Temple, you find yourself almost wholly back in the 18th century. Here and there rebuilding reminds you of a later day; but the Master's House built about 1706–7 (Fig. 178); Brick Court (1704) with the Treasurer's House; Middle Temple Lane, where the ghost of Dr. Johnson seems always to walk; Fountain Court, with its glimpses of the river; Tanfield Court, of tragic memory; and the rest, take you back two hundred years; and if you enter some of these chambers after climbing up the old wooden stairs of, say, Plowden's Buildings (what an antithesis to the prison-like stone steps with their iron railings in Paper Buildings), you will feel as much in a remote period, as cloistered in your seclusion, as if you were again seeking your rooms in an unrestored Oxford College. So, too, in Lincoln's Inn, where the presence of certain old houses (particularly Nos. 35, 37, 44, and 45 on the south side which exhibit the characteristic brickwork of the period) almost make up for the horrific new buildings which have been erected on the west side cheek by jowl with the splendid and historic Newcastle House, the two fragments left from Inigo Jones's great conception, and the delicate stone-work with which Taylor faced the centre house on that side. New Court is an example of the earlier part of the 18th century, as Stone Buildings (the work of Sir Robert Taylor) is of the latter; while the Soane Museum, with its curious hybrid front, reminds us, in its interior, of the surroundings with which a cultivated and essentially catholic mind ramparted itself about in the midst of a rather alien atmosphere; and we can take down the books and sit in the chairs (the graceful work of Chippendale and Hepplewhite), and look at the pictures (some of Hogarth's greatest work), as their owner did in the days of George III. Indeed, this little-known museum (it is rather a misleading title for anything so essentially personal as Sir John Soane's home) is one of the few private residences, dating from that day, which preserves all its original features untouched and unspoilt.

Similarly in the purlieus of Theobald's Road and Gray's Inn Road, which themselves are wholly redolent of later times, there are bystreets such as Great Ormond Street, Guilford Street, and others, where many houses remain from the earlier period, and oases such as Queen Square (the doorways of

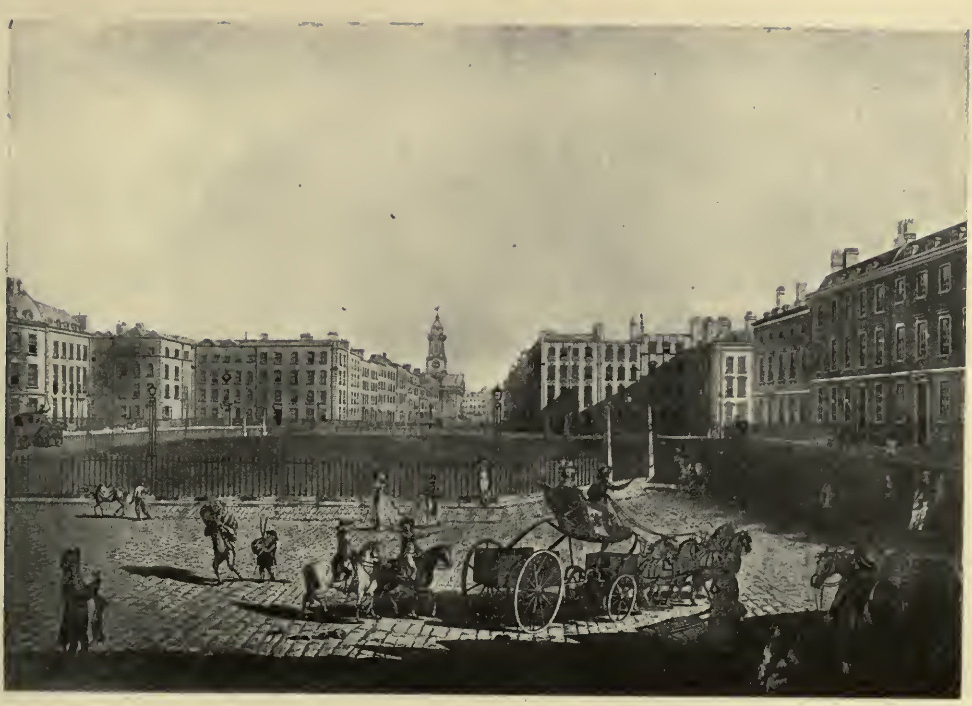

FIG 183—HANOVER SQUARE.

From a print by E. Dayes, 1787.

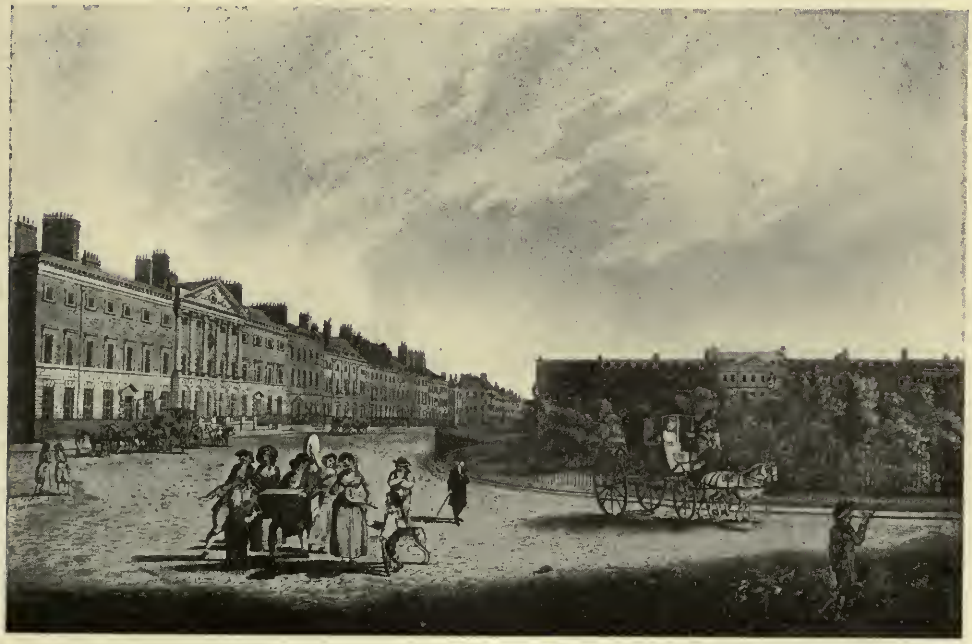

FIG. 184—GROSVENOR SQUARE.

From a print by E. Dayes, 1789.

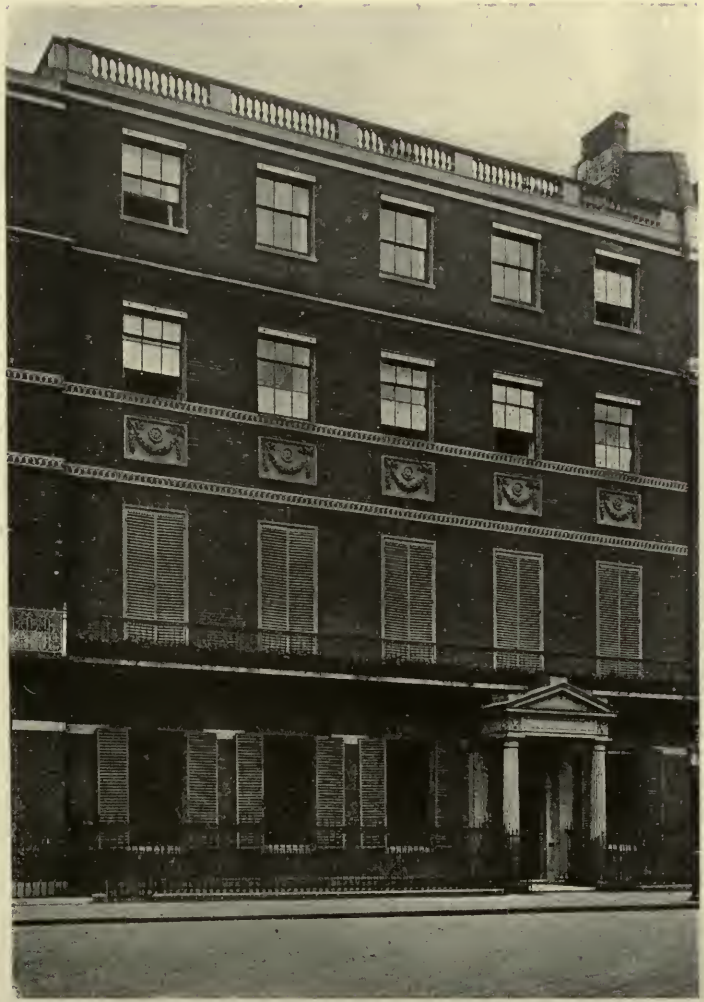

FIG. 185.—NO. 20 PORTMAN SQUARE (1764).
Architects, The Brothers Adam.

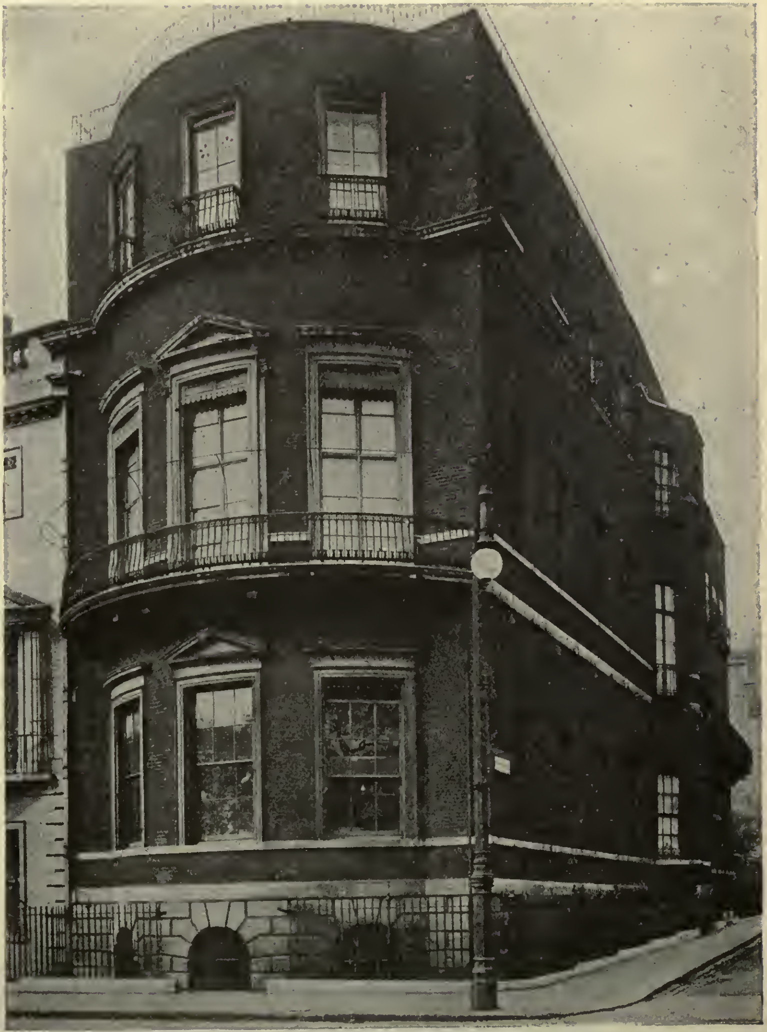

FIG. 186.—NO. 1 STRATTON STREET (1790).
Architect, Brettingham.

Nos. 3 and 4 are beautiful examples) and Red Lion Square where, amid much modern work, may be seen, here and there, the recognisable relics of 18th-century buildings. Indeed in Great Ormond Street (Fig. 177) there is one particular house (No. 44) now occupied by the Children's Hospital, which is a particularly fine specimen, with its elaborate over-doorway and ironwork, of the more decorative houses of the Georgian style; a house which I always like to think was the residence of Admiral Sir Peter Denis, where Denis Duval stayed on his first wondering visit to London.[1] The whole of this area has, of course, a distinct flavour of the 18th century, thanks to Gray's Inn itself, which with Raymond's Buildings and Bedford Row, where the lawyers congregate, give it a special claim on our attention in this respect.

In Bloomsbury (Fig. 55) we are in the midst of a rather later period of 18th-century building, that, roughly, of the reign of George III., and in the squares of this neighbourhood there is ample material for the study of those houses, sometimes with their rusticated door ornamentation, as in Bedford Square, sometimes exhibiting the more graceful touch of the Adams brothers (as in 1 Russell Square, for example), which were once inhabited by the Sedleys and Osbornes, and were designed by Thomas Leverton during the last half of the century; while here and there, as in Bloomsbury Square, there are examples of the earlier work of Isaac Ware. In Woburn Place, as well as in the more distant Hatton Garden,[2] there are, too, still a few 18th-century houses with characteristic over-doorways, and the St. Andrew's Parochial Schools, dating from the same era, remind us, in the midst of sadly commonplace later work, of the picturesque architecture of that day. Soho, with its church of St. Anne as a nucleus, also provides us with examples of the architecture we are seeking, such as the House of Charity, Greek Street (Fig. 179), but so many of its houses have been reconstructed, or turned to alien uses in the form of shops and restaurants, that it is only by doing what few Londoners ever do, namely, looking upward, that we recognise the features of some earlier design; although one graceful old house in Manette Street still seems, in spite of many changes, to be sentient of Lucy and the Doctor, and still listens, one thinks, to the echoing footsteps round it.

As a matter of fact, it is chiefly in the still more westerly portions of London, where commercial activity has been less rampant, that we shall best seek for our quarry; in Westminster, for instance, where Abingdon, Great and Little College, North, Cowley, and Barton Streets remain in spite of new work (new work largely based on the old architectural lines), practically as they were in the days of hoops and patches and Sedan chairs (Fig. 180). Had I been writing this ten years ago, I should have been able to add Great George Street[3] and Smith Square, but now the whole north side of the former has been destroyed to make way for the extension of the Government Offices, and on the south there are only three or four houses remaining to remind us of the once picturesque character of this thoroughfare. Smith Square has gone the same way, and, with the exception of two or three of the original houses, the curious church of St. John, which Archer designed and Chesterfield ridiculed, stands amid alien surroundings, and even so comparatively recent a resident as Jenny Wren would be hard put to it to recognise her old haunts.

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[1] No. 42 Great Ormond Street also possesses a fine over-doorway, and there are a number of good Georgian houses on the south side of the street.

[2] A room from No. 27, in the style of Gibbs (*circa* 1730), has been reconstructed, and may be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

[3] A room from No. 5 Great George Street (*circa* 1750–60) is also in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Queen Anne's Gate (Fig. 181), on the other hand, is more or less untouched and is, perhaps, the best concrete example, on a small scale, London has to show of the architecture of Anne and the earlier Georges. Some of its houses have been reconstructed, some rebuilt, and the astonishing Queen Anne's Mansions, towering to the skies, has dwarfed it and helped to disfigure its surroundings; but the little Square (for a square it once was, and so named), remains with its exquisite calm and dignity, glorying, as it were, in its lovely over-doorways, and its ironwork, and its statue of the Queen whose day it so vividly recalls better than anything else in London, except, perhaps, some parts of Mayfair. There, indeed, in Berkeley Square, in Curzon Street, in spite of Blandford House which dominates its lower end, and Chesterfield Gardens, which arose on the grounds of Chesterfield House, mansion after mansion is of this, or a slightly later, period. South Audley Street (Fig. 176) is another thoroughfare which largely retains these characteristics—characteristics also to be seen in Upper Brook Street, Upper Grosvenor Street, Green Street, and elsewhere in this neighbourhood, where the leases have not fallen in with the resultant effect of rebuilding on the elaborate and not very appropriate lines which has taken place around Grosvenor House itself.

There are some particular houses in this district which deserve special notice; Grosvenor House is an example of the *rus in urbe* class of late Georgian style, unlike anything else in London, except perhaps Kingston House, in Knightsbridge; Barton Manor House, in South Audley Street, is a specimen of an earlier period; in Bourdon House, Mayfair (Fig. 182), we have a characteristic example of brickwork of the period; Curzon House, in Curzon Street, is roughly of the same date as Barton Manor House, and Crewe House, in the same thoroughfare, is of a slightly later date—the date of Grosvenor House; while Shepherd's Market, with its collection of small shops and houses, is an example of how the mean and insignificant can exist cheek by jowl with large and dignified erections in one of London's most fashionable quarters.

The great squares, changed as they are in many essentials, afford as much opportunity for studying the domestic architecture of the 18th century as any parts of London. Those even that have been invaded by commerce, such as Hanover Square (Fig. 183), or by flats such as Cavendish Square, or by clubs and banks, such as St. James's Square, still preserve much of the style of building of the period; while Grosvenor Square, Berkeley Square, and Portman Square, with their tributary streets, are really excellent concrete examples of that day of substantial brick and stone-work and charm of decorative restraint. In Grosvenor Square (Fig. 184) practically every house may be said to be a model of its kind in this respect, and if so comprehensive a statement cannot be made with regard to the other squares mentioned, certainly few things in the direction of domestic buildings are better than, say, the centre house (Fig. 185) on the north of Portman Square[1] as regards brickwork, No. 45 Berkeley Square as regards the stone facing, with its ornamental ironwork and the link-extinguishers which give it an added charm, or No. 20 St. James's Square, one of Robert Adam's lesser masterpieces.

The houses of Down Street, Half Moon Street, Clarges Street, and Bolton Street reveal many examples of the Georgian style of what may be called lesser domestic architecture; and in Dover Street we have specimens of both the stone as shown in No. 30 (the Bishop of Ely's old house, now a club), and brickwork of the period. These streets link up Mayfair with Piccadilly which has, during the last few years, greatly changed, but which still contains, more or less untouched, such examples of the more important kind of Georgian Mansions, as Coventry House; Cambridge House, where Lord Palmerston once lived; the restored Barrymore House; and Devonshire House[2] which, except for its large gates removed from Chiswick, and the removal of its former external staircase, is much as it was when Charles James Fox was brought here in triumph, and the beautiful Duchess shared with Mrs. Crewe the glory of Egeria to the party of the buff and blue.

Where absolute destruction has not been resorted to, as in the case of Gloucester House, refronting has taken place in many of the Piccadilly houses, and in their reconstructed architecture, as well as in that of Hamilton Place, we no longer recognise their earlier appearance, and the house from which Byron was married, and the red-brick of 'No. 1 London,' would be no longer familiar in their more solidly classical guise, to an 18th-century Londoner. One mansion in Piccadilly has a special architectural interest preserved through many years. This is No. 1 Stratton Street (Fig. 186), whose plain brick front with stone facings, excellently quiet and reserved in design, was the work of Brettingham who designed Norfolk House, St. James's Square (the balcony there alone being a later addition), and whose gifts as an architect are hardly properly appreciated.

Next to No. 1 Stratton Street and, during the lifetime of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, connected with it and forming one residence, is the house, not internally greatly changed, in which Sir Francis Burdett lived, and where, when he was arrested, to be subsequently lodged in the Tower, he was found expounding to his children, of whom the Baroness was one, the heads of that Magna Charta whose provisions he supposed himself to be upholding in his conflict with established authority.

Further east, the Albany, in its retired courtyard, carries our minds back to Georgian days, amidst surroundings now singularly typical of our own times; but the Haymarket, where Addison wrote *The Campaign*, in a garret once visited by Pope, and Waterloo Place, except for Messrs. Fribourg's delightful shop front (Fig. 187) in the former thoroughfare, have lost all touch with the past, and practically everything Nash did in the latter streets has been swept away, in favour of the stone with which his stucco has been superseded.

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[1] I speak more particularly of Portman House itself in another chapter.

[2] For more detailed accounts of these houses, see Chapter III.

Pall Mall, save for the solitary example of Schomberg House, which is really rather earlier than the 18th century, is in similar case; and Whitehall is gradually tending the same way. In Craig's Court, however, at its northern end, is hidden away Harrington House, now the most easterly of private mansions, and well worth studying for its dignity and well-balanced façade, although it is so built round by modern erections, and so securely stowed away in its modest corner, that it might easily escape the eye of the searcher after such things. In Whitehall itself, the most noticeable Georgian buildings are Gwydyr House on the east, and the Board of Trade; the houses dating from a later part of the period in Whitehall Gardens (Fig. 188), and Richmond Terrace, and Dover House and The Admiralty opposite (Fig. 190). There are, besides, a few insignificant and rather tumble-down houses to the north of the last named, but these are obviously destined for demolition in the near future. With these exceptions, and of course the two historic houses on the north side of Downing Street, all Whitehall has been gradually transformed into Government Buildings of vast proportions; while, of the many private residences that had sprung up on the ground once occupied by the gardens of Whitehall Palace, none remains except the rebuilt (A.D. 1858) Montagu House, whose massive roof here brings the Gallic note into prominence.

In far-flung Chelsea, which has always been rather *sui generis* in its determination to preserve such remains of an earlier day as it has inherited, we still find a considerable number of Georgian houses to reward our search. Even in the much altered King's Road there are a few small ones, close to Glebe Place, which bear the imprimatur of the period upon their fronts. Danvers Street, begun in 1696, has been wholly rebuilt on very insignificant lines, it is true; but Cheyne Row, formed in 1708, which the memory of Carlyle dominates, and Upper Cheyne Row, of about the same date, where Leigh Hunt lived, are nearly wholly of that day still. Cheyne Walk has been much rebuilt, and well rebuilt on the old lines, but there are still many of the old architectural features of the time; Bellevue House and Queen's House (probably built about 1717, and, by the bye, the original of Lady Castlewood's Chelsea home),[1] and the house in which George Eliot lived, and Lindsay House (also a little earlier), now divided into several residences, remain, as does the larger part of the old Church whose chancel carries us back to Tudor times and the gracious memory of More. Above all, although the incomparable Paradise Row has been ruthlessly destroyed, Wren's great hospital stands for a different class of almost contemporary architecture, and its mellowing red-brick work is set off by the silvery beauty of its roof of Horsham tiles. In Chelsea, as in all

[1] See "Esmond."

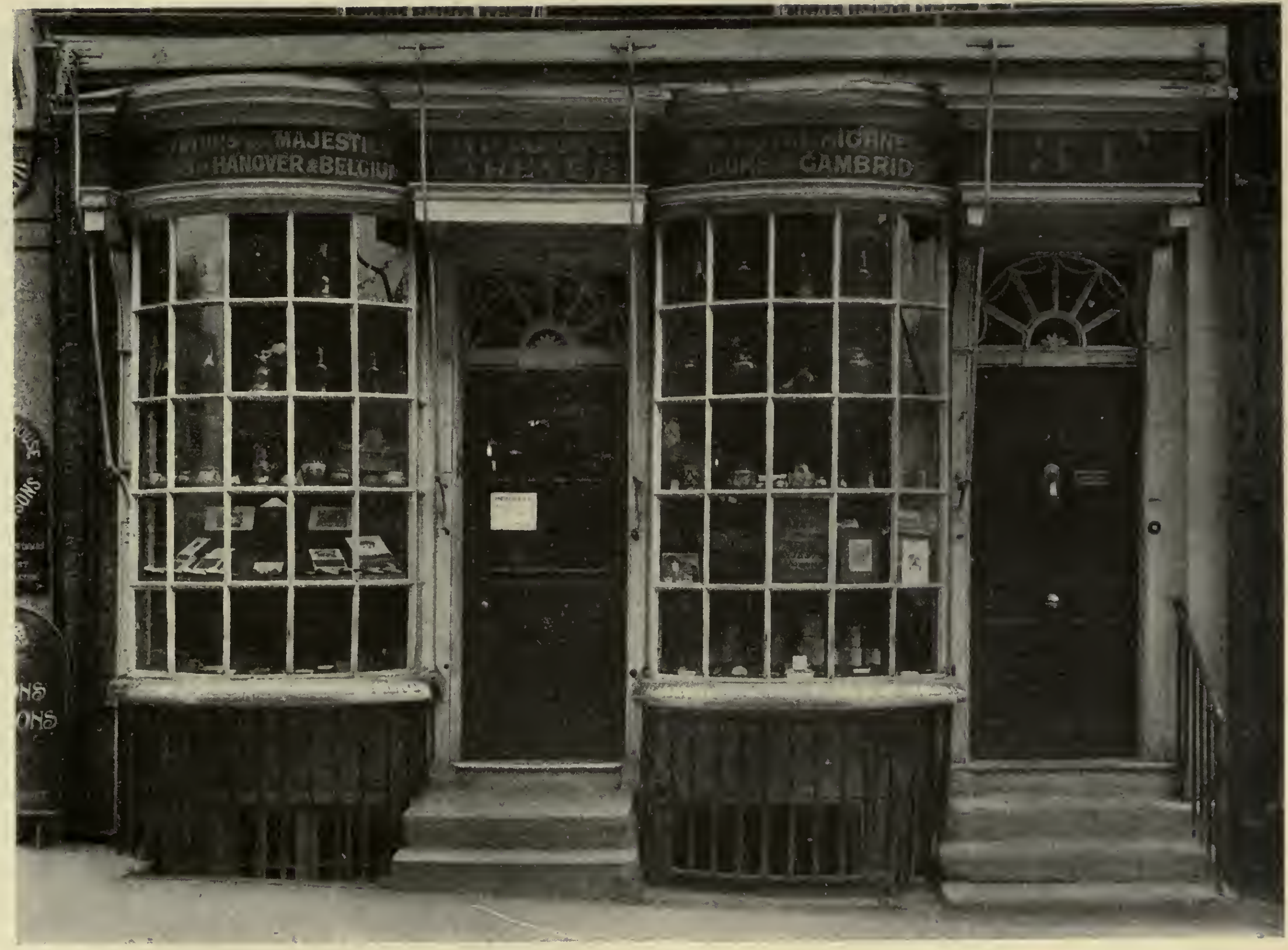
MAJESTI
HANOVER & BELGIU
CAMBRID

Fig. 187.—No. 34 Haymarket.

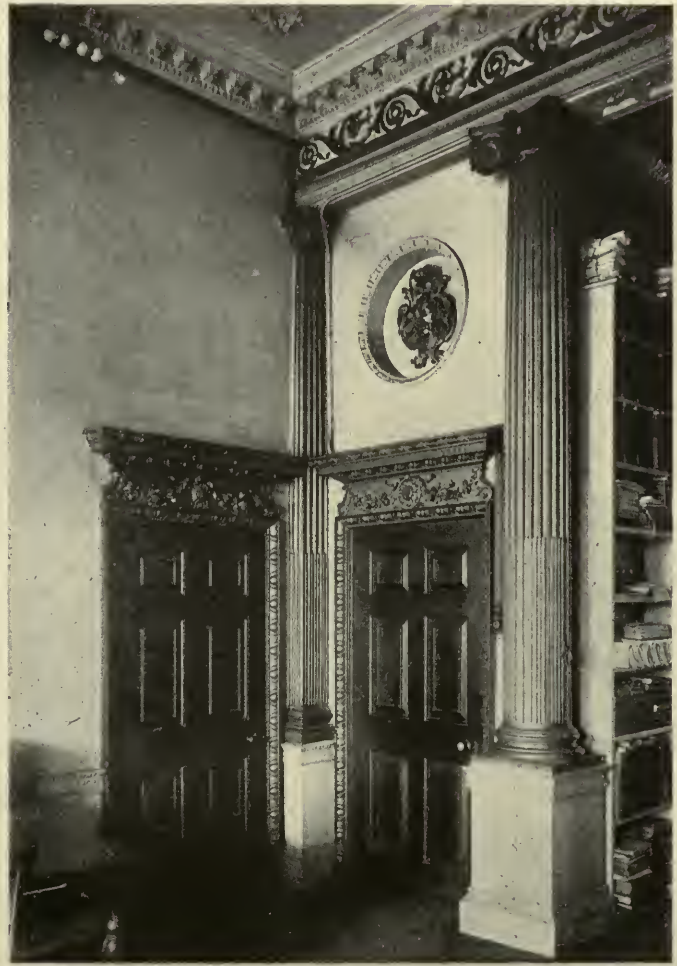

Fig. 188.—House in Whitehall Gardens.
(Now Board of Trade Office.)

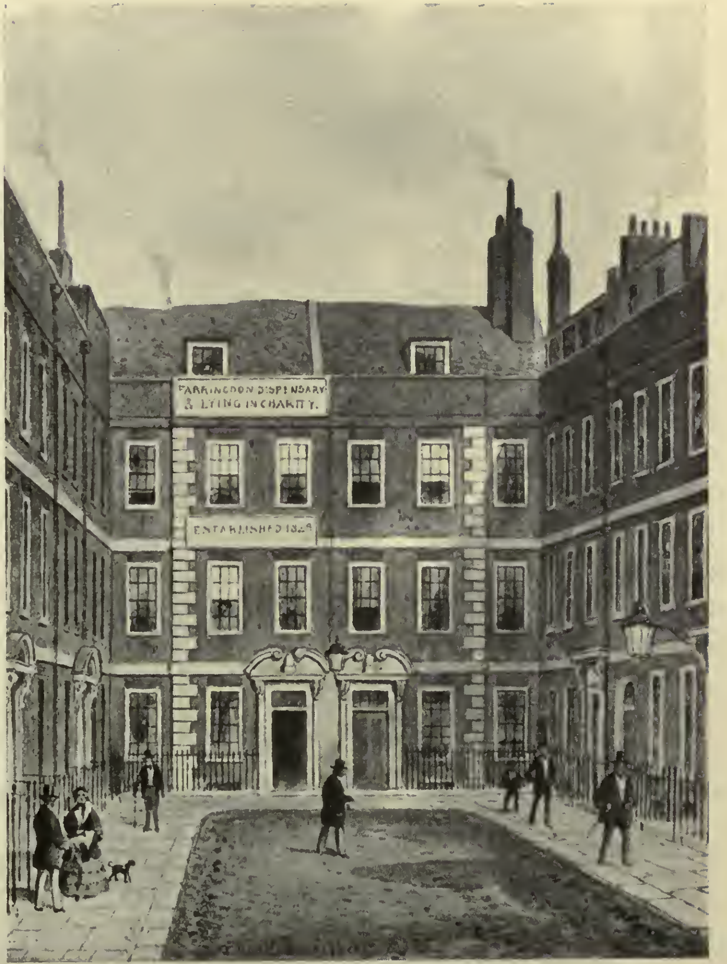
FARRINGDON DISPENSARY
& LYING IN CHARITY.
ESTABLISHED 1828

Fig. 189.—Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn.

parts of London, much rebuilding has been inevitable, but here, unlike much in other areas, it has been carried out in the spirit of the architecture it has replaced. For instance, the modern houses in Cheyne Walk have followed the true Georgian type. Even when reconstruction has had to be undertaken, care has been exercised in preserving characteristic features, and one often sees the old iron railings and gateways still set up before houses that have obviously been entirely rebuilt. In that part, too, between the King's Road and the Fulham Road, once known as the Vale, a colony of beautiful houses has sprung up—houses of all sizes and of varied character, but all fulfilling the conditions which we associate with the days of Anne and her two immediate successors. So that, here, you shall wander amidst a wholly modernised area, and yet come soon to believe that you are pacing the streets or entering the houses which Swift or Addison or Lady Esmond may have trod or entered, and shall expect an opening doorway or a thrown-up window to reveal the hoops and patches, the powdered hair or silk stockings of a day that is gone. In these magic casements the spirit of romance (a conventional romance if you like) still seems to linger; and you come to forgive much demolition of such things in other parts, when you can find, as you may here, their revival on such accurate and sympathetic lines.

Let us turn for a moment to the East End of London. For purposes of convenience we will begin at Ludgate Circus. In the 18th century this neighbourhood presented a very different appearance from what it does to-day. New Bridge Street and Farringdon Street, and the Circus itself, are all more recent formations, and run over what was the Fleet Stream which was then open and crossed by a bridge connecting Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill. On the east side of the present Farringdon Street stood the Fleet Prison, whose 'rules' were bounded by the still existing Fleet Lane and Seacoal Lane. Where the Holborn Viaduct runs was, then, that tremendous declivity known as Snow Hill. Holborn itself has altered out of all seeming, and only its picturesque half-timbered houses, masking Staple Inn, remain to indicate what it was like in days long before those of Anne and the Georges. The immense red-brick buildings of the Prudential Insurance Company have wholly obliterated all traces of Furnival's Inn on the north side, and it is only by penetrating into Gray's Inn and Raymond's Buildings beyond, or into Lincoln's Inn or the side streets off Chancery Lane, that one comes across traces of the 18th century. Stone Buildings certainly is a late example of that period, and to meet with the more characteristic red-brick erections, one must search rather in Ely Place, and Hatton Garden, or in Bartlett's Buildings opposite (Fig. 189), and in Charterhouse Square farther east. Even the last is gradually becoming rebuilt, and the immense Smithfield Markets have spread over much that was once as picturesque as Cloth Fair and Little Britain. Here and there a Wren church, or some public building such as the Sessions House, Clerkenwell (Fig. 191), will recall the period, but it is astounding how much has disappeared in the City, of a former day. The Bank is late 18th-century (Figs. 50 and 129), and the Mansion House (Fig. 52), but the Royal Exchange is modern, and around it and the Bank much has changed through demolition and reconstructed roadways. Farther east you will find old Georgian houses in such byways as Fenchurch Buildings,[1] and till lately in Seething Lane, but now the whole east side of the latter thoroughfare, leading from All Hallows, Barking (Laud's Church) to St. Olave's, Hart Street (Pepys's Church), has been demolished, and in its place have arisen the buildings of the Port of London Authority. College Hill, out of Cannon Street, and other bystreets about this area, contain some excellent and well-known examples of the domestic architecture of the period—the houses in College Hill being particularly fine; while tucked away, like nuts in their shells, are many of the City Companies' Halls, the Leathersellers, the Coachmakers, and others, which have not been greatly tampered with.

It is, however, Wren who really represents the London of a past day, as it survives in the east amidst alien surroundings. It is his churches which meet one at every turn; it is their delicate steeples which break the sky-line as one views the City from the Surrey shore; it is to them as landmarks that one looks down from the top of the Monument, itself one of his outstanding memorials. His hand is evident on all sides, and even the Tower is encompassed, so to speak, by his achievement, and its great central portion still exhibits the stone-work which he added to its windows and battlements. Indeed, all the central portion of London, that destroyed by the Great Fire, is essentially due to him, and may therefore be regarded as practically dating from the period with which we are dealing. The result is that the more solid erections have survived; the more ephemeral have gradually been rebuilt to meet the exigencies of modern requirements. It is for this reason that so relatively little of 18th-century domestic architecture is to be found in the City, and where it is to be found is naturally in bystreets where the necessity for modernisation has not been so urgent as in the great thoroughfares.[2]

No account, however short, of the 18th-century remains in London would be complete without a word about the few old shop fronts which happily still exist. During this period a great development took place in such matters. Windows were divided into squares by means of moulded glazing bars. As time went on these mouldings became lighter, and an attempt was made to carry some grace of design into such things, the classic influence of the Adams having a marked influence on the movement. Pilasters came into vogue, and the placing of the door between windows generally bowed in form, with iron gratings to the basement windows, as may still be seen in some of the few London shops of the period remaining to us; notably at 34 Haymarket (Fig. 187) (perhaps the finest and most charming example extant) and 9 Norton Folgate. Where the door is at the side, the shop generally dates from a still earlier period, as at No. 15 Cornhill, which is regarded as the earliest now left in London. Other examples may be seen in 56 Artillery Row, Aldgate; 102 Dean Street, Soho; 181 High Holborn; 46 Greek Street; in St. Alban's Place, as well as in the curious row with shop-like windows (although not used as such) in Goodwin's Court, St. Martin's Lane.

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[1] The date of erection, 1734, may be seen on a stone tablet let into a modern building at the south end corner.

[2] Here and there relics remain in large thoroughfares, such as the old house in Cheapside, and the picturesque shops in Cornhill, but they are rare exceptions.

During the latter half of the 18th century, the London shops had become much more important and impressive (although they must seem insignificant enough when compared with the great emporiums we are to-day used to) than before; and the enclosed shop took the place gradually of the open stall, often with its bulk-head, to which the earlier years of the century were accustomed. Grosley tells us that the finest shops were to be found in the courts between the Strand and Holborn, the reason being the din and turmoil of the more frequented streets; but you will search long enough before you find any remains of them to-day. From one observation in his remarks on the London shops of his day, it is clear that Grosley did not approve of the decorations that adorned many of them: "They are enclosed," he writes, "with great glass doors; all adorned on the outside with pieces of ancient architecture, the more absurd as they are likely to be spoilt by constant use; all brilliant and gay, as well on account of the things sold in them, as the exact order in which they are kept, so that they make a most splendid show, greatly superior to anything of the kind in Paris."

In addition to the architectural relics of the period of which I have spoken in this chapter, it is needless to say that a variety of examples, not actually specified, still exist. In certain quarters, in spite of rebuilding and demolition, there is always the chance of coming upon such reminders of a past day, from Chelsea to Wellclose Square, by remote Cable Street, often dilapidated, often given over to alien uses, but still as often preserving the mellowness of the past, made more significant by juxtaposition with the more flamboyant erections which hedge them about. On the south bank of the river, the diligent searcher after such things will, here and there, find some derelict remains dating from the 18th century, but it is from the latter part of the period, when they are to be found at all. Two reasons account for this. In the first place, during the earlier years, and indeed during the greater part of the period, this part was little built over at all. Even Grosley, writing in 1772, could say that "opposite Westminster there is only the country in which are scattered up and down pleasure houses and agreeable gardens, the number of which increases every day. Opposite London it has only Southwark, a quarter of the town ill-built, having but two streets in its breadth, and almost entirely occupied by tanners and weavers; this is a suburb with which till our days the city had very little communication, except by means of London Bridge." It thus happened that this area was largely given over to such ephemeral erections as wharves and warehouses. Here and there an old house survives, and the George Inn, with its wonderful memories of coaching days, its balconied courtyard, and its quaint old tap-room and bar-parlour,[1] represents the many similar establishments that once congregated here. One of these was called "The Old Pick-my-Toe," which curious sign arose from the fact that it was adorned by a well-known figure of the Roman slave looking for a thorn in his foot, a fact attested by Mrs. Piozzi, whose connection with the Borough is well known. Another reason why such remains as date from an earlier day, in this part of London, should chiefly be due to the later years of the 18th century, is because it was then that Dance the younger developed the Bridge House estate, in St. George's Fields, belonging to the Corporation, and thus swept away many earlier remains.

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[1] Mr. Matz has written an interesting pamphlet on the Inn, in which its later associations with Dickens are given due place.

Since those days, of course, much rebuilding has been resorted to, by which the few existing small streets have been enlarged and innumerable others created. Where, however, nothing has been done, is on the river bank itself. Here, in spite of many protests and suggestions, derelict and decaying warehouses and wharves occupy space that might be filled by fine buildings and an embankment. Even Grosley was alive to the desirability of such an improvement. "The spacious canal formed by the Thames," he says, "might present us with as noble and striking an object as the great canal of Venice, lined with palaces of the most sumptuous magnificence and the most pleasing variety; but the banks of the Thames are occupied by tanners, dyers, and other manufacturers, who there have an opportunity of easily supplying themselves with water. The streets where these manufactures are carried on are the dirtiest in the city; in fine, the bridges have no prospect of the river, except through a balustrade of stone. In a word, in the first excursion which I made in order to take a survey of London, I could not have a full view of the Thames, either on the side of the city, or on that of Southwark, unless I entered the houses and manufactories which stand close to the river." He adds that "all possible measures have been taken to conceal the prospect of this fine river, and the passages that lead to it," and comes to the startling conclusion that "the reason some assign for this is the natural bent of the English, and in particular of the people of London, to suicide." Grosley was an acute, if somewhat erratic, observer; but I cannot allow this last statement of his with regard to one phase of the morality of the 18th century, to pass without protest.

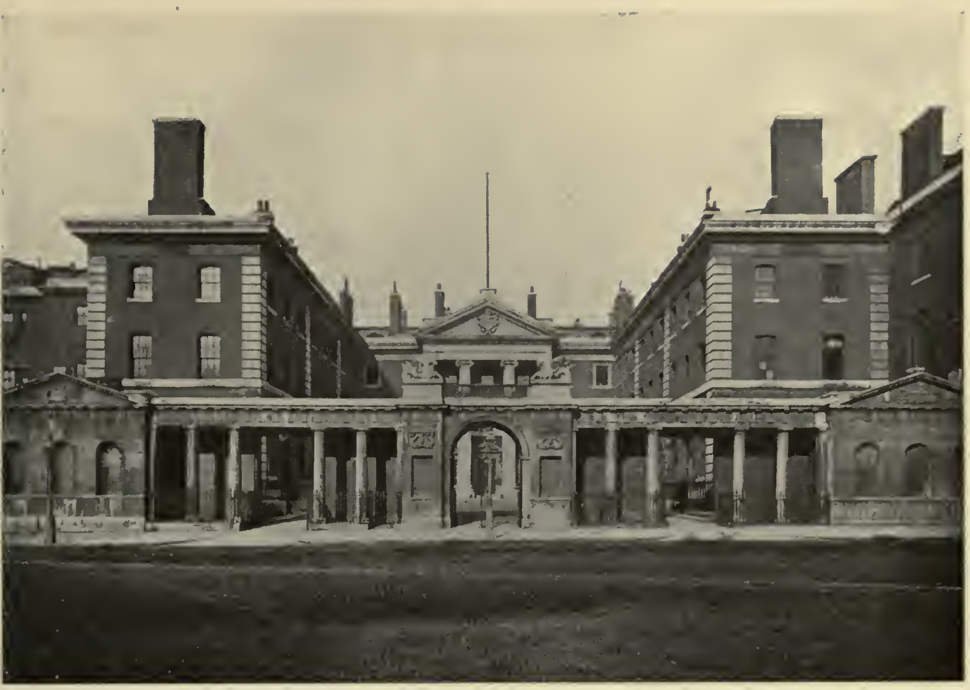

Fig. 190.—The Admiralty, showing Screen added in 1760 by the Brothers Adam.

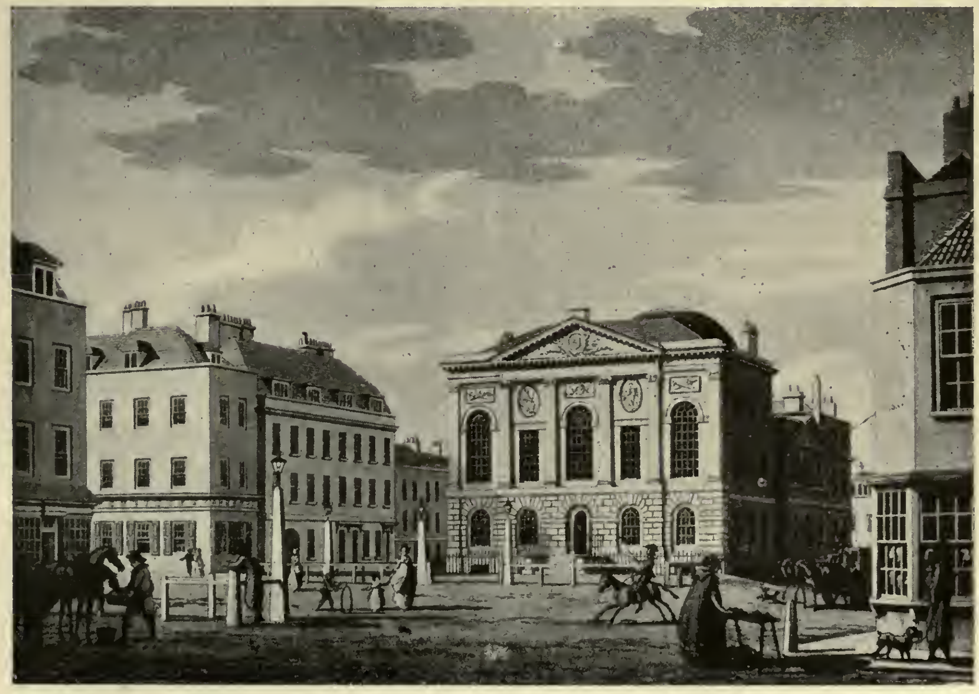

Fig. 191.—Sessions House, Clerkenwell.

From a print by T. Malton, 1799.

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